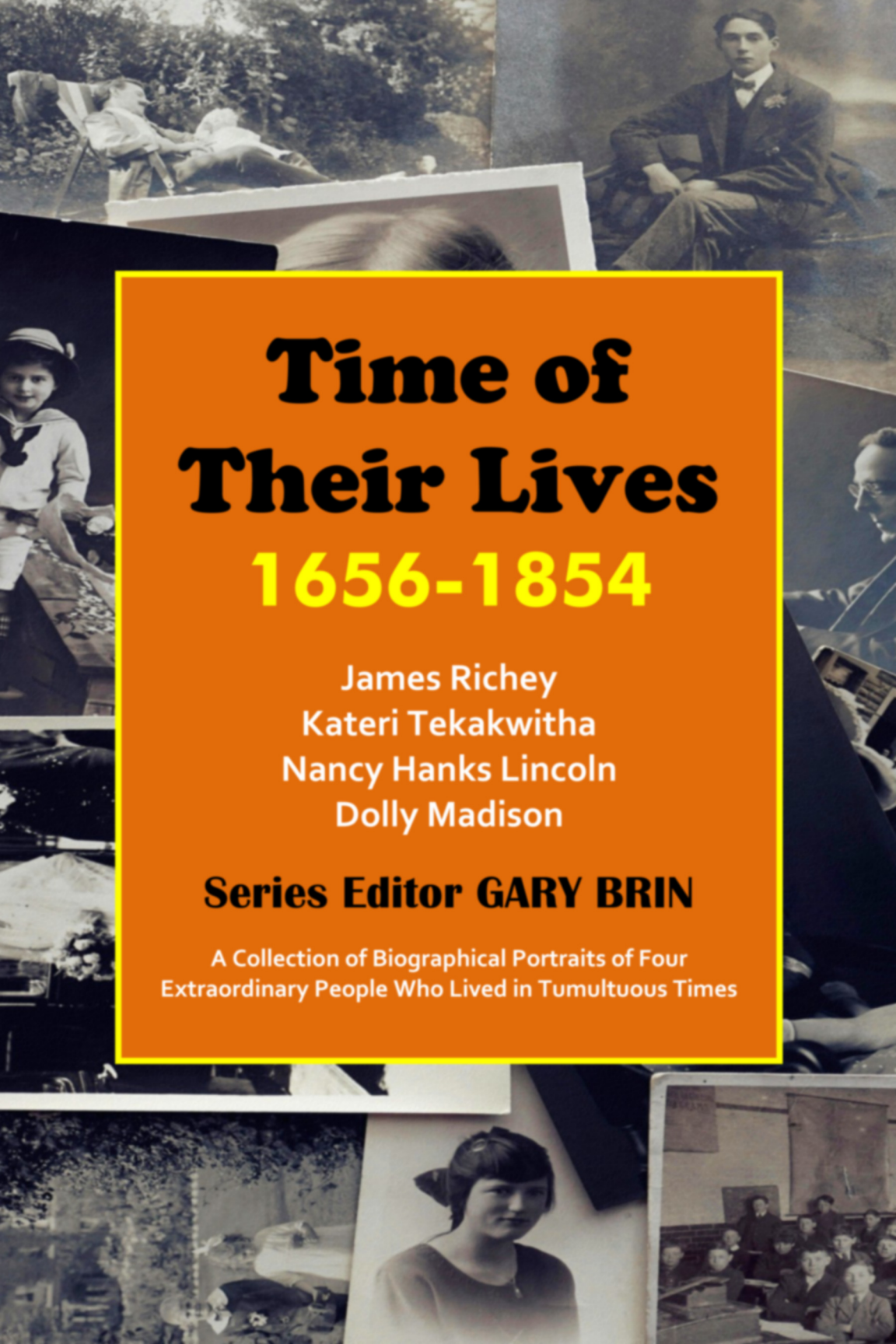

Time of Their Lives

1656-1854

James Richey
Kateri Tekakwitha
Nancy Hanks Lincoln
Dolly Madison

Series Editor GARY BRIN

A Collection of Biographical Portraits of Four Extraordinary People Who Lived in Tumultuous Times

Time of Their Lives

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1656-1854

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Standish Press

LIST OF TITLES USED FOR THIS COLLECTION

A Trip Across the Plains in 1854 was privately printed in 1908 in a pamphlet format. *Kateri* was originally published in 1922 in a limited edition. *Nancy Hanks Lincoln* was originally published in 1952 by Bookman Associates. *Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison* was originally published in 1886 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Restored text images from all titles used were reproduced exactly from the published (first) editions. Editorial mistakes and publishing errors remain intact from the original versions. All images were digitally restored and resized for this edition.

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In memory of everyone who contributed to the fabric of world history—without a plan but with character.

You will not be remembered for what riches you had but for who you were or who you attempted to become.

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Introduction

The biographical collections in this volume are of people who lived exceptional lives in extraordinary times. The pages from this book are actually four books that were published separately in 1908, 1922, 1952, and 1886. In order to retain as much of the historical accuracy of each title, each book was reprinted from page image scans of the originals. The text pages of each book in this edition were not changed or corrected in any way from the original publications. It should be noted however that page images from the books featured were digitally restored and renumbered in order to be merged into this present volume. Original copies of all four books featured in this volume can be found online at the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library.

During the middle of the nineteenth century there were many hardy pioneers traveling across the Plains in order to reach Western America. On the way there many hardships and dangers befell those traveling by covered wagon. While many accounts written by pioneers dealt with the tragic aspects about life and death situations faced by many, the narrative-style memoir by James H. Richey focused more on the adventures experienced during the trip across the Plains rather than hardships. Originally published in 1908, Richey's simple reminiscence told of what it

was like to live during those times in 1854—bringing back to life a time that in 1908 must have seemed like a novel to most people who were born decades after the detailed events in Richey's short narrative took place—which today still makes for fascinating reading in 2024. A good story doesn't need hundreds of pages to entertain—a handful of pages can be just as memorable.

The brief biography featured in this volume about beloved American saint Kateri Tekakwitha by John J. Wynne gives a straightforward account of her brief life as a way to tell how her life impacted others following her death. Told in a simple way it remains one of the most memorable accounts about the short life of one of the most important people in American Christianity.

The life and times of Nancy Hanks Lincoln as written by historians Harold E. Briggs and Ernestine Bennett Briggs remains the definitive account about the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Their biographical study remains unsurpassed decades later of which over eight years of research was focused upon in order to bring forth the most accurate account about the mother of the former President—whose family background has been a subject of controversy over the years due to inaccurate stories that were spread by lazy biographers or political rivals of her son.

Dolly Madison wrote many letters during her lifetime of which a great number were published in a book edited by her grandniece in 1886. It is that book of which is republished in its entirety in this volume as a way to bring forth material I think should be given a second look. Madison lived in an important time in US history—and her firsthand account through letters she wrote to her friends and family as well as those written to her brings back to life long ago history for a present-day reader.

Series Editor
Gary Brin

Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
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Historical
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Collection
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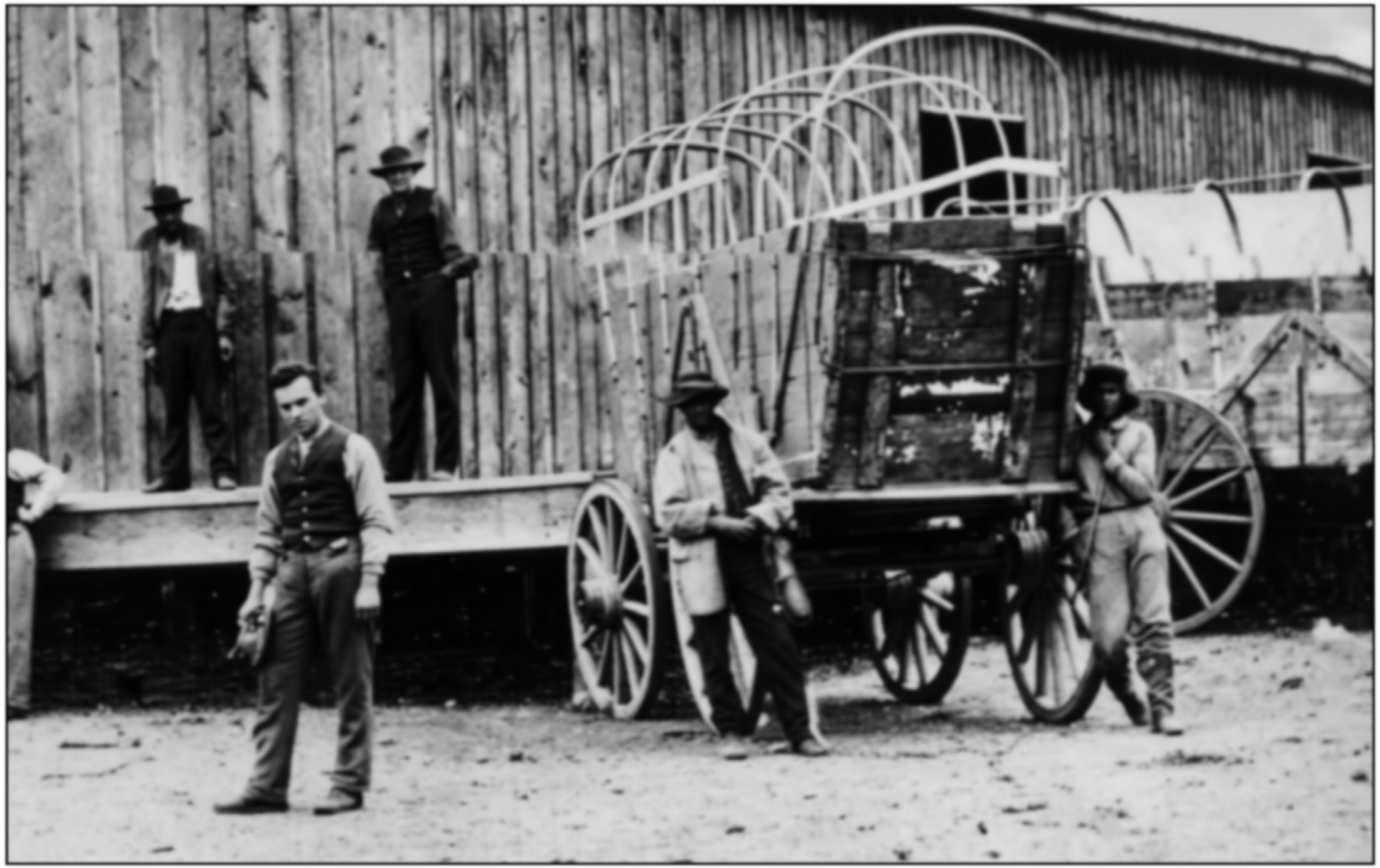
GARY BRIN

A Trip Across the Plains in 1854

By James H. Richey



Pioneers with covered wagons en route to Western America
Courtesy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

A Trip Across the Plains in 1854

By James H. Richey

RICHEY, CALIFORNIA, March 15, 1908.

Just fifty-four years ago to-day, in 1854, I left my home in Illinois for the trip across the plains. After bidding all good-bye, brother Thomas took us, Alex and I, to Mr. Miller's, where Mr. Strahn had his outfit, but they had started. We overtook them at DeHague's. We then transferred our luggage to the ox team.

Our company consisted of Miller Strahn, Tom Eberley, Bill Henry, John Flemmings, Alex Richey and James Richey from Illinois and S. Steele, Mose Knox, Abe Earnest and Wm. Morse from Iowa.

Arriving at the Mississippi river we experienced our first

ferrying of cattle. After considerable trouble we got a load on the ferry boat, "The Flint Hills." When it cast off for the other side the cattle were greatly excited and rushed from one side to the other, tipping the boat, and crowded four or five head into the river. On the upper side one went under the boat, coming up, followed the boat across making nearly as good time as we did. We then named her Mississippi. When other rivers were to ford she readily led the herd across.

We stayed four miles west of Burlington the first night. The fifth day we arrived at Bloomfield, the home of Mr. Steele, had dinner, then took cattle to farm seven miles from town, stayed two weeks, here finishing our outfit for the trip. On Monday morning broke our first camp grounds and left for the long trip to the "Golden State." Went south, passed a short distance into Missouri, then west to the Missouri river, up this river to St. Mary's, twelve miles below Omaha, where we camped for a few days waiting to be ferried across the river. On the 28th of April, Hopper's train joined us here, where we had our first sight of Indians, two hundred or more of the Omaha tribe, all great beggars. Here commenced guard duty for the next three months. I was on duty the after part of the night. It was a stormy night and the cattle very uneasy. We were each on guard one-half night every fifth night. On April 29 left the settlements and started out on the plains and passed over some fine looking country. Crossing the Elk Horn river, we ferried the wagons and let the cattle swim, then the Loupe Fork of the Platte river which we ferried; came to the Platte river at Grand Island, one hundred miles from Missouri. Here we saw the first Pawnee Indians, much finer looking than the

Omahas and were very friendly. We now traveled up Platte river, having fine feed and good roads. Saw but few buffaloes, as but few had come north as yet. Here we had our first stampede. We had been in camp and had our supper. A heavy thunderstorm stampeded the cattle, they going with the storm, but the men stayed with them, getting them back to camp about two o'clock in the morning; had all of our cattle and the most of another train's.

Following the Platte there was nothing of note for some time, regular daily duty. We separated company with Hopper, traveling by ourselves, three wagons and ten men. One day we came to the camp of a train that had part of their horses stolen and had to throw some of their wagons away. We took two of their men, also a wagon, cutting ours up and carrying it for wood, as there was none on our route. Following the Platte we had our first view of the Rocky Mountains, Laramie Peak, said to be two hundred miles away. We were in sight of it for four weeks. The next thing of interest was Chimney Rock, on south side of Platte, about twenty miles away, looked some like a chimney in the distance, height some 150 feet. Next was Court House Rock which resembled a large building. We arrived at Fort Laramie on May 25, being the first building after leaving Omaha. Here was our first chance for mailing letters. Strahn crossed the river at the Fort.

After leaving Laramie we had our first mountain travel through the Black Hills. The view was fine but very rough roads. On guard one night I saw what I thought was an Indian coming towards the cattle. After watching it a short time I made up my mind to find out, so I crawled on my hands and

knees some one hundred yards and found my Indian was a little mule that had strayed from a camp some distance from us. We traveled up Platte river to the north crossing where the road from the south crosses to the north and joined the road on which we were traveling from Ft. Laramie, one hundred miles. Here we left the Platte and crossed to the Sweet Water, still on the Oregon trail; table land country, very good roads. We met the Cheyenne tribe of Indians on their way down to hunt buffalo and fight the Pawnee. A trader said there was about five thousand men, women and children. They had their belongings packed on horses and dogs, tent poles on the sides, the back ends dragging and baskets lashed to these with children in them. The morning before reaching Sweet Water we had a stampede of our horses. While we were yoking up they pulled their picket pins and were off. As they passed me I grabbed one of the ropes; it pulled me down but Strahn was near and held it. He threw a saddle on it and followed them, catching them at Sweet Water, some ten miles away. We arrived there about noon feeling very good that he had them. We followed this river to the south pass of the Rockies.

Places of note on Sweet Water: Independence Rock, laying in the valley, covering about ten acres and one hundred feet high. Five miles from Independence Rock is Devil's Gate, where the river passes through a chasm of rock three hundred and fifty feet in depth. On the south side of the cliff overhanging the river, laying down I crawled out and looked down at the river. It looked like a small rivulet. After passing this point, the next was the Ice Fields, when digging down from one to two feet in the ground we found solid ice, said to be four miles

wide. Following the river up to the last crossing, ten miles from the summit, which was our last camp on the east side of the Rockies. In the morning we had a heavy sleet and snow storm, very cold. Cleared up by seven o'clock and had a fine day crossing the summit.

About noon June 10th, stopped for dinner at Pacific Springs. The water flows to the Pacific ocean from here through the Colorado river. From here the road leads to the Little Sandy, a branch of Green River. Here the Salt Lake road and the Oregon road, form the Salt Lake road. Bearing south, we kept the Oregon southwest; from Little Sandy we crossed to Big Sandy some twenty miles where we camped till the next day noon. In the forenoon we were busy shoeing cattle and preparing for crossing the Green River Desert, fifty-four miles, with no water. This is a sage brush country, with considerable bunch grass. We started at noon and traveled till near night, camped and had supper. About dark a heavy rainstorm came up so we had plenty of water for cattle as well as feed. It cleared up about midnight and we hitched up and put out for Green river, which we reached about nine o'clock the next morning. This is a fine looking stream, some two hundred yards wide, clear and deep, with a rapid current.

They were well prepared to handle the travel having fourteen ferry boats. Charged $5 per wagon without any team. Our ferry bill was $30 which we paid in bacon at fifty cents per pound. We had a hard time getting our cattle to take the river. They would start, then when they struck the current they would down stream and back. We finally got them across about the middle of the afternoon. We went down the river

some fourteen miles and camped here and had some trouble with a horse train. Strahn had put our horses on an island early that morning and during the day a horse train had put their horses on the same island where they forbid us putting our cattle on. Strahn said there was plenty of feed for both but they said no, the first animal that we drive across they would shoot. Stepping to a wagon he took a shot gun down also Mr. Hopper and several more of our men standing on the bank of the slough. Strahn told them his cattle were coming across and the first man that fired on them he would kill. He then ordered the cattle driven in which we did, but they backed down and got out of our way. We put on double guard but had no more trouble. The next morning he gave the captain of the train some good advice. In the morning we left Green River traveling through a mountain country with plenty of water and good feed. At Forest Grove about midnight the cattle stampeded. They were lying quiet when they jumped to their feet and were off like a shot. We were up and after them in a hurry. They ran down the mountain side into a deep canyon, but when they tried to climb the other side, it being very steep, we soon got ahead of them and drove them back to camp where they soon quieted down for the night. The only accident to a wagon was mine which I upset coming down a mountain to Bear River, breaking the top off. We followed down Bear river to Soda Springs, where there was a trading post, about sixty miles north of Salt Lake. A spring of very pleasant tasting water lies on the bank of the river. Steam boat spring near a gushing spring through a hole about four inches in diameter, recedes out of sight then gushes several feet into the air, making a sound very

much like a steam boat.

Our next point is the Humbolt. After leaving Soda Springs some six miles, we have the Oregon trail which goes north. We took the sublet cut-off which goes southwest into the Goose Creek mountains. When leaving the Oregon trail we passed over a volcanic country covered with rock resembling broken black bottles and fissures where we dropped rocks to an unknown depth. Goose Creek mountains are quite rough, but plenty of feed and water. Northwest Salt Lake then came to Raft river, a branch of Snake river, which we followed up for some distance. The morning we left the river we passed a train of wagons encamped. They had had their horses stolen that morning. We followed up a small stream into Thousand Spring Valley. Here we found both hot and cold water. At the head of the valley we passed the divide between the Raft river and the Humbolt river, which we reached on July 3rd, crossed to the south side and traveled along the foot of the mountains, where we found fine feed and good streams of water. We traveled very slowly here to let the cattle recruit. Found a few Mormon settlers here. They said they were going back to Salt Lake. Crossed the south fork of the river then had a mountain range to cross, coming to the main Humbolt river, Gravelly Ford, about half way down the river.

From here the country to the Sink is sage brush, with meadow along the river. One day we suffered for water, leaving the river at sunrise we went through sage brush and sand country until sundown, with no water to be had, both cattle and men were wild for water. Arriving at the river, the cattle rushed in and the boys grabbing tin cups, waded out past the cattle to

clear water about waist deep. I think water never tasted better. There was a trading post here—they said we traveled forty miles that day. At the Sink we passed around the lake to the west side where we camped till noon the next day, when we took up our line of march to Truckee Desert. It is forty miles across. About sundown we stopped for supper, then resumed our travel, very good roads until we came to heavy sand, about ten miles across. Arrived at Truckee river about ten o'clock and stayed until morning. Traveled up the river to Big Meadows, turned to the right, took Beckwith road, crossing the summit into the valley July 29. Just three months from Missouri river. Here they went into camp to stay three or four weeks.

The next morning five of us shouldered our blankets and started for Dowiesville where we arrived on the third day.

KATERI

CATHARINE TEGAKWITHA

LILY OF THE MOHAWKS

by

John J. Wynne, S. J.

1922

Auriesville
New York

1690s painting of Kateri Tekakwitha by Claude Chauchetiere
Courtesy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

KATERI TEGAKWITHA

ORPHAN AND PAGAN.

CATHARINE, or Kateri, Tegakwitha was born in 1656 in the Mohawk Indian village, or castle, Gaudaouaghe, or Ossernenon, which is now Auriesville, situated in the town of Glen, Montgomery County, New York, on the south bank of the river, about seven miles west of Amsterdam and four miles from the county seat, Fonda.

Her father was a Mohawk, her mother a captive Christian Algonquin, whose virtue so impressed her captor that, instead of killing or enslaving her, he made her his wife and thus a member of his Nation, as the divisions of the Iroquois were called.

Tegakwitha, or "the one who puts things in order," was only four years old when smallpox caused the death of her mother, and soon after of her father and brother, sparing her own life but leaving the usual disfigurement and a weakness of the eyes which lasted all her life.

She was adopted by an uncle, a former chieftain and still a man of consequence in the Nation. He took her to his cabin, because her relatives generally had discarded her, and, having no children of his own, he looked to her when grown up to be a help in his home, and eventually to bring into it a husband who would sustain him and his wife in their declining years. The village was then about a mile west of Auries Creek whither the Indians had moved from their plague stricken home.

There were as yet no missionaries in the Mohawk castle. Fourteen years before, in 1642, Father Isaac Jogues had been a victim of torture and a captive there with his companion Réné Goupil, who was put to death for the faith that year. Jogues himself met a like fate there in 1646 with Lalande, his companion. Other missionaries had also suffered there, Bressani, 1644, and Poncet as late as 1653, three years before Kateri's birth. These very Iroquois had destroyed the Huron villages in Canada (1647-1649) torturing and killing among others Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel, Garnier and Chabanel. The Iroquois were the sworn enemies of the French, and especially of the priests. Not until de Tracy had burned their villages in 1666, did they sue for peace and beg for Black Robes, as they called the missionaries, to come and dwell among them. Fathers Frémin, Bruyas and Pierren came in 1667. Gaudaouaghe then stood on the north bank of the river overlooking the present site of Fonda.

Kateri was just eleven years old, still unbap-

tised. She had, however, already been through her baptism of fire, for her uncle and aunts had tried to force and even deceive her into marriage, going so far as to introduce the young brave into their cabin. Kateri knowing that by the custom of her people, even to sit next to him was to consent to become his bride, at once left the cabin and refused to return until he had left. Though a dependent, she was in no sense servile. Young as she was when her mother died, she had learned something of religion and prayer. She could therefore take part in the reception of the missionaries and appreciate better than others the meaning of their coming, especially as they were lodged in the cabin which her uncle occupied with other families, according to Iroquois custom.

The Iroquois regarded themselves as supermen among all other Indians. They were particularly proud of their cabins and were known by other tribes as Cabin Indians. Even when hunting, part of the woman's task was to carry the portable makings of a cabin and put them together. These dwellings were constructed somewhat on the principle of a modern apartment house with accommodations for from five to twenty families, sometimes more. They varied in size, being usually about 35 feet in length, breadth and height; often as long as 140 feet, and sometimes exceeding 500 feet. A passage way in the centre divided the compartments on either side and served for fireplaces. Adults slept on mats placed on the ground or on a low platform, the younger members of the family sleeping on an upper tier. For privacy, such

as it was, strips of bark or skin were used. They were not all rude; on the contrary, some of them were neatly thatched with bark, and their crevices were covered with strips of skins.

While the missionaries remained with Kateri's uncle, she could observe them at prayer, listen to their pious conversations, notice their gentle and reverent demeanor, all of which, as she used to recall in later life, were her first inspirations to the love of God. She longed to speak with them, but naturally shy, and fearful of arousing the anger of her uncle against the missionaries she had to let their brief visit pass without opening to them the secret wishes of her heart.

There were many Christians in the village, mostly Huron and Algonquin captives, and gradually Father Frémin assembled them together for instruction and prayer. He used to engage the more fervent to collect the others. He considered it wiser to confirm these in their faith than to attempt to make new converts, though he did not neglect this, especially among those who were old or dangerously ill. Many sought baptism but they were kept on a long probation to make sure of their constancy among a people who lived in lust, believed in magic and sorcery, and indulged in orgies of intemperance on strong liquors procured from the Dutch and later from the English at Fort Orange or Albany. Still Pierron baptised 84, not a small number of the 400 souls in the village, many of whom were already Christian. He aimed at creating a general sentiment in favor of religion and a sincere desire for its ministrations. He soon succeeded in

getting even pagan Indians to help build chapels, one in each mission. In these he had impressive ceremonies. Visiting each of the three villages every three days, he kept the faithful on the alert studying the mysteries of faith. As they were accustomed to gambling, he invented a game of cards "From point to point" (from birth to eternity) the cards teaching the commandments, the sacraments, the virtues, the deadly vices, death, heaven, hell, judgment. Every variety of ministry fell to his lot, even that of army chaplain. Though the Iroquois had ceased for a time to be aggressive, they were not immune from the enemy's attack. Once the Mohicans attempted to take the village. Pierron during the engagement was in the front rank with his Christian warriors. After the enemy was repulsed he devoted himself to the fifty captives, all of whom sought baptism before they were put to death. Father Boniface, who succeeded him in 1670, followed his methods and gave them definite form.

Father Pierron could paint well enough to represent things graphically. Once when some stubborn Indians put their fingers into their ears so as not to hear him, he drew a picture of a demon making a dying woman put her fingers into her ears so as not to hear the priest. After that the practice stopped. He knew the charm of music for these savages, especially when their own children sang the hymns after morning and evening service over which he presided daily. He relied more on a Christmas crib than on his own words to appeal to the pagan Indians.

The growing Tegakwitha lost no opportunity of attending the instructions and devotions to which the unbaptised Indians were admitted, but as her uncle gradually became opposed to the missionaries, her liberty in this respect was restricted and she had to content herself with longing for the time when she could freely become a Christian. So things went on until in 1675, when she was nineteen years old, Father James de Lamberville came to succeed Father Boniface who had died the year before.

Meanwhile if she had to witness many scandals they made less impression on her precisely because they were so common. The impressive thing for one of her disposition was the occasional display of heroic virtue among those who had been for some time Christian or who were moved to become so, especially when the hand of Providence was clear in such instances. She must have witnessed the fervor of an Indian squaw attending the instructions, even summoning others to attend them, craving for baptism, insisting that her little son was worthy of the sacrament if she was not, soon after receiving it losing both husband and son by illness, driven into illness herself by the superstitious Indians, who blamed her for having brought on all these afflictions by being baptised, and yet recovering and holding her ground as a pious Christian.

That was a thrilling scene for the young girl before all the village when a captive woman of the Loups was brought in scalped and dying. There beside her was an old hag, like a sentinel of the devil, writes the missionary, encouraging

her to ignore his ministrations. A third time he had come to exhort the victim, but to no avail. Still a fourth time he comes to see her, and this time she changes utterly and receives baptism from him.

Catharine knew the chief who abandoned his wife six months after she became a Christian. She felt for the young woman when her only consolation, a baby daughter, died. She knew how to sympathise with her when the pagan Indians taunted her for adopting the Prayer, as the Faith was called. Just then, however, the husband himself returns a devout believer. He had visited the Indian village in Canada where the missionaries were gathering together the baptised Indians from many tribes so that they might live unmolested by their tormentors. Now he is back to rejoin his wife and to lead her away from the abominations of an idolatrous village. Catharine could see dimly at least the hand of Providence in all this. How her heart must have sunk within her when she saw this man depart followed by numbers of Christians whom she longed to imitate and follow!

With reason did she grieve. The departure made her feel more keenly that she was not yet one of them. It also embittered her uncle, who blamed the missionaries for diminishing his Nation and made it harder for Catharine to do as she desired. They had to avoid her cabin. She could not frequent their instructions. Even though she might have braved her uncle's indignation, she did not wish to rouse him to open hostility with Father de Lamberville.

For eight years Frémin, Pierron, Boniface and now de Lamberville had been working at Gaudaouaghe. All that time the young girl had been longing to become a Christian. She had been living on baptism by desire. Her own shyness and reserve, the antipathy of her uncle toward the missionaries, her frequent absences in the corn fields or on the hunt, the preoccupation of the missionaries themselves, their going and coming from one village to another, and as in Boniface's case, to and from the new Christian Indian village at Caughnawaga on the St. Lawrence, their special attention to Indians who were already Christian, their caution in admitting to the Faith men and women who were steeped in idolatry, by nature inconstant, and often morally corrupt—all this explains why Tegakwitha's longings were all this time unfulfilled.

What we call chance is really divine arrangement. The so-called chance that made de Lamberville one day enter the cabin of Kateri which he had passed by many a time was really God's way of answering her prayer. Though usually out working in the fields, she was in that day suffering from her eyes, and a very sore leg. Two women were visiting her, but she poured out her heart to the priest and begged for baptism. To no avail he warned her of the opposition of her relatives. She had made up her mind, and her courage and firmness carried the day. She was to continue at the instruction and soon she would be baptised.

CHRISTIAN AND EXILE.

Easter Sunday, 1676, was a gala day at Gaudaouaghe. De Lamberville regarded it as the most beautiful day in his apostolic career. The Christian Indians saw in it a triumph, that one whom all revered as exceptionally modest, charitable, industrious and prayerful, should now be admitted to dignify their own ranks. The pagans for once forgot their animosity to the Faith and attended the ceremony. The chapel was a revel of decoration, the sanctuary carpeted with fur of beaver, bear, fox and wildcat, the walls hung with beaded necklaces, bracelets, wampum and trinkets used to adorn the hair. Catharine, as the missionary named her when pouring the saving waters, was the ornament that riveted the attention of all by her modesty, peace, piety and rapture. She had already won admiration and reverence. That day she won, as she walked to the chapel under the avenue of trees her tribesmen had planted purposely for the occasion, a veneration which has never ceased.

Catharine did not need to go to the Christian village in Canada to live apart from the pagan practises of her people, their riotous festivals, superstitions, dances, and other assemblies of drunkenness, license and impiety. These she had instinctively avoided all along. Instead she was frequently in the chapel and, when not engaged in errands of charity, diligently at work in her cabin, or if need be employed in the woods or fields, but always with her mind on divine things. Because her conduct was a rebuke to the dissi-

pated young men and women of the village they did not spare her. They even laid snares for her chastity, but only to their own confusion. Her cabin companions reproached her with idleness, and deprived her of food. Opposition helped her to realise her dependence on God. When kept by illness in her cabin, the rosary was her constant companion.

The persecution continued and grew violent. She became the marked woman of the village, for drunkard and libertines to insult. Children taunted her and covered her with mud. Her uncle joined with her tormentors. A young savage followed her into her cabin threatening her with his hatchet if she would not renounce the Faith, to be told: You may take my life, but not my faith. An aunt seized on a flimsy pretext to impugn her chastity. She even insinuated that Catharine had sacrificed her honor during the hunt. Fortunately de Lamberville, to whom she complained, knew how commonly the guilty party is not the accused but the accuser, and could soon disprove the story and put the accuser to shame.

All things conspire for the welfare of those who love God. Had Catharine not suffered, de Lamberville would have treated her as a fervent but ordinary neophyte. Witnessing her heroism, he felt constrained to teach her the way of the counsels of Christ. Up to this she had been so far as any one can be, self-taught, or self-made, as we say, in the ways of grace. Now she was to have the special guidance of one who practised as well as preached heroic virtue. The more she

learned of the heights to which one might rise in the love of God and devotion to her neighbor, of prayer, and self-sacrifice, the more she yearned to live where her environment as well as her inclination would enable her to give herself unreservedly to the service of God and her own people. As visitors would come occasionally from the Christian village which the missionaries had established in Canada and tell of the fervor and devotion that flourished there, Catharine longed to go there to practise her faith and cultivate virtue in peace. The village then was at La Prairie, across the St. Lawrence from Montreal, where French and Indian Christians lived together.

Youth is fond of the day dream, and the young Indians usually found material for dreams in the hunt, the fishery, the trading excursion, the start or return of the nation's warriors when hostilities were on. At Gaudaouaghie a change had lately come over the spirit of some of the dreamers. They had witnessed numbers leave the cabin, some of them chiefs of the tribe, to begin life over on new soil and with altered surroundings. They had seen some of these return and heard them recount what to Mohawk imagination must have seemed like life in the happy hunting ground, where there was no laziness, no cruelty, no beastliness, no torture, no demoniacal spell or witchcraft, no drunkenness, no licentiousness, no mad orgy, but instead industry, kindliness, decency, sobriety, chastity and innocent pleasures.

In the loneliness of her cabin Kateri would

revel in the very thought of this celestial paradise. The more her craving for religion grew, and the more she was impeded or persecuted in her quest for it, the more she would naturally long for the haven where she could serve God with the liberty of His children. The missionaries themselves had dreamed of such a refuge for their Christian Indians years before they could establish one. Meantime they tried various methods of withdrawing the savages from their vices and superstitions. They had encouraged French families to raise Indians boys and girls in their homes; they had the nuns take young maidens in their schools; they had induced adults to live away from their own people and near the French settlements, so as to civilize at the same time that they Christianised them. All this was not enough. It could benefit only a few and it had no element of permanence. Even when they had acquired a site suitable for an exclusively Christian Indian settlement, they could not decide how to get any to come there and stay for any length of time. They were using the place as a rest resort for worn out missionaries when again an apparent chance, which proved to be a divine arrangement, brought about what they desired.

An Oneida Pierre Tonsohoten, Christian at heart, with his wife Gandeakteua, her mother, brother-in-law and five friends of his tribe accompanied the Jesuit lay assistant Charles Boquet to Montreal, partly to act as guide, partly to obtain remedies for rheumatism he needed. On witnessing the lives of the Christians at Mon-

treal, they were so entranced that they forgot all about the Iroquois country whence they came. Father Raffeix suggested that instead of returning to their homes they should live at St. Francis Xavier's, as the missionaries' retreat was then called. There they spent the winter 1667-68 under instruction, and in the following summer they went down to Quebec all to receive baptism from Bishop Laval, except Tonsohoten who was baptised some years later. This was the beginning of a religious settlement which has lasted to our day. By this time the Indians had their own village four miles above La Prairie near the Lachine Rapids.

Reports of this new venture captivated the imagination of the Indians everywhere. Attracted by curiosity many who were returning from hunt or fishery stopped aside to see what the new abode was like, and they were so satisfied that they remained there, or went home to urge their friends to go there. Christians from every tribe in lower Canada and what is now upper New York began to flock there. Never did gold fields lure more eager adventurers. Soon there were members from twenty-two tribes, all of them bent on living as Christians unmolested, many of them seeking to lead the Christian life in all its fulness. Tribes which had a respectable number like the Hurons, Oneidas, Algonquins, were permitted to name a captain or trustee to regulate the affairs of the canton under the direction of the missionaries. Garonhiagué, baptised Louis, with his wife Marie Garhio, was captain for the Oneidas. "Hot

Ashes," as he was nicknamed, was no mere political leader. He was catechist and apostle. At home he instructed and exhorted his fellows, and explained pious pictures. He made many trips to the Iroquois country to tell his former tribesmen of the new life at St. Xavier. It was on one of these expeditions that he became the instrument of Kateri's escape from Gaudaouaghe to the Christian reservation. It was no easy matter. Though her aunts consented, her uncle, who was on a political mission in Albany, on hearing she had left the village pursued her. On coming up with her guides, one a relative of Kateri, the other a Huron from Lorette, they feigned hunting whilst she hid in the thick of the woods, thus throwing their pursuer off the scent. It took them four days to reach Lake George, or Holy Sacrament, as Jogues had named it thirty years before. There they found the canoe of Hot Ashes. To cross this lake, and the longer one named after Champlain, and then reach the St. Lawrence, was a smart week's journey, but they made it without fear of hindrances with the prospect of a blissful biding place ahead, in the midst of the loveliest of seasons, the Indian Summer of 1677.

Thus read the letter of Father de Lamberville introducing Kateri to Father Cholonec, who with Fathers Frémin, and Chauchetière, was then in charge of the mission: "Catharine Tegakwitha is going to live at the Sault. Will you kindly undertake to direct her? You will soon know what a treasure we have sent you. Guard it well! May it profit in your hands, for the glory of God and the salvation of a soul that is certainly very dear to Him."

Their first care was to lodge her with a pious family and naturally they selected the cabin of the one who had guided her from her home on the Mohawk, her brother-in-law as she called him. His kindness was to bring him and his family many graces. In the cabin was an elderly woman Anastasie Tegonhatsiongo, who was like a mother to Kateri. She devoted her time to preparing women and young girls for baptism. What an entirely new environment it was, far from the scandals of the pagan village, free from the persecution of her own household, and brightened with the glow of an affection which she had never known. Gratitude added new incentive to her desire for an undivided service to God. She had long outgrown the disposition to know merely what she must avoid. Her sole thought now was to learn to do what was most pleasing to Him. The chapel became her rendezvous whenever she left her cabin, from four in the morning when the doors opened until all the Masses were over, often during the day, espe-

cially in winter and the rainy season when she could not work in the fields, and always for night prayers there in the evening. On Sundays she spent most of the day, with the rest of the Mission, in the chapel, at the usual Mass in the morning, the Rosary, and in the afternoon with the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and at Vespers. At this last devotion, instead of psalms, the Indians used to chant things which the Fathers wished them to learn, a form of morning prayer, a prayer for Mass, another to the Guardian Angel, a fourth for Faith, a fifth, the Commandments.

"Prayer" was the word all these Indians used to express religion, the Faith, the Church and its teachings. They seemed to grasp that the essence of all religion is union, or communing with God especially by prayer. When at all in earnest they were fond of prayer, especially of prayer in common, and even its solitary practice became easy for them. In Catharine faith enlivened every prayer and she soon realized that her relation with God was personal, that love of Him must be the only worthy motive of all she did for Him, that the slightest unfaithfulness was unthinkable, as it was a grievous offence in her eyes. It was this purity of heart that led the missionaries to admit her to receive Holy Communion the Christmas Day after her arrival at St. Francis Xavier's, whereas they usually kept others waiting a year or more in preparation. After this the Eucharist became her one desire, and when she received it so great was her recollection, and so attractive her piety that other

Indians liked to be near her as the sight of her increased their own devotion.

Winter was the hunting season for these good savages and the hunt lasted four months. Few even of the women remained at home. Out over the snowbound St. Lawrence and through the denuded woods the men tracked and killed elk, bear, beaver, wildcat, fox, porcupine, otter and seal, the women bringing home the quarry, dressing the meat, preserving the skins, setting up the cabins, and doing the household work. This was the Indians' fondest occupation and often an occasion of license. The missionaries had gradually accustomed them to follow a simple rule of life during the hunting season, and to meet daily as much as possible for prayer. They had calendars on birch bark marking Sundays, holydays and days of fasting and abstinence. Men were assigned to give the signal for prayer and to preside at it.

Catharine accompanied her adopted sister and husband doing her full share of work in camp and cabin. Not content with the prayers said in common, she made her own oratory in a glade of evergreens carving on one of them the cross. Little did she imagine that her journey to and from this solitude was to be misconstrued by a woman of her own cabin who was jealous of her. After the hunt this woman denounced Kateri to the missionary who, like all men of sense, insisted on getting the story of Catharine before forming a conclusion. Naturally he trusted her. In a short time the jealous accuser, unlike so

many more civilized Christians, recognised her injustice and deplored it bitterly.

It was a sharp transition from the excitements and irregular habits of the hunt to the services of Holy Week and Easter. Good Friday was for her a day of sorrow and a fresh inspiration to a life of penance. Easter Day, the anniversary of her baptism, brought her the singular honor of admission to the Confraternity of the Holy Family reserved for older and select members of the Mission. With her companion Anastasie, the more others regarded her as deserving, the more she appreciated the evil of sin, and sought to expiate her own crimes as she called them by chastising her frail body, after the examples she read in the stories of the saints and of the fathers of the desert. About this time when felling a tree, she was struck by the falling branches and knocked unconscious. She was picked up for dead but soon came to exclaiming: "O Jesus, I thank thee for having succored me in danger." She believed that God had spared her life in order that she might do penance.

This Indian village of St. Francis Xavier, though Eden compared with Gaudaouaghe, was not altogether without an occasional sinner and scandal. The missionaries had to fight the traders who were forever striving to introduce liquors into the cabins, for liquor would spoil in a day what had taken them months to accomplish. The savage though viciously inclined had some self-control when sober: when drunk he was more demon than man. Not all in the village precincts were Christians. Some had come

there with their Christian relatives; others were still awaiting baptism. Side by side therefore with marvelous examples of piety there were instances of depravity, as when on one occasion three young women determined to tempt some of the instructors of the Indians, and, failing in this, succeeded in misleading a young brave, until they were driven from the reservation.

A certain Mary Teresa Tegaiguenta had not lived up to the promise of her early life. She had come up from the Oneidas baptised but prone to intemperance. In the winter of 1675 she had gone hunting with a party of eleven, four men, her husband among them, three other women, and three children. Game failing, they were on the verge of starvation when her husband fell ill. Deserted by the others she stayed with him until he died and she buried him in the snow. Soon after she overtook her former companions now unable to proceed from hunger, and all awaiting death. They were debating the proposal to kill and eat one of the party, but they wanted to know what she as a Christian would advise. She was afraid to answer. When she saw them kill and devour first one then another of the party, she was struck with remorse over her past conduct and she determined, if God would restore her to her people, to atone for her sins with due penance. With four of her friends she survived and reached the Mission. Straightway she threw herself at the feet of the missionary repentant, begging his help to carry out her good resolutions.

Soon after this woman met Kateri near the

new chapel in course of construction, and their chance acquaintance ripened into a fast friendship. They used to meet with another friend Marie Skarichions and deliberate how they might live holier lives. Their rendezvous was under the great cross overlooking where the river widens round Heron Island. The cross was replaced from time to time until 1900, when the present monument was erected. After Kateri's death some ornaments which she left were buried beneath it. At the blessing of a new cross in 1844, her picture adorned it. There then these three studied how they might retire by themselves, build a cabin on the island, and serve God as did the Sisters whom Skarichions and Kateri had seen at Montreal and Quebec. They decided to submit their design to Father Frémin and be guided by his advice.

While Catharine was thus meditating a life of virginity, her adopted sister was planning to have her marry one of the young braves of the village. It seemed so natural that a maid whom any young man would be proud to marry should think of her future and do as others do. Indeed, according to the Indian way of thinking, it was highly proper. Kateri's manifest disregard of fashion in dress and ornament just at this time made the sister fear she was not looking out for her own interest. Her almost exclusive companionship with the two good women who, like her, were following the rule of life drawn up for them by Father Frémin was considered as singular and hurtful to her prospect in life. So artful was the chief lady of the cabin in present-

ing what she considered as the obligation to enter the married state, that Kateri, not confident in her own powers to reply, had recourse to the missionary to learn from him the Christian view of the two modes of life in virginity and in marriage, only to confirm her in love for the former. When in her early girlhood she evaded the efforts of her relatives to have her marry, she was shunning what appeared unnatural and wrong to one so young. Now, however, she was choosing what she regarded as a distinctly better condition in that it left her freer to devote her whole soul to God's service. For a time she kept her secret to herself. When urged to marry, she made it known. To avoid further pressure, she sought from Father Cholonec a thing until then unheard of among savages, permission to make a vow of virginity. He bade her deliberate over it for three days. In good faith she agreed, but before an hour was up she returned to tell him she could not deliberate on a decision she had long since made and would never alter. Needless to say he approved her resolution. Soon the motherly Anastasie, who had urged her to marry, came to support her resolution not to do so. Her penitent friend Teresa had all along encouraged her in her high resolve. Her vow was made on the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1679.

Hunting was as much a season of sport as of a time for securing food and skins for trade. It was the outing of Indian man and woman from the tame enclosure of the palisade and the laborious days in the cornfields. Those who went

hunting would have plenty to eat and relish for it: those who remained at home must live on sagamite and dried fish or meat with little savor. Only the old and very young remained at home with those who were infirm. Though never robust Catharine was not at this time infirm. Still she chose to remain at home in spite of the pressure of her relatives to accompany them. Her reason was that the excitement and irregularities of the hunt, though not necessarily sinful, tended to distract her thoughts and kept her away from what she had now come to regard as the very center and substance of her life, the chapel and her Savior ever present in its tabernacle. There she knelt close to the altar every morning long before sunrise waiting for the Mass, her blue cloak wrapped about her body and serving as a hood modestly to conceal her features. Thither she went five times daily to make her acts of faith, contrition, humility, resignation, and to conclude with a rosary. Urge her to leave her post and stay near the fire, she would do so only for a moment, pleading, in that rigorous climate, she did not suffer cold. It would have been more precise to say she did not advert to the suffering. Her mind was so intent on the altar; the altar was for her a Calvary; the sufferings she thought of were her Lord's, not her own. Indeed, so vividly did she realise what He had suffered, she felt it natural that she should suffer, so natural that she went out of her way to seek suffering and to experience it even to excess.

For some of Kateri's austerities and penances

were so excessive that her spiritual adviser had to forbid them. He admired her courage, but he knew that virtue never goes to extremes. The refinement of torture that her tribesmen used to inflict on a captive enemy, she inflicted on herself. Hard labor, fasting, watching counted for naught with her; the lash and pointed metal cincture she applied to her weak body regularly; she even branded herself with hot iron and walked barefoot in the snows of winter; when she at length began to put hot coals between her toes and sleep three successive nights in the brambles she had found in the woods, her strength gave way, her secret was discovered, and Father Cholonec bade her moderate her eagerness to imitate the saints in rigorous penances that were altogether beyond her powers. About this time others in the village besides herself practised self-torture to such an extent that the chronicler Chauchetière actually recorded the fact as due to the influence of the evil one, and as leading to a fanaticism which the missionaries had to check particularly after the death of Catharine when it began to exceed all bounds.

Half measures had no place in Catharine's life. Whatever she did was whole hearted and, when occasion offered, heroic. With an uncle chief in the village of her youth, she might have been foremost among its growing maidens, in dress, in common esteem, in social favor such as it was. Instead she kept out of notice and resented even ordinary attention. It required spirit to decline that marriage which was well nigh forced on her when scarcely ten years old.

It required meekness to stand the taunts and jeers she had to bear for this. It required still more courage to leave her home and people risking pursuit by her uncle, who would have spared no one's life to recover her. Frail as she was and often ill, only a will of adamant could support her in her incessant toil on the hunt, in the fields, within the cabin. Only an extraordinary light from heaven and an exceptional influence of divine grace could have moved her to seek a perfection far in advance of what her spiritual advisers had thought of recommending to her, especially when without suggestion from them she sought permission to consecrate her life to God in virginity.

FRAGRANCE.

The inhabitants of the village were absent when Kateri took her last illness. It was the hunting season. For two months she suffered violent and weakening stomach pains, and she lay in her cabin not altogether neglected, but not as well cared for as she would have been were the people at home. She little heeded the lack of attention so long as she could enjoy the solitude and the opportunity it gave her for prayer. Those who came to visit her entered her cabin as if it was a sanctuary. They came because they felt it was a grace to witness her patience and hear her speak of holy things. When the sickness became fatal in Holy Week 1680, the missionaries made an exception in her favor by carrying the Viaticum to her cabin instead of having her brought to the chapel to receive it as was customary. The procession from chapel to cabin was a memorable affair, not unlike the ceremony which marked the day of her baptism. This was Tuesday, in the Holy Week of 1680. Watchers were assigned to remain with her until her death, which occurred the following day, April 17, when she was still fully conscious, clasping her crucifix and repeating: "Jesus, I love You."

Her death was the occasion of extraordinary religious manifestations. It was apparent that all regarded her as a saint. Her mat, blanket and crucifix were regarded as sacred relics. Prayers were offered to her. It was suggested that she be buried not in the cemetery but in the

chapel. Father Cholonec considered this inadvisable much as he believed her worthy of the distinction. The Christians from the neighboring village at Laprairie came to the funeral. From the moment of her burial men, women and children formed the custom of coming to pray at her grave. The French came there as well as the Indians. Soon a cross was erected over it like the one near which she used to pray on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Novenas were made and masses offered in her honor.

Very soon it became known that prayers to her were answered in a remarkable manner. She appeared twice to Father Chauchetière, the second time bidding him: Look and do according to the model. The model as he interpreted it was Catharine herself and accordingly he painted her image, the only picture extant of an Indian maiden of that day. When the Governor of Canada, M. de Champigny was cured of throat trouble of two years' standing, after praying at Catharine's grave, his wife had many copies of this image made for distribution in France and among the Indians. Many were the favors granted from heaven by its pious use. Cures through her intercession became so frequent that Father Cholonec ceased to record them. M. de la Columbière, Canon of the Cathedral Church in Quebec, brother of the famous Father de la Colombière, director of Saint Margaret Mary, was cured of slow fever and bleeding which had lasted six months. Père Remy of St. Sulpice, Curè of Lachine parish, was disposed to question the miraculous favors granted through

Catharine's intercession; but when one of his parishioners came to have him offer a Mass of thanksgiving, for favors obtained through the Indian Maiden, he felt moved to invoke her to bring about his own cure from deafness and when his prayer was heard, out of gratitude he wrote her life.

Father Cholonec had at first the same attitude as Remy, but when he witnessed the cure of Claude Caron by the use of Catharine's crucifix, of another named Roanez, a woman over sixty by the same means, and of a third an Indian girl from paralysis and a passion for gambling, he not only changed his mind, but, like Remy, wrote her life three times over, once for the Edifying Letters, again in Latin as a report for his superiors in Rome, and the third for general use. Other missionaries experienced similar favors, among them Fathers Bruyas and Morain. It has not been the lot of many mortals to have had their lives recorded by such accomplished biographers, Cholonec an eye witness and intimate observer, and Chauchetière has kept her memory alive by brush as well as pen. It is no wonder then that Indians and French in Canada became convinced that Catharine was not only a saint but also favored by God. In these remarkable answers to prayer through her intercession, she was their wonder worker, their protectress, their Genevieve. "Canada has also her Genevieve," remarked the second bishop of Quebec, de la Croix St. Valier, as he rose after praying at the tomb of Catharine, referring no doubt to her protection from the savage Iroquois in 1688.

Nor is it a wonder that Father Cholonec at length felt justified exhuming her remains so as to preserve her bones sacredly in the sacristy of the Mission Chapel, where they are still kept, except the skull which was given as a source of blessings to the Indians of Regis when they were establishing their reservation.

Catharine's tomb however, had become a holy place in the eyes of the Indians. They had seen miracles worked by the use of the soil taken from it, they had experienced graces as they prayed there, they had gone to it in pious pilgrimage, when their village was moved in 1696 and again to its present site in 1716, and they had seen visitors coming from afar to venerate it. For over sixty years the historian Charlevoix attests all this had lasted, and it had grown into an abiding tradition. From time to time the great cross was renewed with ceremonies notably in 1843, and after a destructive gale again in 1884. In 1890 Father Clarence A. Walworth, of St. Mary's, Albany, erected a lasting monument on the spot, a great urn of granite surmounted by a high cross, palisaded and covered by a rustic roof. On the stone is inscribed,

Kateri Tekakwitha

April 17, 1680

Onkweonweke Katsitsiio Leokitsianekaron

meaning

Fairest flower that ever bloomed among true men.

Though, as Cholonec wrote, the wonders worked by this "Little Flower" of the Indians became too numerous to record, there was always one so obvious as to need no record, the fervor of her people after her death, their veneration for her virtues, their belief in her holiness, and their steadfast adherence to the faith down to our day. Their disposition to pay her the tribute of their worship has spread far beyond their home on the St. Lawrence. Everywhere that Christians read of her saintly life, there is the same impulse to venerate her, and to wish that one day she be honored on our altars. The Bishops of the United States assembled in the Plenary Council in Baltimore in 1884 expressed this wish to the Holy Father when recommending the beatification of Father Jogues and his companions, who died for the faith where Catharine was born, the ripest fruit of their blood, since the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.

At Auriesville, Catharine's memory is associated with that of Father Jogues, Joseph Lalande and Réné Goupil. Although she did not die for the Faith as they did, she lived as one of its confessors and she consecrated her life to God as virgin. The priests in charge of the Shrine are fortunate in the possession of a portion of her relic, kindly given to them by Rt. Rev. William Forbes, Bishop of Joliet, when pastor at Caughnawaga, the present home of the Indians with whom Catharine spent most of her life as a Christian. Many favors are attributed to the application of this relic. Of late espe-

cially it has been used more frequently, as there is at present a revival of interest in the "Lily of the Mohawks" as Catharine is familiarly known, and of the desire that she should be publicly venerated. Nowhere is this desire more manifest than among the thousands of pilgrims who visit annually her birthplace at Auriesville, where the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs now marks the former Mission of the Martyrs, as it was called after Jogues and his companions died there, and hallows the soil from which this Lily of the Mohawks sprang.

With all who cherish her memory, who use her precious relics, and who above all imitate her virtues, we recommend the custom, dating from her death, of those who went to pray at her tomb, reciting three times the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation and Glory be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. We recommend also the prayer:

"O God, who art wonderful in Thy Saints, we beseech Thee, grant the favor we beg through the intercession of Thy Servant Catharine, that she may be exalted in the Church, and that we may be led to imitate her virtues. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

A FRONTIER PORTRAIT

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Stylized silhouette of Nancy Hanks Lincoln—enhanced and designed by Gary Brin from an idealized 1963 painting by Lloyd Ostendorf

Courtesy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

Preface

Who was Nancy Hanks Lincoln? What kind of woman was she? There is in existence, so far as is known, no picture of her, nor any complete description. Any literary portrait of her must therefore be developed slowly, and with great patience. One cannot paint it with swift phrases. Rather, it is as if we wove first one thread and then another, many of them sombre, few of any apparent importance or value, until gradually the story of a frontier girl called Nancy Hanks begins to take shape.

The background before which the figure of this girl stands is of great importance in interpreting that story. She was a product of three frontiers: Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana. Much that will be noted in Nancy Lincoln is already familiar to us in another figure—that of her famous son, Abraham Lincoln.

The incidents recorded on the following pages are not imaginary, but are in existence in history and literature. The purpose of this volume is to bring together the widely scattered materials dealing with the subject, and, as far as possible, to separate tradition from fact. If an element of the legendary still seems to linger, it is not because the authors have not made every possible effort to present a true and accurate picture of the life of this pioneer woman as she moved westward with the ever shifting frontier of settlement, but because so important a person long ago became a vital part of the great Lincoln story: half-myth, half-fact.

Harold E. Briggs
Ernestine Bennett Briggs

Carbondale, Illinois
September 12, 1952

Bibliographical Note

There is, undoubtedly, no American about whom more has been written than Abraham Lincoln. In much of this material, his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, is at least briefly mentioned. There has also been a growing body of materials dealing with the various frontiers on which Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln were born and lived.

The authors have read widely in all types of source materials. They have traveled in the Lincoln country in Kentucky and Indiana, and availed themselves of various court records to which their attention had been directed by the early research of Miss Ida Tarbell, and the later efforts of Dr. Louis A. Warren and the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company. To the latter two—through the files of *Lincoln Lore*—a debt of gratitude is expressly owed, especially for material relating to the Lincolns and Hankses before they came to Kentucky.

This has been a work of many years. Innumerable books and articles have been read; documents studied; the accuracy of statements thoughtfully gauged; and it is hoped the authors have accomplished a purpose first attempted a decade ago: to present as real (and truthful) a picture as possible of the mother of one of the greatest Presidents of the United States of America. Photography was unknown while she lived; apparently no wandering artist or silhouette cutter ever left a record of this frontier girl; and by the time—through her son's fame—she became important, many years had elasped.

It has not been an easy task. Through the years legend has obscured fact; paragraph after paragraph has been re-

written because of a new statement, or a more recently discovered record. Acknowledgement is here made to all the writers who have written in the field of the frontier and that of Lincolniana.

I

The Wilderness Trail

It was the year 1782. Half of Virginia seemed to be pouring west along the Wilderness Trail. All through the eighties they were to come—the men on foot with their guns ready for use, driving their stock before them, leading pack horses which carried the little wealth they could bring from their eastern homes. There were women, some walking, others riding, many with children in their laps, and often with other children swung in baskets on horses. The Wilderness Road was well named, for this was still virgin territory, where wagons could not penetrate. At night, when camp was made, the women drew within the welcome light of the fire, for Indians might very well be within a stone's throw, and it was possible that before dawn there might be heard the war cry of the red men. But still the pioneers came, for they had heard tales of a land of great fertility, a land where corn would grow easily, and where great estates could be carved from miles of rich soil. It was not hunting, nor the wild life of the migrant, that called most of these pioneers, but the fertile acres of Kentucky.

There were many reasons why Virginians and Carolinians looked westward in those days, and took the trails into the wilderness. During and after the American Revolution, Tories were sometimes mistreated, and in many cases their homes and lands were taken from them, and they were driven from the communities in which they had lived. For many of these, their only refuge was the frontier. The Revolutionary soldiers of Virginia were unpaid, and the state used its western lands to settle its debts. Also, the rate of taxation in Virginia was high, and

the average man found it difficult to pay his taxes and still have enough to live on. There were men like Daniel Boone, who was very poor, and hoped to acquire a fortune in the west. The decreasing fertility of Virginia's soil was an added factor. Which of these reasons, or what combination, brought the Lincolns and the Hankses, who came in that emigration of the eighties, across the mountains into Kentucky, is not known. Perhaps they were only following a pattern set by several generations: following the frontier as it pushed ever westward.

This Wilderness Road they traveled had once been a succession of irregular woodland paths trodden down and worn bare by buffalo, and by Indian hunters and Indian war parties. For Kentucky was a hunting ground for the red men from the south, and especially for those from across the Ohio. White men had wandered into it from the east, and had brought back tales of its beauty and promises of wealth, so that by 1770 the settlers of Virginia and North Carolina knew vaguely of this great territory beyond the mountains. The most romantic spot along the Wilderness Trail was Cumberland Gap. Located where the states of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee meet, it was the scene of innumerable conflicts between Indians and white men, and was the point where settlers poured into the new west. It had been discovered in 1674 by an illiterate frontiersman, Gabriel Arthur, contrary to the old couplet:

> The first white man in Cumberland Gap
> Was Doctor Walker, an English chap.

Walker rediscovered and named this gap in 1750. Through Cumberland Gap ran the Great Warrior Path, along which

the Shawnees and Iroquois traveled on their way to attack the southern tribes. One may stand today, said Frederick Jackson Turner, at Cumberland Gap and watch—in retrospect—all of American civilization pass in single file—the buffalo, going down to the salt springs, "the Indian, the fur-trader . . . (the) hunter, . . . the pioneer farmer."

Arthur, Walker, Christopher Gist, and nameless hunters and traders who traveled the Wilderness Trail and penetrated into the area which became Kentucky, aroused an increasing interest in this new west. At the time of the Revolution—at the time, back in Virginia, a child named Thomas Lincoln, born in 1776, was growing to boyhood—no Indian tribe occupied Kentucky. It was, indeed, a sort of no-man's land. Teeming with game, it attracted hunters, but the powerful Iroquois prevented any tribe settling here. Already, in the conflict between the red men, it had won the name of a "dark and bloody ground."

It was, in the end, Daniel Boone who became most closely associated with it. He had learned about it from John Finley, a trapper and adventurer, with whom he had become acquainted when he had gone from North Carolina to participate in Braddock's fatal march across the Pennsylvania mountains to Fort Duquesne. As early as 1767, Boone, remembering those glowing tales of a hunter's paradise, had attempted to reach Kentucky, but had failed because he had started too late, and winter had come early, with deep snows.

Then Finley had turned up in the settlement in the valley of the Yadkin where the Boones were living, and in May, 1769, Daniel Boone, Finley, and four other men started west, passing through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. Boone spent two years there, exploring and hunt-

ing, having many of those experiences now associated with his name, and becoming so enamored of the country that he made up his mind to return with his family to live there. This plan was not realized for some time, but he continued to make trips into Kentucky, becoming more enthusiastic over the possibilities of the territory each time, and communicating that enthusiasm to other prospective settlers, among them, no doubt, the Lincolns, who were his friends.

In the year 1775 a group of men, led by Richard Henderson, organized the Transylvania Company, whose purpose was to found a western colony. In March of that year, defying the Proclamation of 1763, and also the prohibitions of the colonial governments against unauthorized western settlements, this company concluded an illegal transaction with the Cherokee Indians, whereby the red men ceded to it some twenty million acres of land lying between the Cumberland and Kentucky Rivers, and including a great deal of what are now Kentucky and central Tennessee. Daniel Boone was asked to take a party of men and cut a road to Kentucky, by which the company might enter into possession of its western kingdom.The part of the famous trail which he helped blaze was known as Boone's Trace.

The story of the marking of the Wilderness Road is in itself a tale of adventure. Parts of it had been cleared long before by buffalo and Indian, but other stretches, for miles, had to be cut, and the red men proved most unfriendly. Boone took thirty men for the project, beginning his trace at the Indian treaty ground at Fort Watagua, in what is now eastern Tennessee, going by way of Cumberland Gap and through the rugged mountains and rolling canelands of Kentucky to the mouth of Otter Creek. On the Kentucky

River a site was chosen for a fortified town, and named Boonesborough. Later the road forked at Hazel Patch in Laurel County, one branch leading to Crab Orchard and Danville, and then to the Falls of the Ohio where Louisville developed.

Almost immediately a stream of pioneers in search of western land began pouring over this trail. It was fed by the Great Valley Road which other settlers followed down the Shenandoah and Holston Valleys to Cumberland Gap. Hundreds of pioneers on their way to Kentucky were scalped by Indians, and the Wilderness Road was indeed a dangerous one. For two decades it was little more than a foot path or a pack horse trail, but in 1792 it was widened, by the effort of Kentucky's first governor, Isaac Shelby, to accommodate wagons. In spite of legislation, however, it remained primarily a pack road until Kentucky was well established in the union. Yet each year thousands of settlers entered the state by the Wilderness Trail, and many head of stock were driven east to Virginia and Carolina over this famous road.

2

Abraham Lincoln Pioneer

One of the immigrants who traveled the Wilderness Trail in 1782 was Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of President Lincoln. He had first visited Kentucky when he was thirty-six years old, at which time he was already a prominent man in the Shenandoah Valley. At twenty-six he had been a captain in the Virginia Militia. During the American Revolution he had served as judge advocate in the military courts of Augusta and Rockingham Counties. Abraham was one of five brothers, sons of a prosperous farmer in the Shenandoah Valley named John Lincoln. Only one of these remained in Virginia, the other four migrating west, one to Tennessee, one to Ohio, and the other two—Thomas and Abraham—to Kentucky.

Abraham Lincoln traced his ancestry back to one Samuel Lincoln, who had come from western England to Hingham, Massachusetts, about 1637. This surname was often mispronounced and misspelled, and is found in colonial records as Linken, Linkern, Linkon, Linkhorn, Lingcum, etc., but such spellings are invariably the work of clerks or other official copyists. The eldest son of Lincoln, the pioneer, asserted under oath that his father spelled his name correctly. In fact, down through a period when there were many illiterate men in America, no Lincoln misspelled his name.

Samuel Lincoln's wife was Mary Lyford. Their fourth son, Mordecai, born in 1657, married Sarah Jones, and it is said that the name, Abraham, that of her father, was then introduced into the Lincoln family, where it became a favorite one. The Pilgrims, when they came to America, often called their settlements after their old homes in Eng-

land, but almost invariably their children born in the New World were given Biblical names. Each generation of Lincolns had its Abraham, its Mordecai, its Isaac, Jacob, Hannah, Mary.

The oldest son of Mordecai and Sarah Lincoln was also named Mordecai. His first wife was Hanah Saltar, and their eldest son was named John. By this time the Lincolns had reached Berks County in Pennsylvania in their westward migration, and there were many settlers by the name of Boone in this area. There were at least five marriages between the Boones and the Lincolns in Pennsylvania. It was at this particular point in their family history that the long friendship between the Boones and the Lincolns began. When this Mordecai Lincoln made his will in 1735, a Boone was named as a trustee to assist his second wife, Mary Robeson Lincoln, in settling the estate, and Squire Boone, the father of Daniel, was one of the appraisers when Mordecai died in 1736. The tradition which came down to President Lincoln—that the Lincolns had once been Quakers, but later "fell away" from that faith—no doubt had its roots in this sojourn in Pennsylvania. The Lincolns probably married into Quaker families.

John Lincoln, who was born in 1716, married Rebecca (Flowers) Morris. Their oldest son, Abraham, the grandfather of the President, was born in Pennsylvania in 1744. They had, in all, nine children, born between 1744 and 1767, and John Lincoln lived to be an old man, for the date of his death is recorded as 1788. Because he left Pennsylvania for Virginia, he was sometimes referred to as "Virginia John." The many descendants of Samuel Lincoln, who had left a large family, included some prominent citizens. Several saw service in the War of the Revolution; others held

important public offices; two were governors of states (one of Maine, one of Massachusetts).

It is probable that Abraham Lincoln made the move to Kentucky under the influence of Daniel Boone. The decision to migrate west was evidently made sometime during the winter of 1779-1780; for on September 6, 1779, he had bought some land to increase his Shenandoah Valley farm on Linville Creek, but on February 18, 1780, he sold his estate for "5000 pounds current money of Virginia." Three weeks later, he bought his first land warrant in Kentucky - 400 acres, for which he paid 160 pounds. On May 29 he entered a survey on Long Run at Hughes Station. He had probably helped build Hughes Station, which was erected by Morgan Hughes in 1780, and stood on Long Run in Jefferson County. It was a weak fort, poorly built, consisting of eight cabins and four block-houses at the corners. The Lincolns settled on the land on Long Run, probably living in one of the cabins in Hughes Station. It was a period when Kentucky settlers found the Indians so troublesome that most emigrants lived in, or close to, forts. In 1784, when John Filson published his *Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke,* there were some 30,000 settlers in the territory, yet there were only 18 houses outside the 52 stations.

Back in Virginia, Abraham Lincoln had married. The date of this marriage is given as June 1770, and while the name of the bride is not recorded, it is assumed to have been Bersheba (Herring?), as this is the name of the wife who signed the deed when he sold his Virginia farm in 1780, and also that of the widow whom he left in Kentucky when he died in 1786. There is a tradition, however, that this was his second wife, and that his first wife's name was Mary (Shepley?). There were five children: Mordecai, Josiah,

Thomas, Mary, and Nancy, (sometimes given as Nancy Ann, or Ann). In 1782, when the Lincolns started west, Thomas, later the father of President Lincoln, and whose birth date is given as 1776, was still a young child.

The Lincolns joined other emigrants on the Wilderness Road, keeping a sharp outlook for Indians, for, while papers had been signed giving the western lands to white men, the savages did not always seem to understand what this meant, or, perhaps, they understood too well. Abraham must have been acutely aware of the possible dangers, since it is said he had made an earlier trip to Kentucky, and that on his return to Virginia, had been captured by Indians near Danville, made to run the gauntlet, and then released. But the Lincolns reached their destination safely. Abraham had taken with him enough money to enter a considerable tract of land, one which would have made his family wealthy if he had lived long enough to insure its retention. On September 26, 1782, he acquired another land warrant, calling for more than 2000 acres of land, at a price of 3630 pounds. Apparently he made plans to have this grant surveyed, but it was in litigation at the time of his death, and his eldest son, Mordecai, was unable to secure a title to it.

Kentucky had become the country of romance and fable for many Virginians. In 1780–1782 many families had come west. Early in 1780 some three hundred "large family boats had arrived at the Falls of the Ohio, where Captain Bullitt had surveyed the land seven years before, and in May the legislature of Virginia passed a law for the incorporation of Louisville, which then contained some 600 inhabitants. Abraham Lincoln settled not far from Louisville. Enough settlers had arrived in this area to give some semblance of a social order.

This was frontier country, still, and was to remain so for

a long time, in spite of the large numbers of pioneers pouring in. Most of these were lured west by the promise of land—ever enticing to the Anglo-Saxon. These Virginians were land lovers. There was also the usual froth of idlers and shiftless wanderers and adventurers. Society was the same here as on other frontiers. Human life was almost worthless, for it was of little value in that hard struggle for existence. While life was held in comparative disregard, there was great emphasis on property, and theft was visited not only with punishment, but with severe social proscription. Homicide was punished less severely and less quickly than was horse stealing.

These early Kentuckians were a simple-living and a conscientious people. They meted out a primitive discipline. Sometimes they used the "Law of Moses," or forty lashes, and to petty criminals they applied the "United States flag," or thirteen stripes. Perhaps to them sloth was the worst crime—at least it was the greatest weakness of which a man could be accused. A "Lazy Lawrence" was welcome nowhere. Another fatal weakness was cowardice. Weapons, precious because of their scarcity, were kept for really serious warfare, such as that with Indians or animals, and, when honor must be defended, fists, teeth, and gouging thumbs were used, often with fatal effects.

It was in this frontier society that Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, both brought west as small children over the Wilderness Trail, grew to maturity. Historians have sometimes termed them illiterate, unambitious, poor, but they were only the products of their era, and no less literate, no less ambitious, no less wealthy, than thousands of their contemporaries. It was not a lavish time, nor were libraries or schools, or any of the other cultural evidences

of civilization, to be found in many places in that great wilderness known as Kentucky. They were children of the frontier, and their children were also to be products of a later frontier, for, while America's advancing line of settlement ran ever swiftly westward, it took more than one generation—or five, or ten—to make a nation. The children of Abraham and Bersheba Lincoln might have become influential and wealthy—they had as good lineage and better than many who did—but the force of circumstance decreed otherwise.

If there were not luxury and wealth, there were characteristics in this pioneer society which were to make America great and strong. It took endurance and strength and faith to measure up to the demands of the frontier. It made men like Thomas Lincoln and women like Nancy Hanks and, in time, a man like Abraham Lincoln, in whom the blood of generations of pioneers flowed.

On this Kentucky frontier, there was little outlawry in the early years. One of the most remarkable things about these emigrants from Virginia was their regard for law and their almost infallible instinct for the preservation of their Anglo-Saxon inheritance of legal organization. In all the circumstances of their daily existence, during this period, they may be said to have approached barbarism, yet they were advanced politically. They were children of a race trained for generations in government, and, wherever they went, they formed the town, the county, and the court. The red men, invisible but nevertheless always threatening, always surrounding their feeble settlements, were no detriment to the organization of this new territory according to the ways in which these settlers had been trained in older communities, and, before that, far beyond the ocean.

It is these old court records that are proof of the few facts about the life of Nancy Hanks and of Thomas Lincoln.

Settlers found life here simpler than it had become in the Shenandoah Valley. They dressed in the plainest fashion, in the skins of wild beasts killed by themselves, or in linen stuffs woven by the women. Iron, except in firearms and knives, was almost unknown. For food they depended on game, fish, and roughly ground corn-meal. Money was neither given nor asked, generally, in deals—exchanges were often made by barter, and many children grew up without seeing money. Discomfort was an inmate of most homes. Log cabins were seldom warm or comfortable. For their mode of life many settlers paid heavily, for they suffered from malaria and rheumatic fever, and few lived to a painless or vigorous old age.

Many settlers had driven cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses over the Wilderness Trail. No frontier family except the poorest was without at least a cow, which was regarded as a necessity. It gave dairy products, always a welcome variant of the monotonous diet, but also it served as a far better danger alarm for Indian raids than even the family dog. It was soon noticed that most of the raids occurred about milking time, and the stampede of cattle was a more certain warning than the barking of a dog.

In every cabin the spinning wheel and a pair of wool cards were symbols of domestic thrift. The women spun, wove, and knitted the buffalo and sheep's wool, brittle nettles, and flax into coarse jeans, linsey-woolsey, and linens, and then made these into family clothing. In the winter the favorite cloths were woolens, in the summer, flaxens. When feminine settlers were not busy at this task, they had plenty of others. They made soap, candles, sugar, and beeswax.

Sugar was made from maple syrup. Sorghum was the principal means of sweetening food, and to the frontiersman it was known as "long sweetening."

The men had many duties, also. Besides hunting and clearing land and planting crops, they butchered, dressed, and cured the meat, made salt, gunpowder, and shot, and molded bullets. Few emigrants brought furniture over the Wilderness Road, because it could not be transported on horse-back.For a long while, it was impossible to import any from the east, except for the few pieces which found their way into Kentucky on "family boats." Almost every article that went into a frontier home was made by its inhabitants. As a rule, the head of the household made these in the winter, when he could not spend all of his time outdoors. There were plenty of native woods—cherry, maple, and walnut—suitable for furniture. The results were often crude, for there were few lathes or other tools, and much of the furniture and other necessities was made with an axe or a hunting knife.

Recreation and relaxation were not common. These people were inclined to be religious, but there were few sermons, and these could be enjoyed only at long intervals, and after making extended journeys. Few books came over the Wilderness Trail, and there was little opportunity for exchange of opinions. But settlers came and endured and prospered, and in time life became easier. This would have been true, no doubt, for the Lincolns, had not tragedy intervened. The life of the pioneer, Abraham Lincoln, came to a disastrous close. He had settled in Jefferson County and cleared a small farm in the forest. One morning in the year 1786, he took his three sons, Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas, to the edge of the clearing, and they began the

day's work. Suddenly a shot rang out, and Abraham fell dead. The oldest son, Mordecai, ran to the house, Josiah went to the station for help, and Thomas, then ten, was left with the corpse of his father. Mordecai, from the cabin saw an Indian about to capture his young brother, and seizing a rifle, shot the red man, and then fired on others who were now showing themselves. Assistance arrived from the fort, and the Indians fled. The experience made an impression on Mordecai that he never forgot, and it was said that thereafter he killed every Indian who approached him, without stopping to ascertain whether or not he was friendly.

Abraham was dead, the Virginia relatives were many hundreds of miles away, and Bersheba was a widow with five children. She was not the only woman in Kentucky who had been widowed by the Indians. One of the most vivid pictures of the personal dangers existing in Kentucky at that time has been drawn by Captain Nathaniel Hart, who went in January, 1783, with his mother to Logan's Station to prove his father's will. There were twenty armed men in the party. At the court at Logan's Station twenty-three widows came to obtain letters of administration on the estates of their husbands, all of whom had been killed during the past year. There were many other women in the territory who had been widowed in the same manner, but whose husbands had not left estates requiring administration.

According to the English law of inheritance still followed in this country, Mordecai, as the eldest son, was the heir to his father's estate. An inventory of this estate, found near the end of the nineteenth century at Bardstown, Kentucky, shows that, for a pioneer settler, Abraham had a large amount of stock, farming implements, and tools. His home

was also better furnished than that of the average settler. Bersheba took her family and moved to a more thickly settled neighborhood in Washington County, and there her children grew up, all of them respected citizens. To one of them, Thomas, was to come fame through an illustrious son, another Abraham.

3

Who Was Nancy Hanks?

Among those pioneers going into Kentucky at about the same time as the Lincolns was the Hanks family, from which Nancy Hanks, the mother of President Lincoln, was presumably descended. The Hanks were also from England: in colonial records the name is spelled in various ways, as Hawks or Hankes. Between 1780 and 1790, when Nancy Hanks was born, (the year 1784 being generally accepted), there were at least six Hanks colonies in the territory then known as Virginia. In 1750 a Joseph and an Abraham Hanks lived on adjacent farms in Amelia County. Some of these Amelia County Hankses migrated to Bedford County by 1780. In an area of Bedford County which later became Campbell County lived a family of Hankses which may have been direct ancestors of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Near by lived families named Mitchell, Shipley, and Berry—all names of families with whom Nancy Hanks was intimately associated in Kentucky.

The claim has been made that this future mother of a president was born in a log cabin near what is now Mikes Run, Mineral County, West Virginia. In 1929 a commission designated the site of her birthplace here, and six years later it was marked with a monument. It has also been claimed that she was born near Keyser, West Virginia, and a tablet commemorating that event was dedicated on May 6, 1933. In 1932 the statement was made that Nancy Hanks was born at a place now called Bare Bones on the Namozine Road between Jenning's Ordinary and Fergusonville, a site named for Barebone Creek, a secondary branch of the Nottoway River. The birthplace site has also been said to be near Leesburg in Louden County, Virginia, where,

in the early years of the eighteenth century, a Hanks family and a Shipley family were members of the same church. Nancy Hanks' actual birthplace, as well as other important facts concerning her life—including her birthday—has never been, and may never be, determined.

It seems almost incredible that so few accurate accounts —records or other documentary proof—can be found concerning the mother of one of the most famous presidents of the United States. There are at present two schools of thought concerning her ancestry, both of which admit that too little support can be brought to their contentions by existing documents. The best explanation of how such a state of affairs can have developed is the status commonly assigned women on the American frontier. A woman was seldom regarded as the equal of a man, although she may have excelled him in actual achievement, and although without her presence the frontier would have been longer in coming to an end. When one traces the lineage of a family, it is the maternal ancestry which most often shows gaps or uncertainties. Who was Bersheba Lincoln? Who was she when Abraham came wooing her? Was she his first wife, or had he, as did so many pioneers, buried one wife, and did he take her as a mother for children already in his home? No one knows, and perhaps no one will ever know. It was not often that a woman's name needed to go down in writing. In settled communities, family tradition, or that of the neighborhood, often carried certain important facts from one generation to another; but when settlers moved to the frontier, ancestry became secondary. It must be remembered that, like the Lincolns, these Hanks families were migrants. They had come to Virginia from Maryland or Pennsylvania. From Virginia they had moved west.

On the frontier, strangers did not care to know who one's grandfather or grandmother had been, and did not bother those they met with a recital of their own family history. Life was in the present, not in the past, and even more did it seem to lie in the future, in the days when the land would be cleared and the red men quiet, when tall corn would lift its tassels to the Kentucky sky.

Nancy Hanks was a child of the frontier. That is all of which anyone can be really certain. She was a child of Virginia, for all who have written of her agree she was born before the Hankses started west over the Wilderness Trail. Upon one other fact her historians have, in general, agreed —her mother was named Lucy. But was this Lucy maiden or widow—a Hanks by birth, or one by marriage?

Caroline Hanks Hitchcock asserted that Nancy was one of the daughters—the youngest child—of Joseph Hanks, rather than his granddaughter, as historians in general believe her to be. Joseph Hanks was the head of the Hanks family which came to Kentucky at about the same time as the Lincolns, and he did have a daughter named Nancy. One of the confusing angles to the whole problem of Nancy Hanks Lincoln's true identity is the prevalence of the name "Nancy"—a favorite in the family. There was a Nancy Lincoln—Thomas's sister—and at least two Nancy Hanks, and cousins with other surnames who were also called Nancy. Mrs. Hitchcock states that Nancy Hanks Lincoln was born February 5, 1784, the daughter of Joseph Hanks, and was named for her mother.

The Nancy Hanks whom she believed to have been Abraham Lincoln's mother was in reality his great-aunt, and an aunt of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. This Nancy Hanks

was the sister of Nancy's father, according to the best evidence which has been found. Dennis Hanks, according to his own testimony, was the illegitimate child of the Nancy Hanks whom Mrs. Hitchcock asserted to be the mother of President Lincoln. Her statements were based on the will of Joseph Hanks, which she found at Bardstown, Kentucky, and in which he named his daughter, Nancy, as well as his other children. She mentions Dennis as the son of Charles Friend and Nancy Sparrow, and states that he was "often mentioned as one of the Hanks family." There appears to be ample evidence that Dennis was the son of Charles Friend and Nancy Hanks, Joseph's daughter, who later married Levi Hall. Dennis was reared by Elizabeth Hanks, who married Thomas Sparrow. Lucy Hanks, the mother of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, later married Henry Sparrow, the brother of Thomas.

According to the best authority available for many years, Nancy Hanks was the natural child of Lucy Hanks, who was yet unmarried when she brought her young daughter over the Wilderness Trail into Kentucky. This tradition traces back to a conversation in the year 1850 between President Lincoln and William H. Herndon. The two men, according to Herndon, were driving in Lincoln's one-horse buggy to the court in Menard County, Illinois, to try a suit which was likely to touch upon the subject of hereditary traits. During the ride Lincoln spoke of his mother, and enumerated the qualities which he thought he had inherited from her. He said that she was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and "a well-bred but obscure Virginia farmer or planter." The description could have applied very well to the son of Joseph Hanks whom many believe was the

husband of Lucy and the father of Nancy. Abraham Lincoln knew little about his ancestors, and had little success in tracing his family tree during his lifetime.

If it were possible to prove who Lucy Hanks really was, there would be no confusion regarding the correct status of Nancy, her daughter. Was Lucy the daughter or daughter-in-law of Joseph Hanks? The theory of Nancy's birth which made her a "base-born child" would have Lucy a daughter, yet there seems conclusive evidence that she was not, but was, instead, a daughter-in-law, and already a widow when the Hankses came west to Kentucky. It is also supposed that Lucy and her little daughter did not come with the Hankses, but with other relatives.

Much of the confusion regarding Nancy's origin appears to be due to certain statements made by Dennis Hanks, who was a cousin of Nancy's. The value of his statements can, however, be judged by certain known facts. He was but nine years older than her son, Abraham, and when Herndon questioned him about her, Nancy had been dead for almost forty years. Dennis saw Nancy Hanks both in Kentucky and in Indiana, but after her marriage in the former state, he lived eight miles away. In Indiana, he arrived a few months before she died, but lived with his foster parents, Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow. His remarks are contradictory, and it is doubtful if he really knew much about her. He termed Lucy a sister of his mother's—of, that is, Nancy Hanks', daughter of the pioneer, Joseph Hanks. Dennis made no attempt to hide the fact that he was the illegitimate child of Nancy, but he denied vigorously that his cousin Nancy Hanks Lincoln was also illegitimate, although his statements led to this conclusion.

Herndon also based his assertions regarding Nancy's illegitimacy upon information derived from John Hanks, a cousin of Dennis's (and of Nancy's) and the son of William Hanks, who was another of Joseph's children. John's testimony seems even more invalid than that of Dennis. He was only four years old when she married, and lived twenty miles away. The year of her marriage, his parents moved thirty-five miles from Elizabethtown; and it is very doubtful if he ever saw her. Information offered by either John or Dennis seems particularly worthless when it is known they both insisted Nancy was not a Hanks at all, but a Sparrow. But this could not be, since it is generally accepted that Lucy gave birth to Nancy in 1784, but did not marry Henry Sparrow until April, 1791.

Dennis was apparently confused in his own mind. The question of Nancy's birth was no doubt raised too late for him to produce any real evidence. He could not explain why Nancy was known as a Hanks when she was, he believed, a Sparrow. He said Lucy was a sister of the other three Hanks girls, yet the will of Joseph Hanks makes no mention of her, although he names each of his children. The true explanation seems to be that Lucy was a sister-in-law, but that she was close to her relatives by marriage, and was held in deep affection by them. If Lucy was a daughter, there seems only one explanation for the omission of her name from Joseph's will. That is that she had so deeply displeased her father as to have been completely left out of his will. But there is no tradition to this effect, and he makes no statements which might lead to such a conclusion.

Lucy was not a model of perfection, whether or not she gave illegitimate birth to Nancy. This is a matter of record,

for before her marriage to Henry Sparrow, she was the object of public rebuke. A Mercer County grand jury brought an indictment against her for fornication, but she was never brought to trial, probably because her marriage to Henry removed the cause of the complaint. It may have been that she was living with him as his common law wife, which was not an unusual occurence in the wilderness. She made him a good wife, however, raising a family of nine children, two of whom became ministers. After her marriage, there were no more complaints against her character.

The tradition has long existed and has been generally accepted that Nancy was cared for in early childhood by her grandmother, and that, after Lucy's marriage to Henry Sparrow, she went to live with an aunt and uncle, Elizabeth and Thomas Sparrow. But Thomas Sparrow and Elizabeth Hanks were not married until October 17, 1796, five years after Henry and Lucy were married. Nancy was then twelve—if the year given as that of her birth is accepted—and so could not have gone to live with these relatives at a very early age. Evidence has been presented in recent years showing that Nancy Hanks was reared in the home of Richard and Rachel Berry, an uncle and aunt, Rachel being a sister of Lucy Hanks, both of whom were Shipleys. This fact lends credence to the theory that Lucy was a widow, and was legally married when Nancy was born. Lucy Shipley is believed to have been the widow of James Hanks, another son of the pioneer, Joseph Hanks.

In a magazine article some years ago the story of Nancy Hanks was told with a good deal of romantic imagination. It began with the light-hearted Lucy, sixteen when the Revolutionary War came to an end, and young French, English, and American soldiers, who, with the help of the

feminine sex, inaugurated a post-war era of relaxation. It showed Joseph Hanks, supposedly the father of Lucy, "a small farmer, a land-owner, a member of the Established Church," and, through marriage, related to the neighboring great house of Lee, worried, despondent, disapproving, because of the temptations which faced his children in this lax environment. The Hankses leave Tidewater Virginia, move westward, where life is simpler and less frivolous. On a quiet hillside in West Virginia, Joseph settles with his family, and thinks them safe, but his pretty, spirited Lucy finds a lover, and little Nancy is born. And Joseph, heavy-hearted, mortgages his farm and turns west again, hoping that on some farther frontier he can find the haven of security he wants for his children. Over the Alleghenies, along the Wilderness Road, into the hills of Kentucky, he leads his large family. Even here, life is not tranquil, for one daughter, Nancy, bears Dennis, also an illegitimate child, and Lucy, the irrepressible, is called to appear before the court on a charge no woman could answer lightly. But Nancy marries, and so does Lucy, and the charge is dropped, and, as the years pass, forgotten, and Joseph can relax his vigilance.

If the picture were wholly true, it would not be particularly surprising, for the frontier called for quick blood. It countenanced much that would now be termed, at the least, indiscreet. War did, no doubt, as it does today, bring irregularities in its train. Young men and women who traveled the wilderness trails were not always decorous, restrained, model ladies and gentlemen. Love came early on the frontier, and marriage often before a girl had left childhood wholly behind. Illegitimate children were not welcomed, but neither were they punished, and their parents

with them, as severely as they would have been in a more settled environment. The Hankses were not "white trash," to permit consistent moral lapses, but if one or two did occur, in that particular time, and in the frontier neighborhoods in which they lived, these would have been less severely criticized than in a different age and setting. Dennis was no doubt an illegitimate child, but he never seemed to feel any injustice in the circumstances of his birth. He accepted the fact and forgot, or never fully realized, its implications. Nancy, he asserted stoutly, was "deep in the stalk of the Hankses," but a true-born child, although he was never able satisfactorily to explain this statement.

The other theory regarding Nancy Hanks' birth makes her the daughter of Lucy Shipley Hanks, a young widow, the daughter-in-law of Joseph Hanks. Nancy is presumably the daughter of James Hanks. There is a tradition that Joseph Hanks had a son James, who died before the Hanks family moved to Kentucky, and that his widow came on later with her own people. Lucy was said to be a daughter of Robert Shipley. The Hankses and Shipleys were closely associated over a period of years both in Maryland and in Virginia. They can be traced from one community to another, and finally Bedford County, Virginia, became the center of these families. There has been a tradition in existence for a long while—many decades—that Nancy Hanks was born in James Hanks' cabin on Little Falling River. Tradition also says that Joseph Hanks of Kentucky had, in 1793, five living sons: Thomas, Joshua, William, Charles, and Joseph, Jr. William, who married that year, named his first son, born the following year, James and named his next three sons for living brothers. It seems credible that he may have named the first son for a dead brother. Also

Nancy Hanks, the wife of Thomas Lincoln, may herself have been named for an aunt, Nancy Hanks, the youngest sister of her supposed father, James Hanks. This Nancy married Levi Hall, and named one of her sons James. The family history of Thomas, Joshua, and Charles Hanks is unknown. As yet, there is no documentary proof that one James Hanks was the father of Nancy Hanks Lincoln; but neither is there any record in existence which would make her illegitimate.

There are said to have been six girls in Robert Shipley's family of children, but only five of them have been accounted for. These are Rachel, who married Richard Berry; Ann, who married David McCord; Naomi, who married Robert Mitchell; Margaret, who married Robert Sloan; and Lucy, who married James Hanks, and later, Henry Sparrow. Statements have been made by a number of descendants of these sisters which verify the supposition that Lucy Shipley was the mother of Nancy Hanks, a legitimate child.

As a small child, Nancy is said by some to have lived in the Catawba River country in North Carolina, coming with her mother and other relatives to Kentucky about 1786. In the spring of 1790 Lucy made preparations for her marriage to Henry Sparrow. It was necessary for her to make some affirmation as to her age and her willingness for the marriage license to be issued. No Hanks name appears on her papers, nor on those, later, of her daughter, Nancy. If she had been a Hanks by birth, with Hanks men living not far away, certainly one of them would have been required to sign the papers. But instead the signatures of Richard Berry and a brother, John Berry, appear, which makes it seem likely that Lucy was a Shipley by birth, the sister of Rachel Shipley Berry.

When Joseph Hanks made his will, in which he allegedly named all of his children, but in which Lucy is not named, she had been married to Henry Sparrow for eight months. Before Joseph died, she and Henry had had two children. If there had been hard feeling, such as might conceivably exist between stern father and erring daughter, it should have, to a considerable degree, at least, have disappeared in that length of time, with Lucy a conventional matron, with husband and children. Yet the most thorough reading of Joseph Hanks' will give no inkling that he ever had a daughter named Lucy, and it seems unlikely that he would have felt any necessity for providing for a daughter-in-law, who had remarried so long before, and was being adequately cared for. His own family was too large for him to be able to bequeath much outside its limits. He left to each child some especially named item—to each son, a horse; to each daughter, a heifer yearling. It is not the will of an unrelenting father, but of one trying to be exactly fair.

4

A Western Journey

Richard Berry had come to Kentucky as early as 1780. He had entered a six hundred acre farm on Beech Fork on his prospecting trip to this western country, but whether or not he brought his wife, Rachel Shipley Berry, and his children to Kentucky at this time is not known. It is probable that he had not: it was customary for these western settlers to make the first trip without their families. When, or with whom, Nancy Hanks migrated to Kentucky is not known. The Joseph Hanks family was in this area in February, 1787, when Joseph bought land on Rolling Fork. The first positive evidence of the presence of Nancy Hanks in Kentucky is, unfortunately, the indictment of the Mercer County grand jury against her mother, Lucy, in November, 1789.

Beech Fork, a tributary of Salt River, makes a gigantic horseshoe as it wanders through the central part of Washington County, Kentucky. In doing so, it sets aside a part of the country known as Beechland. Into this territory came Bersheba Lincoln, in the late fall of 1786, with her young children, after Abraham had been massacred on his wilderness farm near Louisville. And here also lived Richard and Rachel Berry. When Lucy Hanks remarried, it is said that she sent little Nancy to live with her Uncle Richard and Aunt Rachel Berry, in Beechland, about a mile from the Lincoln home. The tradition has long existed that Nancy and Thomas Lincoln first met when the young frontiersman went to learn the carpenter's trade from a certain Joseph Hanks, an uncle of Nancy's. There is no evidence to support this tradition. After the death of his father, Joseph Hanks, Jr., had returned to Virginia;

how long he stayed there is not known. It was not until 1805 that he was listed in the Hardin County tax books, and he then owned land in Breckinridge County, and was supposed to be living there. He is not known to have lived in Elizabethtown, where he is said to have taught Thomas his trade, until after his marriage in 1810, and Thomas and Nancy had then been married for four years. It is probable that Thomas and Nancy lived as children in the same neighborhood, and grew up together.

Richard and Rachel Berry had several children. Richard, Jr., and John were married before Nancy came into the home to live, but Francis and Edward were still living there. There were two Negro slaves in the Berry home, Nan, and her daughter, Hannah, and it is unlikely that Nancy was expected to do much hard work. She was no doubt treated much as a daughter of the house would have been.

The most adventurous period in Kentucky's history lasted well into Nancy's womanhood. One of the most thrilling experiences in her life must have been her childhood journey over the Wilderness Trail, and she was old enough to have remembered it. She had been born and had lived for a few years in the Virginia, and possibly the Carolina, backwoods, and had come west over the Trail when it was only a pack road. She probably traveled like other small children, in a large basket securely fastened to her mother's saddle. When she grew too weary of riding, she would be allowed to walk. No doubt she wore a linsey-woolsey frock, and probably new moccasins made for the rougher country into which she was going. The preparations for the journey would have been extensive, and colorful enough to have made an impression on even a very young child.

There was always a long period of talking and planning before these western emigrations began. Farms had to be sold, possessions too large or heavy to carry disposed of, provisions and clothing necessary for the trip bought or made, maps studied, and pioneers who had made the journey consulted. One Abraham Hanks had traveled the Wilderness Road with Daniel Boone, and he may have given the little colony—a family almost always moved as part of a unit—needful information. The knowledge that Indians were a real menace lay like a weight of lead in the minds of the elders, but such talk was taboo. But they counted their rifles carefully, for the strength of an expedition was reckoned, not in men, but in weapons. A man without his gun was not of any great use in an attack.

Nancy must have watched the loading of the pack horses, which carried bags of meal, packages of seed for planting in that fabulously rich Kentucky soil, simple farm tools, household utensils, blankets woven on looms by the women in the party, or perhaps heirlooms made by their mothers or grandmothers, maybe a feather bed or two. On the frontier, relatives usually settled in little colonies, and when a group moved on west, some of them stayed behind and watched with grave eyes the departure of their kinsfolk. In every heart was the knowledge that this might be the last goodbye, for even if the emigrants reached Kentucky safely, the new home was far away. Probably only the children were cheerful as the expedition formed at last for the journey.

From her place in the basket tied to her mother's saddle, Nancy could have seen the men taking their places—those acting as scouts far ahead or behind, accepting their positions with knowledge of the responsibility these carried.

The men and boys marched at the head and end of the train, carrying their rifles in their hands, with powder-horn and bullet-pouch within easy reach, and with tomahawk and hunting knife stuck in their belts. The pack horses, heavily laden, moved slowly. If there were wagons, these would be sold long before the destination of these pioneers was reached, for they could not travel the Wilderness Road. The new home would be reached on foot, or on horseback, and of the possessions with which a group started, only the most essential would be retained until the end of the journey.

Beyond the first low hill, they passed out of sight of their old homes, and thoughts were focused on the long and dangerous journey. The Wilderness Road began at the Block House in Virginia, five miles northeast of the South Fork of the Holston River at the mouth of Reedy Creek, and almost a mile north of the North Carolina line. It stood at the entrance to the wilderness, and was the last station on the road to Kentucky in the Holston settlement. Here the roads from Virginia and Pennsylvania and Carolina came together, and west of it there was only one road —the trail to Kentucky. Leaving the Block House the road ran over mountians to Cumberland Gap, climbed this gap, and found another one in Pine Mountain, and threaded its way for a hundred miles through the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains in eastern Kentucky, coming out at Crab Orchard.

Nancy, although only a child, must have remembered the excitement when the party came to Cumberland Gap, and the lowered voices and muffling of the pack horses' bells when they left this entrance into the mountains. For they had now entered upon the really dangerous part of

the journey. From here on, they must move quietly, maintain the strictest guard, do without camp fires, and in every way try to keep the Indians from knowing their exact location. Nancy was cautioned not to shout or cry out, nor to laugh loudly. The journey became increasingly tiring, for the children were more and more closely confined to their baskets, and had less opportunity to run about and play, or to sit by the campfire at night, listening to the tales or ballads which had enlivened the earlier stages of the migration.

For almost the whole length, the Wilderness Road followed the streams. It crossed rivers of considerable size. Riding in her basket, Nancy could look down into the swirling cold water as her mother's horse found his way across the river. Sometimes a pack slipped and some article of clothing, some food, a package of seed, or a household utensil, was lost in the water. Travel was hard, but the pioneers had expected it to be so, and Nancy probably heard little complaint.

Before they reached Crab Orchard, Nancy would have heard talk of other emigrants who expected to join the party for the remainder of the journey. It is possible some had already been encountered at the Block House, and an advertisement may have been inserted in a Virginia paper for fellow travelers, setting a time and place of meeting. Often emigrants waited at Crab Orchard for travelers going west, so that there would be more rifles in case of an Indian attack.

There would have been no lack of provisions. Nancy must have eaten journey-cake, baked on hot stones, bacon, and wild turkeys killed on the way. There was always game. Bear tracks were frequently seen in the mud. At

night the scream of the wildcat or the howl of the wolf broke the silence, and the men listened to be sure these were not Indian signals. As the trail ran farther west, deeper into the wilderness, the scenery took on a wilder beauty. The little party was shut in by the mountains, whose sides were covered with timber, with grapevines, wild crabapple trees, pink laurel, and showers of rhododendron. Sometimes they could hear the sound of a waterfall in the distance.

So far as is known, this group of pioneers reached Kentucky safely. Here, unless the men had made an earlier prospecting trip, they stopped at a stockade until claims could be located and cabins built, and even after they had decided where to settle, their cabins may have been within a stockade. The gate of the station to which they first came would have ben opened cautiously, and the emigrants, men, women, children, and animals, would have entered at a run, in order that any Indian lingering near might not have an opportunity to attack while the gate was open. This was bolted with great wooden bars. However small Nancy was when she came to Kentucky, she must have remembered many things about this western trip.

Kentucky was known all through the east as a land not only of promise, but of great beauty. None could equal the Kentuckians in boasting. One of these said there was no place on the "universal arth like Ol' Kaintuck; she whips all *out west* in prettiness; you might boil down creation and not get such another state out of it." It lay in the great hardwood forest region between the Alleghenies and the western prairies. Before white settlement, which ruthlessly destroyed forests everywhere, almost all of this territory which became Kentucky had woodlands unsurpassed

anywhere in eastern North America. There were giant trees whose trunks measured six, eight, sometimes ten feet in diameter, yellow poplar, or the tulip tree, sycamores, oaks, chestnuts, walnuts. Perhaps Nancy saw, or heard tales of, hollow sycamores so large that whole families camped in them until they could build cabins. From early summer until the late frosts, she could find strawberries growing wild, and in the autumn she could eat her fill of the wild grape, persimmon, papaw. When her chores were done, she could hunt for chestnuts, beechnuts, hazelnuts, walnuts, hickorynuts. It was a child's paradise, as well as one for hunters.

After Nancy went to live in the Berry home, she had the companionship of another girl, a cousin, Sarah Mitchell, who was an orphan. Sarah's mother, Naomi Shipley Mitchell, was a sister of Lucy Hanks'. In 1790 the Mitchells started west to Kentucky. Twenty-five miles beyond Crab Orchard, at a place called Defeated, the Mitchell party was attacked by Indians. Mrs. Mitchell was fatally wounded, and Sarah was captured and carried away north. Robert Mitchell started in pursuit of his daughter, but was drowned in the Ohio River. Sarah was returned to her relatives after the victorious campaign of Anthony Wayne in the west, and sometime in 1795 came to live with the Berrys.

In addition to the original six hundred acres on which Richard Berry settled, he had obtained a second land warrant, with which he had entered two hundred acres on Doctor's Fork, in Lincoln County, later Mercer County, not far from his home. Richard Berry probably died in 1798, since his will, made the preceding summer, was entered for probate in December, 1798. One of the appraisers of the estate was Mordecai Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln's

brother. Something of the home in which Nancy Hanks had been living may be learned from this will. There were the two Negro slaves, feather beds, a table, chairs, a cupboard, two spinning wheels, kitchen ware, and the usual articles one would find in a comfortable frontier home. Each horse was mentioned by name—Blueskin, Lofty, Cherriot, a sorrel filly called Rosy. More than a dozen head of cattle were listed, a large herd for that time.

Two years later Francis Berry married and went to live on a tract of land cut off from the home place, but Edward remained at home. In 1800 Sarah Mitchell married John Thompson, and in 1804 Aunt Rachel Berry died. Where Nancy lived for the next two years is problematical, but it is supposed that she divided her time among the Berry boys, or lived in the home of one of them. One descendant of the Berry family claims that she lived with Richard Berry, Jr., whose wife was Polly Ewing Berry. In their home Nancy is said to have made herself generally useful, caring for the children, and helping with the household chores. It was this Richard Berry who signed the marriage bond when Nancy became engaged to marry Thomas Lincoln. There is also a possibility that she went to live in the Francis Berry home after the death of Rachel Berry. Francis and his wife, Elizabeth Brazelton Berry, and their three children lived in a comfortable two-story house with a kitchen annex. The Berrys were prosperous people; they seem to have looked with more favor upon slavery than did the Lincolns or Hankses. Two years before his marriage (in 1806) Edward Berry, the youngest son, listed five slaves for taxation; when Richard Berry, Jr., died sometime before the late summer of 1829, his appraisers listed nine slaves belonging to his estate. The Berrys also appear to

have been people of some culture, and with considerable ability. They did not have the trouble with land titles which plagued Thomas Lincoln. The pioneer Richard Berry was probably a man in his late sixties at the time of his death: he lived long enough to give his children a substantial start in life.

5

In Ol' Kaintuck

The life that Nancy Hanks led as a child in Kentucky, even in the relative luxury of a Berry home, would have been a simple, half-primitive existence. The demands of the average pioneer were few—shelter, clothing, food, some association, if possible, with others. The first requirement of these emigrant families was shelter. Sometimes this was obtained in a stockade—at first it was generally found there—or in a cabin of some former settler.

It is true that the first home was sometimes a temporary shack of thatched branches, or a "half-faced camp," such as tradition has always credited Thomas and Nancy Lincoln with living in during their first year in Indiana. For this rude shelter trees were chosen which formed natural corner posts. A cabin was then built with only three sides, and with the fourth—which faced south—open. The sides and roof were covered with poles, branches, dried grass, mud, brush, anything that would shut out the wind and rain and form a protection from the "varmints" in the woods; the chinks were stuffed with dried grass or mud. A log fire was kept burning on the open side, for warmth and cooking by day, to frighten away the wild beasts and make the camp a little more comfortable by night. Sometimes a skin was flung over this opening. Beds of dry leaves, covered with blankets and bearskins, were made on the floor. These structures were only temporary shelters—if a man had any ambition at all—thrown up until log cabins could be erected. It is doubtful if the Lincolns—or the Hankses or Berrys—ever lived in such a camp, on any frontier, but sometimes pioneers had to make use of them.

Settlers were coming to Kentucky in large numbers by the time Nancy Hanks arrived. There were enough of them to help each other, in true pioneer fashion, put up houses, clear land, and do all the other necessary things. They were beginning to work together on community projects, as the old county records show—in maintaining roads, erecting churches, and even schools, appraising and settling estates.

Land had to be bought if it were to belong permanently to an individual, and many settlers merely squatted, because there was no land office in the west until 1800, and even after that a purchaser was dependent on the accident of the auction of the particular plot he wanted at the time he wanted it. But the Hankses and the Lincolns had bought their land. They were people of some means.

When land had been secured, the home was built. A space had to be cleared where the house was to be located, and trees cut for logs. Then all the neighbors came to the clearing, rolled the logs to the site of the cabin, notched them at the ends, and lifted them into place. Nails were a luxury, and were seldom used. The logs were placed alternately on each side, with the notched ends fitted together. The rafters were held in place by wooden pins, and the roof was made of bark or rude shingles held in place by saplings. When the frame was completed an opening was cut for a door, and a heavy wooden door with leather hinges was hung in this. Another opening was cut for the fireplace, usually made of sandstone, or of logs covered with clay, and the chimney was built of logs. At first there were no windows, but by 1800 small holes were cut to admit light and air, although these were usually barred to keep out wild animals and Indians. The pioneer was afraid of fresh air; night air was thought absolutely deadly. Win-

dows were useful mostly for giving light. Enough fresh air crept in through cracks and chinks. Window glass was a luxury, and often the windows were covered with oiled paper. Paper, too, was rare in isolated cabins, and sometimes a marriage paper, or other valuable document carried west by a family, was used to cover a window.

Nancy and Thomas Lincoln lived in cabins like these, and their children were born in log houses. These were not the abodes of poor whites alone, but the usual homes of the western settlers and their children, for more than one generation.

The floor of a log cabin was often of earth, although sometimes a flooring was made of puncheons—logs which had been split through the middle and laid with the more or less flat surfaces on top. These early homes were generally situated close to a spring or clear brook, where drinking water could be found.

A frontier cabin was not a thing of beauty, but it had the artistic virtue of suiting its environment. It was seldom large, because the method of construction prohibited size, and it generally measured between fifteen and eighteen feet in length, and twelve and fourteen feet in width. Sometimes it was divided into two rooms by a partition, but usually it remained a single cabin, in which the family ate, slept, dressed and undressed, entertained guests, and worked. There could be little privacy. Often a loft was constructed, where the children slept, going up and down on a rude ladder made of boards fastened to the side of the room.

Cabin furniture was crude and usually homemade. When Thomas Lincoln grew to manhood and became a cabinetmaker, he found a steady demand for his work. Many

articles he fashioned are still treasured. Most cabins had a rough table, some three-legged stools, a few crude shelves, and beds which were mere bunk-like arrangements built against the walls. If there were mattresses, these were filled with straw. Covers consisted of homemade blankets, or of bear or buffalo robes.

Since cooking was done at the fireplace, most food was boiled or fried. For frying, a three-legged pan was used which was either held over the coals or placed on them. For boiling, a pot held by a crane or hook, and swung over the flames, was used. There was seldom an oven, and a skillet with a tight cover, or a Dutch oven, was used for baking. The fireplace furnished heat and light the year round, for tallow candles were less economical than firelight. Generally a family traveling west brought with it a few household items, such as skillets, pots and pans, pewter dishes, plates, and spoons. But growing families needed more things than they could carry, and at night, by the firelight, men and boys carved industriously at wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins, and hollowed gourds to be used as containers.

A frontier family was dependent for food largely on what it could kill or raise. In these early days there was plenty of wild game, and deer meat or wild ducks or turkeys were particularly welcome additions to the menu. There were always bears—the bear figures prominently in frontier folklore, for there were so many in this Kentucky wilderness—but its meat was coarse and greasy. These southern immigrants depended largely on corn as a staple food. It was used in many ways: "johnny cake," "pone," mush and hominy were some of the commonest forms. Pigs ran wild in the woods, found their own food, and were shot like wild

animals. A favorite frontier dish was "hog and hominy." Honey and molasses were used for sweetening, for there was still very little sugar. Milk was not as common as it might have been, if cattle had been cared for better, and gravy or bear's oil often took the place of milk on mush. Vegetables were common—corn, beans, melons, pumpkins, peas, and squash, and very early there was also an abundance of such fruits as peaches, apples, plums, and wild grapes. Through the summer and autumn months the settlers ate well, but in the winter they were largely dependent on such staples as flour and salt pork, for they knew little of preserving foods, and the only way in which they could keep fruits or vegetables was by drying them.

Almost any account of the life of Thomas Lincoln contains statements accusing him of being a whiskey dealer or distiller, and of drinking. This might have been said of almost every respectable and ambitious pioneer of his time, but the true significance of such a state of affairs can be understood only when it is remembered that it was a long way to any market from the average Kentucky clearing, and the settlers learned very early that the best way of realizing any financial returns from their corn crops was by converting these into liquor. This could be transported more easily than the corn itself. Corn whiskey was one of the commonest articles of western diet. A truly hospitable cabin had a jug of whiskey and a gourd hanging near the door where the weary traveler might refresh himself. Tobacco was raised very early, and chewing became almost as common as eating.

Nancy Hanks must have worn dresses of linsey-woolsey, a combination of linen and wool. They were no fashion models, for this was a coarse cloth, and made heavy gar-

ments. Clothes on the frontier were more a matter of necessity than of vanity. She may have worn shoes made of leather tanned by one of her male relatives, or moccasins. The probability is that most of the time she went barefoot, like other frontier women, to save shoe leather. If she found a ribbon or a treasured shawl, or some other bit of finery stowed away among her mother's, or an aunt's, possessions, and wanted to see how it became her, she could go down to the spring and look at herself in the clear water, like other frontier lasses. Mirrors were almost unknown. None were listed among the items comprising Richard Berry, Sr.'s, estate, but there were some "ten (sic) plates," which might have been bright enough to reflect her face.

There is no evidence that Nancy ever learned how to write, in spite of the tradition that she taught her husband to do so. The only time she had occasion to sign a public paper, she made her mark. Neither is this proof she could not write, as settlers who could sign their names, often simply made their marks. Abraham, her son, in after years, said she was a "ready" reader—presumably a good reader, and read the Bible to him. It is perfectly possible that she could read and could not write. If she had not known how to do either, she would have still been as well educated as the majority of young settlers. "Reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic" was the usual curriculum, where there was any at all, but that was in few places on the frontier. Education was given only to young children, and to these only at times when they could be spared from the work of making a home in the wilderness, which was generally for a few months in the winter, and, for the youngest ones, a short time in the summer. Even by 1800, when Nancy would probably have thought her school days over, if they ever

existed, since she was then a young woman in her teens, the frontier of Kentucky had only one-room log schoolhouses, without grades, and where children used any book they could get hold of as a text—"blab" schools, where they studied out loud. This was still true in young Abraham's day; his mother lived a generation earlier.

Nancy was to die a young woman, largely because of the exigencies of pioneer life. There were many reasons why early settlers seldom lived to a ripe old age. The frontier was neither a healthful nor a safe place. Men were killed by accidents incidental to claiming the wilderness. Hunting, felling trees, killing Indians, killing game for the table, encounters with such animals as bears or "painters" all took their toll. There were many vicious animals on this frontier. Wildcats, or catamounts, were extremely annoying. These were bold creatures, which would enter a hog pen or even a cabin, and, if hungry, would attack a grown man. Sometimes they stole children from cabins or clearings. Bears were both plentiful and dangerous, and the frontiersman who took a shot at one had better be sure he aimed well, for an angry bear was a formidable enemy. The panther, or "painter," was as treacherous an animal as could be found on the frontier. Then there were 'coon and 'possums—not mean, and a very valuable source of food. Nancy must often have looked from the edge of the clearing into the thick woods and listened for the sounds of those animals her uncles killed, and told such tall tales about. She was, no doubt, warned not to go to play where a "varmint" could molest her.

Children who survived the danger of death at the hands of vicious animals, or unfriendly Indians, or of capture by the latter, were exposed to the diseases which were com-

mon on the frontier. Medical practices were crude and simple. Every family had its own supply of "simples"—herbs and drugs such as calomel, jalap, and cinchona bark, which contained quinine. The early doctors, where such were available, knew little more than a frontier mother, for usually they had learned their trade—it could scarcely be called a profession—from predecessors and through experience, and had little, or no, formal training. Pioneers learned to rely largely on their own knowledge. There is only one instance in the entire life of Nancy Hanks Lincoln when there is any evidence that she called upon a doctor to care for herself or a member of the family. This is a bill tendered for services, probably in connection with the illness of her third child, Thomas, who died as an infant.

Frontier doctors carried their supplies in their saddle bags and traveled on horseback. Usually these supplies consisted of a few simple drugs, roots, herbs, calomel, a lancet, cupping glasses, and a supply of leeches. Blood letting was common, and was done either by cupping or by the use of leeches. It was done in reckless fashion, and was thought especially good for fevers. Calomel was taken in large quantities, and many a frontier woman lost her teeth as a result of the enormous amount of calomel in her system. There were all sorts of superstitions on the frontier regarding health. There were others regarding beauty. Nancy may have often, as she grew into young womanhood, have followed the belief that the early morning dew was good for the complexion, and have slipped outside the door before sun-up to wash her face in it.

6

Sunday Comes Over the Mountain

As Nancy grew older, she must have become interested in the social activities of the frontier, and in its religion. She would have taken an early part in all available forms of recreation, for children accompanied their elders everywhere, and entered into as many phases of frontier life as their ages allowed. They grew up early. Very young girls learned the figures of the dances, for they, as well as aged grandmothers, were in demand in a society where women were always too few in number. It is probable that the dances which Nancy attended were what are known as play-parties; and that the dancers moved to the rhythm of their own singing, rather than to music. She had also to learn the pattern of life in a pioneer household, and to begin very early to do her share of its strenuous and never ceasing work.

At first religion had little opportunity to manifest itself actively on the western frontier, for the pioneers were too busy establishing homes to bother much with a wrathful God. To most frontiersmen Sunday was only the seventh day. In the early years at Louisville a Virginian was scolded for not keeping his store open on Sunday, and asked why it was closed. He answered that it was the Sabbath. But Sunday hadn't come over the mountains yet, he was told. "I brought it with me," was the quiet answer.

By 1800 the spirit of the Lord was making itself manifest on the frontier in a manner that was peculiarly attractive to these southern emigrants. A wave of religious revivals began in Kentucky and poured over the west with an increasing fury. Faced with the unknown wilderness and its discomforts and dangers, the pioneer found it nec-

essary to maintain a strong belief in the importance of the individual. Religion was a vital force in buttressing this faith. Also, while frontier families necessarily lived in isolation, they did not always do so from choice. They were anxious for contact with other families, for an opportunity to exchange news, to make and strengthen friendships, to gossip, to see the new babies which appeared annually in frontier cabins, and to discuss politics and crops. The religious gatherings, particularly the camp-meetings, gave them this opportunity. Furthermore, the frontier badly needed an outlet for its pent-up emotional strains. The religion of the camp-meeting was highly emotional, and must have stirred even very young children, if not to a love of the deity, at least to a fear and an awe.

Nancy must have seen and waited on the circuit riders who came through Kentucky. The circuit rider was a familiar and welcome figure. As a rule he was picturesque, in his straight-breasted waistcoat, high collar, plain necktie, and long hair. Barbers were scarce on the frontier, and long hair was common, for a man could cut it himself, if he had no wife to do it for him. In his saddle bags the rider carried the Bible, a hymn book, and often a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, for John Bunyan spoke the colorful language the frontier understood. Sometimes there were other books which the minister loaned to scattered families where there was some individual who could read them aloud.

These circuit riders were "unlarned men," as a rule, and the west preferred them so. It wanted no "Prispatarians" with their restrained sermons. In the cabin homes the circuit riders were doubly welcome. Their arrival meant a neighborhood gathering, to listen to the preaching, and to

get the news. For the preacher brought more than the word of God. He knew the fashions, how to please the women, and the latest inventions, and what was being done by the government, and had little anecdotes to tell of people they knew or knew of. He took the place of the modern newspaper.

No doubt Nancy and Thomas attended many camp meetings. A contemporary of theirs professed to remember having seen them together at one meeting not long before their wedding, and said the Hanks women were great hands at revivals. The meetings were lengthy affairs, lasting from Friday until Tuesday, a long weekend. Nancy may very likely have gone to the famous meeting at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, in August, 1801, which marked the height of the Great Revival, for it is said that between 20,000 and 30,000 settlers did attend this gathering. There was never one so large again, but they continued to be very popular. Nancy was then in early adolescence, and probably was stirred like other girls on the Kentucky frontier by the emotional frenzy which had the whole area in the throes of a religious revival. No doubt she traveled many miles to more than one meeting. Whole families came to these, twenty, thirty, sometimes a hundred miles through the wilderness. They brought tents, food, clothing, cooking utensils, and even furniture, and put up their tents or constructed rude cabins. A large space was cleared, the big meeting tent erected in the middle, smaller ones outside this, and living quarters at the edge of the clearing. Often stores were hastily put up, also, to provide necessary articles. Cooking was done over large fires.

Meetings were held morning, afternoon, and evening. A

space between the platform where the ministers took turns describing the horrors of hell was strewn with loose straw, and here the repentant sinners knelt. The seats were halves of split logs arranged in parallel rows. Pine torches furnished illumination. It was always the dangers of torment these preachers spoke of, never the beauties of heaven, and the crowd of emotionally starved pioneers, seated in the flickering light of the pine torches, with the limitless wilderness crowding in on every side, listened as if hypnotized. Frontier ministers who were successful were good psychologists. They knew how to gain and hold the attention of their audiences. They attacked every pleasure these frontiersmen had—"cyards," horse racing, fighting, drinking, fiddlin', dancing—all of them, and the pioneers sang and shouted, repented and fell to the ground in the "jerks," or had trances or visions, or gave barks like dogs, or emitted the "holy laugh," and made amends for their sins. Then, when the preachers passed on, they took advantage of their scanty opportunities for recreation, and awaited the next camp meeting to repent again. For these were, after all, southern emigrants, and had the love of cards and fighting and drinking and horse racing in their blood. They left a daily consciousness of sin to the Yankees, whom they never understood, and never quite trusted.

Sometimes the whiskey sold on the outskirts of the grounds made trouble. Hangers-on, who did not come for religious reasons, provoked some of those who did into a free-for-all fight. Other undesirable results were obtained from the over-emotionalism of the meeting. Sex was not always sublimated, and sometimes young people confused human and divine love. Not all the experiences an individ-

ual had at a camp meeting were certain to be spiritual, and guards had to be posted to keep young people from wandering from the grounds into the surrounding woods.

Nancy must have heard talk of the Shaker community at Shakertown, settled a year before her marriage, in 1805. The Shakers, or Shaking Quakers, had founded an almost ideal settlement on the frontier. They developed a well-to-do colony during the years she and Thomas were living in their cabin homes in Kentucky. They did not believe in marriage, but aside from this eccentricity, the frontier admired them. They had the virtues it emphasized. They held religion as their chief interest, and it was the period when Kentucky was most deeply interested in religion; next to that, they emphasized work. They believed in the "gift of many tongues," and the frontier always had many elements of the Shaker religion in its own—a certain mysticism, visions and prophecies, communion with the spirit of the departed, power over physical disease, a confession of sin. The sedate singing, dancing, and hand clapping of the Shaker meeting were far more restrained than the emotional reactions of the frontier revival, but they bore a kinship.

Nancy and Tom could have been no strangers to Catholicism. Three years after the birth of young Abraham, a log structure was erected only a few miles from the Lincoln home, near Bardstown, Kentucky, which became the mother house of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. This became a flourishing order. The Lincolns lived for seven years in the community where the Catholic Church first established itself in the middle west. When young Abraham was two, a Trappist Monastery, known as Gethsemane Abbey, was established near the Knob Creek farm. His first

school teacher was a Catholic, and is said to be buried at Gethsemane. Also, Mordecai, the brother of Thomas Lincoln, married into a prominent Catholic family. His son Abraham, eleven years older than the future president, was brought up in that faith.

While Thomas and Nancy were married by a Methodist minister, they were Baptists. The Lincolns had become united with that church in Virginia, where the Linville Creek Baptist Church was built near, if not on, their land. One acre in a corner of the tract of land settled by the pioneer, Abraham Lincoln, in Kentucky, was known as God's acre, and on this was built the Long Run Church. When Thomas and Nancy lived in Elizabethtown, they were near the Severn's Valley Baptist Church, the oldest Baptist organization west of the Alleghenies. On their first farm, they were about a mile from the South Fork Baptist Church—a Separate Baptist Church—where the first baptisms in Kentucky were said to have taken place. They affiliated, however, with another Separate Baptist Church—the Little Mount—nearer their home, which was an anti-slavery church. When the Lincolns moved to Indiana, there was no church in their community, and it was not until after Nancy's death that the Pigeon Church, of which Thomas became an active member, was built. When Nancy Hanks Lincoln died, her name was still on the register of the Little Mount Church in Kentucky.

The religious experiences of the Thomas Lincolns were similar to those of their contemporaries. While there is no evidence that any of the families with which either was associated moved to Kentucky as part of a church migration—as many did—yet religion was a vital factor in their lives.

7

Young Tom Lincoln

The little ten-year-old boy who had seen his father killed by an Indian bullet grew up on the Kentucky frontier. In the years before he reached his majority, he was restless. He had a right to restlessness—it was his heritage, and almost his only one. Tom Lincoln had in him generations of the blood of pioneers. When he finally made his momentous move to Indiana in 1816 it was to be the fifth migration of the direct line of the Lincoln family in America, dating back to June, 1637, when the first Lincoln arrived in the colonies. The migration westward of the Lincolns was paralleled by that of hundreds of other families, for it was typically American, repeated over and over in the building of this country.

The first Lincolns who had come to America had settled at Hingham, Massachusetts. As early as 1638 four "Thomases" had been living there, as well as a Steven and a Samuel. The Thomases had been identified by their occupations—there was a Thomas, the miller; a Thomas, the weaver; Thomas, the cooper; and Thomas, the husbandman. It was Samuel who had become the direct ancestor of young Thomas Lincoln in Kentucky. By the time Abraham Lincoln, his father, had come west to his last frontier, it becomes more difficult to ascertain certain facts about the Lincolns. As has been said, it is not definitely known whether he had one or two wives, and what the last name of Bersheba Lincoln was. The influence of the frontier was already at work in family genealogy. While the Lincolns had lived on successive frontiers, the farther west they traveled, the less important writing down family history became. They were making history those years, although

they could have had no idea of the importance of that history, and of the painful and often fruitless research they were making necessary for historians.

Women were not considered of great importance on the American frontier, and their activities, and, often, their very presences, were not chronicled. Too, as families moved west sometimes the art of writing, or, at least, the habit of writing seemed to disappear for a generation or longer, during which time havoc was played with family trees.

The Lincolns had not been a settled folk. If they had been, they would probably have never come to America. They had come first to Massachusetts, from where Mordecai, born there in 1686, had done a little wandering, for he was married in New Jersey, and died in Pennsylvania. His son John, born in New Jersey in 1716, had married in Pennsylvania, and died in Virginia. Abraham, his eldest son, Thomas's father, born in Pennsylvania, had married in Virginia, and died in Kentucky, massacred by red men. And Thomas himself, born in Virginia, was married in Kentucky, and fated to die in Illinois, on a new frontier. Thomas was no "white trash"; if he was not of true aristocracy, he had in him better blood than many on the Kentucky frontier.

He had been born in the year 1776. When he was only nineteen, he was mustered in as a member of a guard for the Fourth Regiment of Militia. He was living in Washington County in Kentucky at this time, but the next year he went to Hardin County and found employment with Samuel Haycraft, working on a mill-site for three shillings a day. Thomas had only the opportunities of the average frontier boy for an education, which were practically none. His father had not been poor, but his early death and the Eng-

lish order of inheritance had deprived young Tom of any chance at schools or formal education along any line, if such had been available on the frontier. For seven years he worked as a laborer, before he turned to carpentry, and, finally, to farming.

He was not lazy—he did the hardest kind of manual labor, and did it consistently enough to accumulate considerable sums of money, working at low frontier wages. When he worked for Haycraft on the mill race, he did not draw his pay in the form of whiskey or other merchandise between pay-days, as some of the other workers did, but took it in cash. Perhaps he was paid in the type of currency found long after his death in the old Haycraft-Berry account book, bearing this inscription: "This Bill entitles the bearer to receive eight Spanish milled dollars or the value thereof in gold or silver according to a resolution passed by Congress at Philadelphia Sept. 26th., 1778."

He began carpentry work while he was engaged by Samuel Haycraft. He was doing rough carpentry by the time he reached his majority. He had done some roaming those early years—spending a year with his uncle Isaac in Tennessee, and some time with his mother in Washington County, Kentucky. It is possible he had also gone to Missouri to visit relatives. By 1803 he had acquired a piece of property near Elizabethtown, a 240 acre tract of land, where he lived with his mother, and where he began those odd jobs of cabinet-making, and also raised stock. He probably rented this land. At any rate, he managed it, as he is known to have sold produce from it. It is of interest to note that at the time he acquired his first farm he was not married, and, so far as is known, had no plans for marriage.

Thomas Lincoln found it possible to make money in

other ways. In the spring of 1805 he entered into a contract with Denton Geoghegan to get some logs for a mill for the latter. It was an important contract, and Lincoln apparently executed it well, but Geoghegan would not pay him, and he had to go to court to get the money. This was after his marriage to Nancy Hanks, and though the magistrate ordered Geoghegan to pay the amount due and the costs, his employer fought Lincoln for a long while over the matter, trying to get damages against him. It was not until a month after young Abe's birth in 1809 that the suit was finally officially dismissed from the courts. In every hearing Lincoln won the verdict.

In 1806 some merchants named Bleakly and Montgomery, in Elizabethtown, hired Thomas Lincoln to go to New Orleans as a hand on a flatboat. He probably also helped build the boat, for such was customary in this kind of contract. He was paid sixteen pounds for making the trip, and, from some source, at the same time received another thirteen pounds in gold. It may have been in payment for helping build the boat; it is also possible that he took produce of his own to the New Orleans market. At any rate, the trip netted him twenty-nine pounds. This was just before his marriage, and Thomas spent most of the money making preparations for the event.

Lincoln probably constructed the cabin in Elizabethtown to which he brought his bride. It is unlikely that there were any cabins for rent in the village of Elizabethtown at that time. Tradition says that he helped build other cabins in the town, engaging in both the construction and the finishing.

Thomas Lincoln owned land and raised stock, as has been said, on the first piece of property of any size he

bought, the farm near Elizabethtown, but he did not become a farmer until he purchased the South Fork farm in December, 1808. There is no proof for the accusation that he was a poor farmer, or too much of a wanderer, too shiftless, or too careless, to succeed at farming. He was a pioneer, living in a pioneer environment, with the hardships, not only of a farmer's life, but also of a frontiersman's life. He was the product of his particular period in history, and, if he had personal faults, these only accentuated his almost inevitable failure. Day laborer, carpenter, farmer—he turned his hand to whatever work he could find to earn a living, and did this from childhood on. But it was never easy. A shiftless man, an ease-loving man, would have settled in some squatter's cabin, living off the wild animals, eating berries and nuts and wild fruits, accepting whatever kindnesses nature felt inclined to show him. But Thomas Lincoln was no squatter, at any time, and raised stock, and planted corn, paid his debts and built cabins, fought the injustices of old land grants, and sat in church with his brows furrowed over endless disputes about slavery, as did his neighbors, with whom he had common problems and common ambitions.

8

A Frontier Wedding

On June 12, 1806, at Beechland, Washington County, Kentucky, in the community where both had grown up, Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married. Thomas was twenty-eight at the time; Nancy has been variously described as twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three.

Thomas must have been regarded as somewhat of a "catch" on the frontier. He came of good stock; he had been a soldier and had fought against the Indians; he was a cabinet maker by trade, was the owner of a farm and a home in Elizabethtown. He was no yokel, but had seen something of the world. Besides the trip to New Orleans—and possibly others which have gone unrecorded—he had wandered over Kentucky and into Tennessee, and possibly into Missouri, where Daniel Boone had made his home. These facts indicate that he was a man of integrity and some ambition, and would have been considered eligible as a husband by girls far better off in a financial way than was Nancy Hanks. He must have been somewhat of a dandy, too. He carried considerable credits to his account with the Elizabethtown merchants in the years just before his marriage. In 1805 he bought a hat from an Elizabethtown merchant for which he paid $8.75, a pair of suspenders for $2.19, and other items in keeping with these purchases. From existing records which he signed it is evident he could at least write his name. An old county record in regard to a land sale which he and Nancy both signed arouses a suspicion that he was more literate than is generally supposed. While Nancy merely made her mark, Thomas signed his name, and the writing in the rec-

ord and the "Thomas Lincoln" in it, are identical with the signature.

Young Lincoln is said to have been tall, around five feet, nine inches, weighing some 185 pounds. He had a round face, from which dark hazel eyes looked out from under coarse black hair. He was a slowly moving, quiet individual, who liked time to sit and think, and was, like most frontiersmen, a little independent and resentful of interference. He was not pugnacious, but was known as a good man not to rouse. He could fight if he thought it necessary, and did not shirk his own defense. He was a man a girl could depend on not to show the white feather.

No picture of any sort exists of Nancy Hanks. In later years, mental portraits of her were drawn by various individuals. It is possible these were influenced by vague memories of what she was actually like, or by descriptions they had heard. Tradition tells us, at any rate, that she was dark, with brown hair, gray eyes, strongly marked features, an accented chin and cheekbones. She is said to have been slender, of medium height, quiet, and a little melancholy.

On Monday, June 10, 1806, Thomas Lincoln went with Richard Berry, Jr., Nancy's cousin, to the court house in Springfield, Washington County, Kentucky, to sign the marriage bond, for it was necessary for a young man to go to the clerk of the county where his prospective bride lived and give a bond affirming that there was no legal cause to obstruct the contemplated wedding. Richard signed the bond as "garden" or guardian. The Reverend Jesse Head, a minister of the Methodist faith who had come to Kentucky from Maryland as early as 1797, who lived in the Beechland neighborhood, and must have known both Thomas and Nancy for many years, was in the court house that

day on some business. Tom saw him and made arrangements for the wedding, which occurred two days later—on June 12, 1806. The court adjourned for the wedding day, for many who wished to attend the marriage, and were either relatives or close friends, were listed to serve on juries, or had other court business. Jesse Head, who was a magistrate as well as a minister, had business in the court himself that day. It took a holiday, however, meeting the day before and the day after Nancy's wedding.

On the frontier a wedding was a great event, one of the few which brought an entire neighborhood together. There must have been a large crowd—Hankses and Sparrows and Berrys and Mitchells enough to make a gay assembly. Tom's mother, Bersheba Lincoln, and his brothers, Mordecai and Josiah, with their wives, were probably there, also. No doubt one of the brothers acted as best man; if not, one of the Berrys could have officiated in this capacity. Sarah Mitchell is said to have been the bridesmaid—Sarah Mitchell Thompson, as she had been for six years. Tom's sisters, Mary and (Nancy) Ann were also present, with their husbands. The Lincoln children had married well—a Mudd and a Barlow, a Crume and a Brumfield—and that made many "in-laws" eligible for invitations to the wedding.

The Berry cabin where Nancy and Thomas are supposed to have been married was moved in 1911 from its original location in Beechland in Washington County to a site adjacent to the Pioneer Cemetery at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. On June 12, 1931, a century and a quarter after this famous wedding, the cabin was enshrined in a brick church designed like the old Lulbegrud Church erected in Kentucky in 1799.

The Lincoln wedding must have been much like other

frontier weddings, which were picturesque affairs. On the morning of the wedding day, it was customary for the groom and his attendants to assemble at the home of the groom's father, from where they proceeded to the bride's home. Although Thomas at this time lived in Elizabethtown, and his mother and two married sisters were living in Hardin County, his brothers had established homes in Washington County, and it may have been from one of these that the procession started for Nancy's home in her cousin Richard's cabin.

The bride's house had to be reached by noon, the usual time for the ceremony, which was supposed to take place before dinner. The narrow trails had to be traveled in single, or at the most, double file, and were often obstructed by grape vines tied across the path, or by trees felled, such pranks having been activated by a spirit of high hilarity in the guests. If there were any non-invited neighbors, this may have been done through malice by these. One other ceremony was instigated at a very early period. This was known as a race for the bottle. When the wedding party arrived within a mile or so of the bride's house, two young men were chosen to run for the bottle. The worse the path, the more obstacles to overcome, the greater was the opportunity to show one's horsemanship and courage. The start was announced by an Indian yell, and away over logs, underbrush, hills, and valleys raced the rivals. The bottle of whiskey was always well filled for the occasion, and the first of the two young men to reach the bride's door was presented with it as a prize. He then returned in triumph to the company and distributed its contents.

The vows were said: Jesse Head, as the old record reads, "joined together in the Holy Estate of Matrimony agree-

able to the rules of the M.E.C." Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. Then dinner was served. This was a substantial backwoods feast of beef, pork, fowl, and perhaps venison and bear meat roasted or boiled, with potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. One of the guests at Nancy's wedding stated that the menu consisted of "bear-meat; venison, wild turkey and ducks; eggs, wild and tame, maple sugar, swung on a string, to bite off for coffee or whiskey; syrup in big gourds, peach and honey; a sheep that the two families barbecued whole over coals of wood burned in a pit; and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in . . "

After dinner dancing began and lasted till the following morning. The figures of the dances were the same everywhere—the three—and—four—handed—reels, or square sets, and jigs. If there was a fiddler, there were always tireless dancers to keep him busy; if these guests danced to music, there were probably fiddlers to "spell" each other. At times the women rested, or the men took time out for drinks, but there was no lull in the fun-making. A great deal of whiskey was consumed at these frontier frolics, all with the best possible of intentions. It helped make one forget the dark woods that stretched on every side, made the blood run a little faster, drove away the fatigue of months of endless toil, gave an added impetus to the spirit of gaiety. Everyone drank, and when historians accuse Tom of doing so, this fact must be remembered. He drank far less than many of his contemporaries; he was no drunkard, but a frontiersman, living according to the code of the society in which he found himself. There were toasts to the newly wedded couple—a very proper one was "Health to the groom, not forgetting myself; and here's to the bride, thumping luck and big children."

Nancy may have blushed herself at this one: if she did not, she no doubt blushed at others which were as crude. But these guests meant no disrespect—children, many of them, and strong ones, were the best luck anyone could wish a frontier couple. It took many hands to turn the wilderness into farms, and these hands were likely to be available only where there were large families. There were few slaves and paid labor was almost unobtainable. A man wanted to work for himself, to take advantage of the great expanse of free land to make a personal fortune, not to work for wages for some other individual.

At nine or ten in the evening a deputation of young women stole away the bride and put her to bed, usually in an upstairs loft reached by a ladder. This done, a group of young men did the same for the groom, depositing him by the side of his bride. The dance went on below, but in the midst of the hilarity the newly married couple was not forgotten. From time to time food and drink—"black betty," the bottle—were taken up the ladder and the bride and groom were made to eat. Bread and beef, pork and cabbage, found their way to the bridal chamber and were consumed.

Since Tom and Nancy did not settle near the Berrys nor his relatives, but went to Elizabethtown to live, their wedding guests had no opportunity to help them build a home, as they would have done had the young couple stayed in the neighborhood where they were married. When the wedding was over, the Lincolns followed the road through the timber to their first home.

9

Life in Elizabethtown

Apparently Thomas Lincoln took his bride to his cabin in Elizabethtown, since two days later—on June 14—he made some purchases in a store there. Elizabethtown lay on the southern slope of Muldrow's Hill and Severn's Valley Creek, a branch of Nolin, which empties into Green River. It had been first settled in the fall and winter of 1780 when Captain Thomas Helm, Colonel Hynes, and Samuel Haycraft had come there and built three forts with block-houses about a mile from each other. At that time these were the only settlements between the Falls of the Ohio and the Green River. These crude forts were later known as stations. They were made in a very simple way. The settlers dug a trench with spades or hoes or some such implements, in which they set split timbers reaching ten or twelve feet above the level, enclosing a space sufficiently large to accomodate five, six, or more buildings, and a block-house with port-holes. One never knew when it might become necessary for the settlers to leave their cabins and band together in some kind of little frontier citadel for protection against Indians, and the block-house served this purpose.

One of the earliest settlers to come to Elizabethtown was Christopher Bush, of Dutch descent (not German, as is generally stated.) Bush reared a large family, one daughter of which—Sarah—was to become Thomas Lincoln's second wife. He was entering land in Kentucky as early as 1781, and over the years received warrants for a considerable acreage. In 1793 Colonel Hynes laid out thirty acres of land as a place to erect public buildings, and called the settlement Elizabethtown for his wife; and the following year

Christopher Bush bought three lots in the town. Thomas Lincoln was thrown often in contact with Bush and his family, and it was with one son, Isaac, that he made the trip to New Orleans in 1806. Tradition says that Thomas and Sarah Bush were sweethearts, and that she refused at this time to marry him, choosing instead one Daniel Johnston. If this is fact, and not merely tradition, she chose most unwisely. There is no evidence they were more than acquaintances, or, at the most, friends. Sarah (or Sally) Bush did marry Daniel Johnston on March 11, 1806, and until his death in the summer of 1816, found herself in most unhappy circumstances. Johnston, according to the public records, was usually without money, and even in debt. When he had the chance to become the jailer in Elizabethtown in 1814, and had to secure bondsmen, the Bush family had so little regard for him that not one came forward to sign the papers. At his death, his widow refused to take upon herself the burden of administering his estate, which no doubt consisted mostly of debts. In the spring of 1818 she bought a piece of land with a cabin on it on the outskirts of Elizabethtown for $25, and settled here with her three children. After the death of Nancy Hanks, Thomas, waiting an interval of a year and two months, and needing a mother for his two children, returned from Indiana to marry her, but first he had to pay some debts, and make arrangements for the wedding. Old Christopher Bush, who had known him for many years, and apparently approved the marriage, signed the bond.

Thomas had become identified with Elizabethtown very early. In 1797 he had worked for Samuel Haycraft on the mill race just outside the limits of the town. He lived in Elizabethtown from 1803 to 1808, and was a respected

and useful citizen. In January, 1803, he was one of a number of guards chosen for a prisoner in the county jail in the town, serving for six days. In October of that year he saw his first jury service. Only free-holders could serve on juries, and Thomas had qualified by buying the Mill Creek farm, his first land, only one month earlier. In the spring of 1804 he was again doing jury service, and also petitioning for the opening of what is now a section of the Dixie Highway. For three months in the spring of 1805 he was a patroller in the northern part of the county. In 1807 he acquired a lot in Elizabethtown, and probably built a cabin on it, but whether he and Nancy lived in this particular house is unknown. The supposition that such a cabin existed is bolstered by the fact that in 1808 Thomas was listed for the taxation of two lots in Elizabethtown, paying taxes on an assessed valuation of $40, indicating that there must have been a structure on one of them.

At that time hewed log cabins were replacing round log ones, and had certain luxurious touches, such as shingled roofs fastened with poplar pegs, plank floors, and windows with glass, or at least with greased paper. If it was in such a home that the Lincolns lived in Elizabethtown, it was undoubtedly the most comfortable one they were to possess, for their other cabins were located on isolated farms, and were typical pioneer dwellings. The house in which tradition says Nancy and Thomas lived was within the town limits, since it was subject to taxation; and, as a carpenter, Thomas had probably constructed the best home he could afford. Where it was located, and even the site of his lots, is still to be determined.

At the time of his marriage, Elizabethtown was the county seat of Hardin County, and was already able to

supply not only necessities, but even items which could be considered luxuries. Bleakley and Montgomery ran a store which was well stocked, and two days after his wedding, Thomas had one-half set of knives and forks for five shillings and three skeins of silk for three pence charged to his credit. There were other stores in Elizabethtown, also, but the day book of Bleakly and Montgomery for 1806 probably lists all of the things available at any of these. Already readymade articles could be purchased; subscriptions for newspapers could be placed; a wide variety of household articles, cloth, medicines, and groceries could be bought. It is not likely that Thomas and Nancy were able to afford more than necessities, but it is obvious that during their stay in Elizabethtown they were farther from the frontier than at any other period in their marriage.

On February 10, 1807 the first child of the Lincolns—a girl named Sarah, who has been mistakenly called Nancy—was born. It has been said that she was named Nancy by her parents, and later called Sarah after her father had married for the second time, after Sarah Bush Johnston. But she was named Sarah by her father and mother, and always bore this name. During the months preceding little Sarah's birth Nancy was no doubt worried by the lawsuit Tom was waging with Geoghegan, trying to collect the money due him for hewing logs for a mill. While the suit dragged on, he was doing his duty as a citizen—serving on juries, and also trying to earn a living as a carpenter. This was not easy in an area only slightly removed from the frontier period, where money was always scarce, and where men hired as little work done as possible.

In 1808 Thomas bought the second lot he owned in Elizabethtown, and also three hundred acres of land on the

South Fork of Nolin Creek, where he first attempted to earn a living as a farmer. He and Nancy moved to the farm, but he continued to be associated with Elizabethtown, doing certain services for the court, and going to the county seat on business.

Tom had to find time from farming to serve as road surveyor for the county. Certain men were appointed to help him keep the road in repair, but the real responsibility was his, and there was a penalty for failure to keep a road open. Every able-bodied pioneer had to help work the roads, unless he could obtain a court order releasing him from such a duty. The road to which Tom was assigned was a part of the Old Cumberland Road leading to the Cumberland River country, between what was known as the "Bigg" Hill and the Rolling Fork River. Tom believed in good roads, and probably undertook his responsibility gladly, since he was always a petitioner when there was any paper circulated in his community for a new road.

10

The Birth Of Abraham Lincoln

On December 12, 1808, Thomas Lincoln had bought three hundred acres of land on the South Fork of Nolin Creek from Isaac Bush, and had moved there with Nancy and little Sarah. This farm was in that part of Hardin County, Kentucky, which later became La Rue County. It was three miles south of Hodgen's Mill, around which the town of Hodgenville was later to develop. It is probable that there was already a cabin on the land, standing near a spring called Sinking Spring, facing west on the Old Cumberland Road, which ran between Louisville and Nashville. This cabin was the usual size of a log house in those days, some eighteen by sixteen feet.

Hodgen's Mill had been erected by Robert Hodgen in 1789 and lay a half mile below the confluence of the three branches of Nolin River. Besides operating the mill and farming, Hodgen conducted an ordinary or tavern, where many famous people passing through that western country were entertained. There were a number of mills in the neighborhood of the three Lincoln farm homes in Kentucky. Probably Thomas and Nancy never lived more than three miles from a mill while they were in this state. Mills were important, and many early settlements grew up around them, while pioneers fortunate enough to have mill sites on their land jealously guarded their rights to these. Hodgen's Mill, lying three miles from the South Fork farm, and eight from the later home on Knob Creek, was not the closest one to either of the Lincoln cabins, but Tom probably went there often with his corn.

When Nancy knew they were to live on Nolin Creek, and asked about the name, Tom may have told her the

old story he had heard when first he came to Hardin County to live. About a mile above Hodgen's Mill, it seemed, on the south side of the creek, there was a knoll which was a sort of natural curiosity. It was about thirty feet above the level of the creek and contained some two acres of ground, with an almost level top. In early days Benjamin Lynn and some other pioneers had camped on the knoll. In a hunting excursion, soon after the camp was established, Lynn was lost, and when the rest of the company returned and did not see him, one of them said, "Here is the Nole (knoll) but No Lynn!" After that the creek which ran near the knoll was called Nolin. Nancy had heard many such stories, for all over the country were places which had been named because of some connection with early settlement. It was a pretty enough name—Nolin Creek. She no doubt hoped the farm would be pretty, too, but she was to be disappointed.

The Sinking Spring farm, as it was called, was a discouraging piece of land, with its yellow and red clay, stony soil, thick underbrush, and land known as "barrens." Sometimes it was called the Rock Spring farm because at the foot of one of its sloping hills the rocks curved inward, making a sort of cave or ledge beneath which people could stand, and in the center was a never-ending flow of clear, cool water. It was a fairy-like place, with moss over the rocky sides, and with its greens and grays merging into each other. Nancy, in the brief intervals when she was free from her endless chores, could come with little Sarah and sit in the coolness of its shade, knitting or sewing to keep her hands busy while the child played. The spring was the only attractive thing about the farm.

Nancy may have dreamed of the new baby that was on

its way. The Lincolns had bought this farm in the late winter of 1808, but whether they moved to it at once or not is uncertain. They were there very early in the year 1809, however, and the cabin and barren land were to have their just claim to immortal fame, for they were to become the birthplace of young Abraham Lincoln.

Nancy was probably very happy those months before her son's birth. She must have felt that they were getting along well, for they had a good deal of land and a fine little daughter. Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, a frontier physician, who had been present at the wedding of the Lincolns, and sometimes visited in their home, found it comfortable, for there were milk and butter to make the food palatable, and a good feather bed on which he slept while the Lincolns "shook down" on the floor, following the laws of true pioneer hospitality. Thomas was a respected citizen of the community, and was shown to be so by the many ways in which he was asked to perform the duties of a citizen. They had money—enough to make substantial payments on land, and even to lend to those who were less fortunate when these were in need.

The birth of little Abraham came on a Sunday—February 12, 1809. It was a Kentucky winter's day, apparently not excessively cold, as on Monday, the next day, the county court in Hardin County met, many travelers were on the road, and there was no postponements of cases because of inclement weather. Who attended Nancy is not known, and she probably had no professional medical help, either that of a doctor or of a "granny woman." Dennis Hanks later claimed that he was the first person outside the immediate family to see the new baby, but his statements

concerning the event were made more than a half century later, and were so confusing as to be unreliable.

One thing that Dennis, who had been only nine at the time, said was most certainly true: Nancy got little "nuss'n" at the time. Babies were more or less routine affairs, and in almost every cabin there was one born each year, or, at the most, every two years. Birth was so common that, although the mortality rate was very high for both mothers and infants, it was not considered particularly dangerous, nor anything to make a fuss over. Granny women took the place of doctors, and, if even these experienced midwives were unavailable, neighbors—or members of the family—did the best they could.

The Lincolns lived a little over two years on this "birthplace farm." It was part of an original land grant of 60,000 acres which had been divided and sub-divided until it had fallen into the hands of Richard Mather. The part of the grant which Mather possessed consisted of an 8000 acre tract. He had sold a 300 acre tract to David Vance, and a document in the Hardin County (Kentucky) Circuit Court records shows how it eventually came into the hands of Thomas Lincoln. From Vance the land had passed to Isaac Bush, and then had been bought by Lincoln. While here Thomas had farmed, hunted, and had done carpentry work for other settlers. He had paid cash for his land, but it was not long before he learned that he had been deceived about the prior claim of the original owner. The obligation was larger than had been represented, and the holder of the title wanted money instead of merchandise, as had been agreed. The property fell into litigation, and Lincoln lost the farm. The court ordered that Thomas should re-

ceive back the $200 he had paid Isaac Bush, but when he left Kentucky he had still not been paid the money, and had also spent a considerable sum in defending the suit. In the meantime he had bought a farm in the rich bottom land along Knob Creek, and to this he took his family in 1811.

In 1837 the court ordered the land surveyed, and the terms in which the survey was made were typical of frontier descriptions. The use of certain trees to indicate boundaries, and the destruction of these trees, was one of the reasons why pioneer settlements had so many disputes concerning land titles. The survey read:

> "Beginning at a large white oak 13 poles above the sinking or rock spring, running thence to a North 9½ degrees West 155 poles to a stake in John Taylor's field, thence South 89½ degrees East 155 poles to a forked black jack, thence South 9½ degrees East 310 poles to a black jack, thence North 89½ degrees West 155 poles to the beginning."

The "large white oak" still stands. As early at 1805 it had been marked as the beginning of the 300 acre tract which David Vance had bought from Richard Mather. It was the beginning corner of four other farm surveys, and bore the initials "D.V." Marking, or initialing, trees was another source of confusion in proving land titles.

II

The Knob Creek Farm

The farm homes of the Lincolns in Kentucky lay in the knob country. South of Elizabethtown the road wound between the knobs, lumpy outcroppings, some of which were denuded of everything except grass, others with small patches of timber near their crowns. In the summer the little clearings made a kind of patchwork on their sides, the light green of the tall cornstalks blending with the darker green of tiny tobacco patches, and the mottled grass and rough fields forming large irregular patches encircling them. The Sinking Spring farm had been very poor soil, but that on the new farm was rich. The knobs rose to the height of small mountains, and sloped steeply to the creekbed, towering over the cornfields and the little cabins. It was a beautiful country.

Knob Creek was a little stream flowing into the Rolling Fork River, and the new cabin was located on the slope of a hill. The farm was composed of three fields. It lay in a valley, and all about it rose high hills, and in these were cut deep gorges. When a heavy rain fell, the water would come rushing down the hills through these gorges, and spread over the little farm. Thomas sometimes got boys in the neighborhood to help plant corn in the largest of the three fields, which contained about seven acres. While they did this, little Abraham came in their wake and dropped pumpkin seed. One summer when the corn and pumpkin seed had all been planted, a big rain fell in the hills. Nancy could see it from the cabin door—a faint silver sheet far away. Not a drop fell in the valley, and she knew how lucky that was, with the seeds just in. Then she saw it coming—that minature river system of many little tribu-

taries, rushing down the gorges, and out over the farm, washing soil, corn and pumpkin seeds before it. All the work gone for nothing, all the seed lost.

That was frontier life, farm life. But there was a strong sense of foreordination in frontier religion. The pioneer deeply believed that what would be would be, and probably Nancy only felt a passing sense of resentment against the forces of nature as she saw the seed washed away. It must all be done again—the planting—and the seed must somehow be found. Life in the cabin was a matter of routine, with daily chores and seasonal occupations, and whether these were done once, or repeated, made little difference in the monotonous round of days.

Abraham Lincoln's earliest recollections were of the Knob Creek farm. Here he lived from two to seven years of age—from May, 1811, to November, 1816. He remembered especially two things about it—a big tree and a stone house. The "great tree somewhere on Nolin River" was probably the same one Dennis Hanks inquired about after Lincoln's death: "Is the old Lunderner poplar a-standing yet?" It stood near an old mill site on one of the branches of the Nolin. The stone house would have attracted any small boy —and even his elders—and would have been remembered by all who saw it in that day of log houses. If Indians should ever decide to take the warpath again, the stone house would make an excellent blockade. The days of Indian raids seemed long past, and yet the frontier was restless until the War of 1812 definitely removed the old menace.

Soon after the Lincolns came to Knob Creek, Nancy bore her third child, a son named Thomas for his father. He was some two or three years younger than Abraham, and lived only long enough to receive a name. He was buried some-

where in the Knob Creek neighborhood, perhaps at the Little Mount Cemetery, for settlers in this area were burying their dead here as early as 1810. Some years ago a stone was unearthed in a private burying ground in the community where Thomas then lived, which bore the inscription, "T.L.", and may have marked the grave of the Lincoln's youngest child, but there is no proof that it did so.

The Lincoln cabin stood on the Louisville and Nashville road—the Old Cumberland Road. Covered wagons went by with settlers moving south and west, or north to Indiana and Ohio, and congressmen and members of the legislature passed, on their way, often, to or from the home of Henry Clay at Ashland. Christopher Columbus Graham, the doctor, who had known Thomas and Nancy now for a long time, came to the Knob Creek house. He was becoming much interested in the plant and animal life of the state, and was writing books about it. He showed them the stones, leaves, snakeskins, he had in his bag, and was carrying back to Louisville where he could study and classify them, and write down all the things he had learned. They talked about John James Audubon, whom the Lincolns had known briefly in Elizabethtown, and who showed great promise in his knowledge of birds, and might some day, they agreed, even write a book about them.

Sometimes a peddler came by, although not as often as they had when Nancy was a young girl, living with the Berrys. After 1790 these had poured down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh in search of backwoods customers. They were mostly Yankees, and were as interesting and fascinating to Kentuckians as rattlesnakes. It was believed that it was practically impossible to get the better of them in a trade, but the Kentuckians, who never shied at a horserace,

or a card game, or any other form of gambling, liked to try it. They thought there was something almost morally wrong about such shrewdness in trade as these Yankees possessed, and hated them more than ever when the War of 1812 drew on, and they found out how the New Englanders really felt about it. But their women folks welcomed the peddlers, who came through the woods afoot, or on horseback, packs on back, with the universal greeting, "Hallo the house!" They were sure of a welcome, and a profit, as well.

Each peddler followed the traditional procedure. He peeled off the coverings protecting his precious goods, undid the straps with maddening care and slowness, and made ready to show his wares. But all the while his tongue was busy, cajoling the blackbrowed settler, spurring on the ready interest of the wife and daughters, telling them all the news he had gathered in many miles of tramping, watching the spark of curiosity come to life and flicker in the eyes of the father. He served as a newspaper, and knew that opposition would not endure long. The moment came when he had opened the last strap, removed the final cover. It was one of the happiest moments in the lives of many pioneer women. If they could not buy, they could always look and dream. There were gaudy cloths, calicoes, linens, silks, pins and needles, spices, hats, clocks, buttons and buckles of brass instead of the usual pewter, pans, shiny jewelry, glistening knives and razors, loudly ticking watches. Even the father lost his surliness and leaned forward to see. On the road every traveler had to answer whether or not he was a peddler. If he carried plunder, he was a traveler; if goods, a peddler.

Now an occasional passing peddler served mostly to take Nancy back to those earlier days, when these men had been

traveling stores, and a great boon to the backwoods settlements. But when villages began to develop and to grow into little towns, their usefulness was largely over. Goods were brought down the Ohio in flatboats, or over the Wilderness Road by packhorse, or, later, in wagons, for real stores, and women could make an occasional trip to such towns as Elizabethtown to buy what few articles could not be made at home. Peddlers did not care to compete with these frontier stores, and went on, to the very limit of settlement.

Nancy had help now in the house. Sarah was old enough to do many things, and as soon as little Abraham could run errands, or hold a pine-knot at night to light his father at a task, he was put to work. He filled the woodbox, cleaned the ashes from the fireplace, hoed weeds from the corn patch, and helped his mother and sister pick grapes or berries. Sometimes he went alone into the woods and came back with walnuts and hazel and hickory nuts. When autumn came, he hulled walnuts and stained his hands so black they stayed that way half the winter.

In 1816 Thomas was made road surveyor, adding new proof to his status as a dependable citizen. The Knob Creek farm was fulfilling all the dreams the Lincolns had ever had about it. It was very fertile, and a hundred years or more later would still be producing bumper crops of corn, clover, and alfalfa. Thomas grew good crops. When he migrated to Indiana, he left behind a considerable amount of corn stored in a neighbor's loft.

He made whiskey and used it in payment of his accounts, as his neighbors did. He had horses on his farm. He had always had a horse or two, and was probably interested in the breeding of good stock, for in 1815, the year before he

left Kentucky, the tax lists showed he had four horses, one of them a stallion.

He spent little time hunting. Already, at that early date, civilization was driving out the wild game. It was safe for Sarah and Abraham to play outside the clearing, as it had not been for their parents when they were children. Thomas had learned, as did every pioneer boy, to set traps for animals bothering his stock, and to shoot straight and true, and no doubt had occasion to kill game, and also to go into the woods in search of it, but there is no evidence to support the traditional claim that he spent days in the wilderness, away from his home, neglecting his farm and his family. Simple as life still was, that period in frontier history had bypassed the Knob Creek area.

The children went to school a little while the Lincolns lived at Knob Creek. The schoolhouse they attended stood at the fork of what were then known as the Cumberland and Pottinger's Creek Roads. Near the site of this schoolhouse stands today a frame building—the Athertonville school—which serves the same Knob Creek community. The records of Hardin County not only locate the old school, but also show that there was a building on this spot as early as 1800. The kind of school which the Lincoln children attended may be best described by another county record—a contract between Edmund C. Tabb and eleven subscribers, drawn up in 1817, shortly after the Lincoln family had left for Indiana. Part of the record reads:

> "I the Said Tabb doth agree to Teach Children Reading Writing and arrithmetic (sic) for the Sum of four dollars for each Subscribed Schollar (sic) for the Space of Six months The Teacher is to Have a Comfortable house answerable for the Business the Teacher is to

have his boarding with the Schollars further I the Said Tabb Reserve Every Satturday (sic) in Each Week for himself the School to commence N.B. (April 15, 1817) and to teach good Rules and Due hours."

Abraham and Sarah's first teachers were two men, Zachariah Riney and Caleb Hazel, one of whom lived on the farm next to the Lincolns, and the other on the Pottinger's Creek Road. Neither were itinerants, as were so many western teachers.

Riney was a Catholic, a mature man of some forty-five years when he taught the Knob Creek school. He lived on a farm which he had bought from Joseph Hanks, Sr., Nancy Lincoln's grandfather, on Rolling Fork near the mouth of Knob Creek and Pottinger's Creek. Riney had come to this community from Washington County, where he had known Thomas Lincoln. He was more than schoolmaster to the Lincolns—he was also an old friend. He had been educated in Maryland, and was said to be a good scribe. It is possible that the Lincoln children were not under his instruction for more than two months, as in later life Abraham Lincoln stated that in all, "his schooling did not amount to one year." He went to five schools in the time in which he lived in Kentucky and Indiana, and two months, in that period, would not have been an unusually short term. There was a court ruling that a child bound out to a guardian should have "one year's schooling in the English language," consequently the Lincoln children received no more nor less than the average frontier child.

Hazel was a typical pioneer. He was living on Knob Creek as early as December, 1789. In 1793 he was indicted for retailing liquor without a license, and in 1797 he was granted a license to keep an ordinary at his home on Knob

Creek. Ordinaries were necessary on the western roads, and for the protection of emigrants, the county fixed the prices of the commodities available in them. A year later Hazel rented his ordinary. Then he bought some land in Green County, lived there for a while, and moved back to the Knob Creek community sometime before 1812. He, like Riney, was a close friend of the Lincolns. Thomas signed his marriage bond when Hazel married his second wife in 1816, shortly before the Lincolns left for Indiana. Hazel, who had been educated in Virginia, was a man of, probably, some fifty-five years when the Lincoln children went to school to him.

Only one thing worried Thomas very much while they lived at the Knob Creek farm. Sometimes he came home from Hodgen's Mill, where he had taken his corn to be ground, or from Elizabethtown, where he had gone to pay his taxes, very quiet. He would be silent a long time, but Nancy knew what troubled him. It was always the same old thing—the thing men talked about wherever they came together—the old fear that gnawed at a body's content with the rich soil and bountiful crops. Land titles—there was no peace nor relief in Kentucky from the nightmare that in some way, if a man managed to pay for and clear his acres, someone else might not turn up with a better claim to them, or so the courts would allow. It hardly seemed worth while to work so hard, with such insecurity. And while Nancy comforted and reassured him, she knew how right he was. A life of drudgery, such as the frontier demanded, such as they and their neighbors led, was a good life only if it meant plenty at the end—a farm of one's own, a home wherein safety and security might dwell, a heritage for one's children, but to work for what might be only a dream

was another thing. Many Kentuckians had done so. Daniel Boone himself had lost his land and left the state, and others had been forced from their "improvements" – the cabins they had built in the wilderness. Virginia had been too busy with the Revolution when Kentucky was being settled to take thought of adequate land laws. How could a man ever be sure he had the right kind of papers?

This bothered Nancy and Thomas more than the increasing number of Negroes coming into Hardin County. They could get along with slaves and slave-owners if they had to, but nothing could save them if their papers for the land they had bought were wrong. Every time Thomas talked with other settlers who were afraid, he thought again of Indiana, across the Ohio River, which was fast approaching the time when it would be admitted into the union as a free state. That meant there would be no slavery. But, even more important, they said there was rich black land in that state, with more bushels of corn to the acre than even "ol' Kaintuck" could raise, government land with clear titles, and always the right kind of papers!

12

Black Land and Black Men

Before Kentucky was to come of age, it would know many troubles. In the early days there had been incessant Indian raids, and it had gained the name of "the dark and bloody ground." But its broad acres were too promising to be lost through fear of death or capture at the hands of red men. Moses Austin, coming west in 1796, described the settlers along the Wilderness Trail:

> "Ask these Pilgrims what they expect when they git to Kentuckey the Answer is Land. have you any. No, but I expect I can git it. have you any thing to pay for land, No. did you Ever see the Country. No but Every Body says its good land. can any thing be more Absurd than the Conduct of man, here is hundreds Travelling hundreds of Miles, they Know not for what Nor Whither, except its to Kentuckey, passing land almost as good and easy obtained, the Proprietors of which would gladly give on any terms, but it will not do its not Kentuckey its not the Promis.d land its not the goodly inheratence the Land of Milk and Honey . . "

When the Indians were vanquished or exiled, and capture and death had become only tales to be told around the fireside in the evening, other troubles came to the Kentucky frontier. The most serious of these were faulty land titles and slavery. Families were to lose their economic independence, to become straws on the wind, harried here and there by the ever-present land troubles of succeeding frontiers. Others who managed to keep their land were split into warring camps within individual households because of differing views concerning the holding of men in bondage.

The three Kentucky homes of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were located within a radius of fifteen miles, and there was probably no other community in the nation where, for the first four decades of the life of this new country, such bitter controversy was waged over the question of slavery. The church was torn by the dispute, and since the Lincolns were church-goers, they no doubt often longed for a more peaceful life in a neighborhood where there was more homogeneity. They had no slaves themselves, although Nancy had lived in a slave-owning home—that of Richard Berry, Sr.—and her cousins, the younger Berrys, held slaves. Neither Thomas nor Nancy had faced the evils of the problem of slavery. They were probably decidedly anti-slavery in sentiment, since they joined an anti-slavery church, and were of the non-slave-holding class of Kentuckians.

The Lincolns had been married by a Methodist minister, but they were Baptists. This was the most active religious body on the Kentucky frontier in the early years. Thomas's father had died in 1786, and at that time there were already twenty-five Baptist preachers in the frontier field. There were also clergymen of other faiths here and there. The Lincolns must, for example, have known the famous Peter Cartwright, since he preached for a while in Washington County in 1805. He, like Jesse Head, was a Methodist.

It was with the very active Baptist church, however, that the Lincolns identified themselves. Five out of the six first Baptist preachers who came to Kentucky located in Hardin County in the same communities where the Thomas Lincolns established their various cabin homes. Two of these, Barrett and Taylor, organized the church

at Elizabethtown, where Thomas and Nancy came immediately after their marriage. Joseph Hanks, the grandfather of Nancy, had bought his Kentucky land from one of these men—Joseph Barrett.

In June, 1787, Joshua Carman came to preach at the Elizabethtown church, and the slavery controversy was begun, for he was ardently anti-slavery. The next year he organized the Rolling Fork Church, not many miles from young Abraham's birthplace. Both slaves and their masters attended these frontier churches, and since slaves were not extended full privileges, Carman was probably led into an even deeper antipathy toward human bondage. He became a fanatic on the subject of slavery, and finally induced the Rolling Fork Church to withdraw from the association and to break all relationships with slave holders. In 1789 he persuaded the church to put this question to the association: "Is it lawful in the sight of God for a member of a Christian church to keep his fellow creatures in perpetual slavery?" But he was premature, and warily the answer was returned that "the association judges it improper to enter into so important a question at this time." But it had admitted that slavery had become not only an important problem, but to be treated with caution; and Carman must have felt that he had scored heavily.

Carman and the man who followed him in the pulpit at Elizabethtown—Josiah Dodge—were said to be the first preachers to separate from the Baptists on account of slavery. This community in which Nancy and Thomas lived was the stamping ground of the first Emancipation preachers in the west, and in it the question of wrong or right regarding slavery was first put to wilderness congregations. Here was organized the first Emancipation

church, and here the church for the first time announced that it held no fellowship with slave holders. These ministers who opposed slavery called themselves "Friends of Humanity," while they were known in the records of the times as Emancipators.

In 1792 Dodge was preaching to four congregations—those of the Rolling Fork, North Fork or Nolin, Lick Creek, and Elizabethtown churches. Feeling had progressed beyond rebuke or caution, and when, in 1796, the question, "Is slavery oppression or not?" was put to the Elizabethtown church, the answer "was in the affirmative. It was oppression." The next month the question of fellowship with slave holders was answered to the satisfaction of Dodge—such could not exist.

The long period of unrest which characterized those early years when many non-slaveholding families were pouring into Kentucky over the Wilderness Trail came to a climax about the time that young Abraham Lincoln was born. In June, 1806, when Thomas and Nancy Lincoln first came into the community to live, a slave named Davis was excluded from the church for running away from his master. But two months later the anti-slavery members of the congregation scored when they summoned certain men to answer to the charge that they had tied up a man (presumably a slave) and whipped him. These acknowledged the report to be true, and two years later the dissension had become so vehement that fifteen members left the church because of slavery. Apparently the congregation was broken up over the question, since the records show no further meetings for two more years. The members who left the church in 1808 joined other anti-slavery advocates, and formed the Little Mount Church

some three miles from the Sinking Spring farm where Abraham Lincoln was born. Nancy and Thomas affiliated with this group, although they had gone to live at some distance.

Although there were no Negroes in her home, Nancy Lincoln must often have come in contact with slaves. After she and Thomas left Elizabethtown and lived on farms, both of their cabins were on the Old Cumberland Road leading from Louisville to Nashville, Tennessee. She could sit outside the door and watch slaves raised in Kentucky being driven to the cotton markets. Often she must have likened them to cattle being herded along, for she saw these, too, pass on the highway, and there seemed little difference. There were more than a thousand slaves listed in Hardin County for taxation in 1811, an average of at least two slaves for each family. Many families, like the Lincolns, had none, but some had many. For instance, one slave holder listed fifty-eight for taxation in 1813. Some were treated kindly, as old Nan and her daughter no doubt were in the Berry home, and their services were recognized as almost invaluable, for it took many hands to maintain any standards on the frontier, and the domestic slavery of northern Kentucky was considered by many to be justified. But there were homes where slavery hung like a cloud over the family, where whippings and severe punishments and sale for profit caused preachers like the eloquent William Downs of the Little Mount Church to harangue for hours against such an institution.

A land where there was no such problem would be a sweet land. Nancy and Thomas must often have talked of such a place. There must have been one other score against slavery in Nancy's mind. This was the rapid increase in dis-

tinctions between slave holder and non-slaveholder, which was inevitably creating social inequality. Some time later the circuit rider, Peter Cartwright, was to say that one reason he left Kentucky was because his daughters were growing up, and he was thinking of their future. They could not hope to marry into the wealthier slaveholding families, even if that had been desirable. It was better for girls like his to live in a free territory, where there was more social equality. No doubt Nancy thought of little Sarah's future, as mothers always have. She wanted for the child a happy, secure life, happier and more secure, perhaps, than her own had been, for in spite of the kindnesses of relatives, something fostered in Nancy Hanks Lincoln a sadness.

The thing that finally drove the Lincolns from Kentucky was not slavery, however, but land titles. Very early large portions of Kentucky land had been obtained under Virginia land warrants in the names of prominent Americans. Most of these neither settled nor assigned their lands, which were taken up in small tracts by pioneers coming into the country and looking for homes, so that certain areas came to be claimed by several individuals. Sometimes a pioneer would even buy his land more than once in an effort to obtain a clear title, while many, in despair of ever feeling any security, left Kentucky for territories where land had been government surveyed, and was free and clear of dispute. Inadequate land regulations made trouble everywhere on the American frontier, but probably in no other place was it as acute as in early Kentucky.

Between the years 1803 and 1816 Thomas Lincoln owned three farms in Kentucky. He sold the first, lost the second because of a misunderstanding, and was ejected from the third when the heirs of Thomas Middleton claimed the land.

This was the farm on Knob Creek, and nine other neighboring farmers who had bought parts of the Middleton tract lost their property at the same time. They decided to make the Lincoln suit a test case, and failing, in the months that followed, to get a settlement, Nancy and Thomas, with little Abraham and Sarah, left Kentucky for a land free from disputed titles and human bondage—Indiana.

13

The Migration to Indiana

In 1811 and 1812 a succession of earthquakes was experienced in the Mississippi Valley which made western settlers apprehensive. The first one at Louisville occurred in December, 1811. For months many houses in that town had a key suspended over the mantelpiece, with a Bible beneath the key. By the movements of the key, the inhabitants of the house could determine approximately the danger they were in whenever there was a fresh quake. Some pioneers took these earthquakes for what they were—a manifestation of nature; others thought them surely a sign of God's anger, and a call to repentance. With the superstition of the frontier, there were those who thought the quakes had some relation to the general unrest sweeping the country, which later culminated in the War of 1812. Were they signals? Perhaps, for they knew God spoke in many ways.

The Kentuckians were eager for the war. They believed that if Canada could be captured, and the United States would expand northward, the old Indian troubles that had harassed the valley so long would automatically be ended. Kentuckians had a hereditary fear and hatred of the red men, and the "War Hawks" played upon these factors to good advantage. When news came that the war had at last begun, crowds thronged the streets of Kentucky towns; and Senator John Pope of that state, who had opposed and delayed the war bill, was burned in effigy. The war was a life and death struggle in the west. In frontier cabins women were busy with the spinning wheel and the loom, in order to provide the militia with clothing.

When war came, Thomas Lincoln stayed at home. He had

a wife and two children, and land to look after. He and Nancy must often have discussed the fighting going on across the Ohio. Neighbors and friends, and, no doubt, relatives, must have been among those forces which, under Green Clay or Governor Shelby, fought bravely and successfully against the enemy. Life remained peaceful enough in the Lincoln neighborhood. Long after, Abraham, then a very small boy, when asked what he remembered of the war, answered that he could recollect only one incident. He had been fishing, and was walking home carrying a fish he had caught. He met a soldier, and gave the fish to him, "for," said Abraham, "I had been told we must always be kind to the soldiers."

It may well have been during these years, when settlers in the northwest were leaving their homes, and fleeing before the Indians, that the Lincolns gained an added interest in Indiana as a possible home. They must have heard directly from pioneers who had lived there of the rich land, and of clear titles, and the absence of slavery. For while there were Negroes in Indiana, these were either free, or the property of southerners who had taken them there from other states, and were allowed to retain their property unmolested. No man could buy or sell a black soul there, and white settlers who owned no human property felt a new sense of personal integrity.

In the spring of 1814 Nancy had something besides the war and the possibility of losing their land to think about. The "cold plague" was raging with great fatality in many sections of Kentucky. Doctors found it something new, and did not know how to combat it. The plague began with a chilly sensation, and then the patient lost all sense of warmth, and literally appeared to freeze to death. Fortu-

nately, the epidemic ended with none of the Lincolns having had the disease.

It was with relief that the west heard, in 1815, that peace had been concluded, and the war ended. New lands across the Ohio were opened up rapidly, and the conditions of purchase were so easy that any man of ordinary industry and integrity could meet them. The Lincolns made their final decision to move to Indiana.

Nancy could not have been altogether happy about the proposed removal. It was on the women that emigration always bore the heaviest. It was they, on every frontier, who worked beyond their strength providing the necessities of life for the families, who bore children unceasingly without adequate medical advice or aid, who were required to make of their cramped quarters an ordinary for any passing stranger, who suffered greatly from homesickness, not only for friends and relatives, but for the comforts of an older civilization. Nancy had had what today seems a meager enough existence in Kentucky, but that in Indiana, new frontier as it was, was certain to be even more primitive. There were relatives already there, but homes were far apart, and there would be little time or opportunity for visiting. Too, she was leaving behind, in Kentucky soil, the grave of her third child, and it was not likely she would ever return to visit it.

The Lincolns left Kentucky sometime late in 1816, probably between the middle of November and the twentieth of December. Tradition says Thomas sold his farm for whiskey, but the truth is he was ejected from it because of a faulty title, and hence could not have sold it at all. The story told so often of the Lincoln migration north says that he made a preliminary trip to locate land, and on that trip built a raft

and floated his whiskey and carpenter's tools and some household articles across the Ohio. In crossing the river the raft was upset, and everything on it went to the bottom. However, Tom managed to recover his tools and most of the whiskey, and continued his trip. He left his possessions with a settler on the Indiana side, and went inland to locate a piece of land. Returning, he brought his family across the Ohio, borrowed a wagon and horses from the settler with whom he had left his things, took them inland, and then returned his means of transportation to the owner. Then he threw up a half-faced camp, in which the family spent some miserable months, leaving it for a half-finished cabin when the Sparrows arrived. But there is no evidence for the tale. Thomas had four horses, and no doubt was able to transport his family and possessions without any help. Also, he probably only made one trip, when he and Nancy and the children went to Indiana as a group.

The story of Thomas Lincoln moving his worldly goods by flatboat to Indiana, and losing most of these in the waters of the Ohio, may have originated in confusion with an earlier incident. According to Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, Lincoln, like other frontiersmen, had become enthusiastic about the chance of making a fortune by taking the produce of his farm downriver to New Orleans by flatboat. New Orleans was then the great market of the Mississippi Valley, and to reach it from the farms of early Kentucky was a long and dangerous journey, since first the Ohio, and then the Mississippi, had to be traversed, but if the trip could be made in safety, it did offer the farmer a considerable profit. Also, it gave him a taste of the outside world, and of a far more sophisticated one, which for many pioneers was probably a valid reason for undertaking the journey.

About 1815, close enough to the year in which the Lincolns moved to Indiana to have become identified in tradition, at least, with this migration, Thomas Lincoln built a flatboat, and loaded it with the usual cargo—deer and bear hams, buffalo, which was less plentiful than in earlier years, but could still be killed, wax, wolf and coon and mink and beaver skins, and gentian root—and floated down the Salt River into the Ohio. The neighbors, said Graham, joked Thomas for building his boat so high and narrow, and he lacked ballast for the peculiar shape of his vessel. When he started down Knob Creek it was flush with rains. So was the Ohio. In those days the floods which still ravage the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys were boons to the frontiersmen, for they permitted them to float their rafts down normally small streams.

But Thomas had trouble from the first with whirlpools and snags. He had taken his tool chest along, hoping to make some money out of his carpentry work. But the boat upset in the Ohio, and Thomas was only able to save his precious chest and part of his load because he was so near the Indiana shore. He stored these articles and came home afoot, in debt to the neighbors who had helped him undertake the venture, and his—and their—dream of quick profits gone. People, said Graham, did not make things worse by asking for their money, for in those days they "never pressed a man that lost by Indians or water," their common and vigilant enemies.

Thomas apparently knew his destination before leaving Kentucky. The widow and fatherless children of Hananiah Lincoln, an own cousin of Thomas's father, with whom the younger man had been associated years before (it is reported that he had once accompanied Hananiah to Mis-

souri) had settled in the community in Indiana which became Spencer County, and this fact was probably directly responsible for the location of the Lincoln home on a little stream called Pigeon Creek in that state. Their home was near a famous deer lick, and was one of the last hunting grounds reluctantly surrendered by the Indians. In 1814 a traveler who had gone through this country observed that "the woods were full of deer, antelope, bears, wolves, groundhogs, hares, wildcats, squirrels, snakes, and wild turkeys," as well as many birds. Great flocks of wild or passenger pigeons were common in this region, and no doubt gave Pigeon Creek its name. There was a town some distance north of the new Lincoln home called Huntingburg, because so many people came into that section of the country to hunt the wild pigeons. Pigeon Creek was a little stream that ran into the Ohio.

Thomas no doubt took not only his horses, but also some cattle with him. If an old story of the migration is true, he drove a wagon, and Nancy and the two young children rode in this. The household stores and personal effects taken along consisted of some furniture made by Thomas, clothing which Nancy had woven and made, a featherbed, homemade "kiverlids," kitchen utensils, a loom, a spinning-wheel, and light farming equipment. In all probability, cabinetmaking, wood-working tools were safely stowed away in some corner of the wagon, and food and camping equipment were carried for the journey. The family Bible, without which no pioneer family would have felt its store of possessions complete, had been safely packed, and no doubt young Abraham had seen that his *Aesop's Fables* was not missing; while Thomas would have been especially careful to stow away the bundle of legal papers in which was writ-

ten the story of his long struggle to own a Kentucky farm.

The little caravan, leaving the Knob Creek home, must have gone through Hodgenville, passing the Little Mount Cemetery, and then on to Elizabethtown, its first logical stop. The journey was slow, for the Lincolns had lived in this community for a number of years, and had friends and neighbors whom they must bid farewell.

Elizabethtown was the largest town the children had ever seen, and the only one Thomas and Nancy had lived in. It was still a village, for in 1810 the census gave it only 180 inhabitants, but it was the county seat of Hardin County. Thomas may have thought it necessary to go to the county courthouse to see if there had been any progress in clearing up his muddled land titles. From Elizabethtown the Lincolns turned north over a route once known as Bullitt's Salt Lick Trail. As they followed this road, they passed the first farm Thomas had owned in Kentucky, the one purchased in 1803.

Continuing west and north, they came to the farm where Thomas's mother and his sister, Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, were living. This was about twelve miles from Elizabethtown, and six or seven miles from the farm Thomas had once owned. Nancy Ann Lincoln had married William Brumfield in 1801, and Bersheba, her mother, had gone to live with the daughter after all of the family had married and left her. Nearly all of Lincoln's relatives and many of his friends lived near the Brumfields, in and around Mill Creek. The Lincolns stayed here several days visiting, and then traveled on west, following the old pioneer trail through Viney Grove and crossing Otter Creek. When they came to Big Spring they must have fallen in with emigrants, and have traveled with these for a distance, as this was a stopping place for

parties going north, where camp was made, equipment repaired, and provisions replenished. Big Spring was located where the counties of Hardin, Meade, and Breckinridge meet. The Lincolns probably tarried here for a while, rested, and made ready for the remainder of their journey to the Ohio.

The next important point on the route was Hardinsburg. When the children grew weary, Thomas may have amused them with the story of old William Hardin, for whom the town was named, a famous hunter and Indian fighter, who had founded Hardin's Station back before 1780, and was known to the Indians as "Big Bill." They feared him because of his giant size and courage. One morning, very early, as he stood at his door preparing for a hunt, he fired his gun and began to wipe it. Just then an Indian stepped from behind the chimney and pointed his own gun at the white man. With a taunting, "Hooh, Big Bill!" the Indian aimed, but Hardin had taken advantage of the pause to knock down the other's gun, after which he brained him. In Hardinsburg, the young Lincolns had an adventure of their own. A colored woman named Minerva, the slave of a family called Murray, saw the children waiting patiently in the wagon. She brought them slices of homemade bread covered with butter, and cups of milk. When she asked them where they were going, little Abraham answered, "Indiana."

From Hardinsburg, the Lincolns traveled the Yellow Banks Road to find a place to cross the Ohio. They came to Cloverport, a river town founded in 1808. From here they continued upriver to a point opposite Troy, at the mouth of Anderson Creek, where there was a ferry in operation, and were ferried across. Then they took the road to their new home, a distance of some sixteen miles from the Ohio.

They had probably traveled seventy-five miles in Kentucky from Knob Creek to the river crossing. As early as 1816 the routes were fairly well marked, and they would have had little difficulty in making the journey, or in finding shelter along the way when they needed it. A map published in 1797 shows a trail broken from the mouth of Anderson Creek through the Pigeon Creek neighborhood, where the Lincolns were bound. They settled at a point where Lincoln City was later located, and this was the Thomas Lincoln home for fourteen years.

Thomas took a quarter-section of land in what was then Perry County, entering it in October, 1817, under the old credit system. When the government later passed a law stating that any land then in possession of a settler who had entered it might be given up at the same price for which he had originally purchased it, and the amount he was paid might be credited on any other property for which he was in debt, Lincoln gave up one-half quarter-section, and used the money he received for it to complete payment on the other one, which he retained. It is probable that at the time the Lincolns crossed the Ohio into Indiana, they were as poorly off financially as at any time in their married life. Thomas had lost a great deal of money in his Kentucky land deals, none of which he apparently ever recovered.

14

The Indiana Frontier

It is difficult to estimate the importance of the move of the Lincoln family to Indiana, which, while not made because of slavery, nevertheless placed young Abraham Lincoln in a free state during the years of growth to young manhood. Dates which were of great interest in his early life were also of interest in the history of Indiana. Abraham Lincoln, born in 1809, was born in the same year—and only nine days after—Indiana Territory was separated from Illinois Territory. In 1811, the year the Lincolns moved to the Knob Creek farm, the General Assembly of Indiana Territory petitioned Congress for the privilege of setting up a state government; the following year the territorial capital was moved from Vincennes to Corydon, a town in the area where Thomas Lincoln built his Indiana home. In 1814 the population of Indiana Territory had reached more than 60,000, and again the General Assembly petitioned Congress to become a state, this time with success. In December, 1816, just at the time when the Lincolns were entering the territory across the Ohio, Indiana became the nineteenth state in the union. In 1815, 318 men paid taxes in Perry County, where the Lincolns settled. Almost all of the pioneer homes were within 100 miles of the Ohio, and the area in which Thomas and his family lived was practically a Kentucky colony.

Indiana was still sparsely settled, however, and southern Indiana, where Thomas lived for fourteen years, was, in 1816, still largely wilderness. As a rule, the forests were not too difficult to penetrate, for, while the trees stood thickly, they were ramified in all directions by deer paths, buffalo roads, and Indian trails. Great poplars, beeches, sycamores,

and "sugars" pushed to almost unbelievable heights, searching for air and sun, and wild grape vines locked their branches together, producing a sort of canopy beneath which animals and men moved in a semi-shade. There was little undergrowth. Here and there a storm had cut a clean strip through the heavy woods. In these cleared places bushes had a chance to grow thickly, and to give refuge to wild animals, as a few years earlier they had provided hiding places for Indians.

Life was more primitive here than it had been in the Kentucky communities where the Lincolns had lived. It was more like that which Abraham and Bersheba had known when they came to Kentucky—except for the threat of Indians—for Indiana was frontier as Kentucky had been in those earlier days. The houses were one-room cabins, usually built of round logs with the bark left on, the easiest way to use felled trees. The settlers mostly wore tanned deerhide, a material sturdy but uncomfortable when the wearer was caught in a shower. Shoes were made of this same tanned deerhide, and a wet moccasin was described as "a decent way of going barefoot." The deer was the most valuable animal found in Indiana. Deer were killed by the thousands, and provided meat for the table all through the year, while the hides were used for all articles of clothing. There were plenty of turkeys, quail, squirrels, rabbits, and raccoons and other fur bearing animals. The woods provided sweets in the form of maple sap, and the gathering at the sugar camp was especially important to the young. The sassafras shrub provided a tea, pleasant as a beverage, and important as a spring tonic. There was a wealth of berries of all kinds; the blackberry was used both as a stimulant and a medicine.

Nancy found there was little opportunity here for attend-

ing religious services; in fact, the Pigeon Church was not built until after her death. Once in a while an itinerant minister visited a community and settlers came from miles around to a meeting. If a family had a wagon, they rode in it, but as a rule the men walked and the women and children rode on horseback, the little ones in the arms of their mothers. Usually the father carried his rifle, and, if he saw game along the way, shot it. This was no violation of the Sabbath, but only sensible, for on the frontier one had to rely on the wild things in the woods for food. The meeting would be held in some settler's cabin if the weather were bad, or, if it were pleasant, in the shade of a tree in some cleared space. The worshippers brought food and put this together for a picnic after the sermon was over, or before it began. Usually they ate first, and then the preacher took off his coat and exhorted with an energy unknown in older communities.

It was quiet and rather lonely in the backwoods, even for a busy woman. Nancy must have missed the passing on the Old Cumberland Road, the visitors, the church meetings, and the various social activities that were possible when there were more settlers in an area. Here there were few gatherings in which women could take an active part. Sometimes they came together for "raisings," when a house was built in a day, or for log-rollings, when piles of fine timber were wastefully burned. The great trees, three, four, or five feet in diameter, could not be moved by one man, even with a team of horses, or of oxen. Word was sent to the neighbors for miles around that on a given day there would be a log-rolling, and, when that day arrived, the men came, with teams if they had them, on horseback, or afoot. Sometimes they brought their families, and a community picnic was held.

By using handspikes and chains drawn by both horses and oxen, the great trees were pushed, rolled, and dragged into heaps, and by nightfall the field was cleared and ready for a plough. Such fields were small; they were worked with crude implements, and only around the stumps of the trees. The most picturesque part of the log-rolling came after dark, when the logs were burned. The whole country-side would glow with the light made by a hundred great torches, and the sky would redden. Sometimes a log would topple, sending out a shower of fiery sparks. Winged creatures of the night—bats and owls—would fly above in bewildered fascination, sometimes allowing themselves to be drawn into that blazing furnace. The great fires would burn for days, and smoke would hang over the surrounding countryside, softening the atmosphere, and giving an illusion of Indian summer.

The heavy work called for equally heavy refreshments, and food and drink were provided in ample quantities. A long table would be built out of doors under the trees, and at noon, and often again at evening, the women would serve a good meal. On such occasions, the principal dish was a sort of "pot-pie," made of boiled turkeys, geese, chickens, grouse, veal, or vension, and an abundance of dumplings. There was always a supply of cornbread and milk, and a cask of rum. The men, with the superfluous energy of their generation, engaged in wrestling, the sport which belonged especially to the frontier. When supper was over and the logs blazed high, there was often a "hoe-down," a dance, with a neighborhood fiddler, often with a number serving in relays, playing away until the night was ended, or until everyone was too weary to dance any longer.

Thomas could take part in wolf hunts, when a tall pole was erected in the middle of a clearing, and a large num-

ber of hunters encircled it, sometimes forming a figure miles in diameter, which gradually closed in with shouts and yells, driving all the game in the woods to the pole for wholesale killing. He could attend, which probably pleased him better, horse races, crude affairs compared with those now held in Kentucky, more like the ones he might have seen there in his youth. The preachers did not always agree on condemning horse racing, and some of them felt the best way to win a congregation was to engage in some of the same recreations their parishioners did, and then try to lead them to a more austere religion. Others condemned without reservation most of the favorite social activities of the frontier. What recreations Thomas and Nancy engaged in depended largely upon the attitudes of their various ministers. As a rule the Baptist churches were stern in forbidding earthly pleasures of the sort that appealed to most pioneers. The frontier church kept a stern eye upon members who enjoyed unsanctioned pleasures, and Thomas himself served on committees which called upon such members. With his love for horses, and his Kentucky background, horse racing, however, must have appealed greatly to him.

Women could take no part in wolf hunts or in horse races. They found their greatest enjoyment in occasional weddings, entertainments as rude and boisterous as they had been when Nancy and Thomas were married. These still consisted of the same round of activities—the wedding parade from the groom's home to that of the bride, the race for the whiskey bottle, a midday dinner, an afternoon of rough games and practical jokes, a supper and dance at night, the putting to bed of the bride, then of the groom, and a nightlong stepping to the playing of the fiddler, with a dispersal the next morning. Nancy may have felt too ma-

tronly now to dance. She may have sat along the side of the log wall, watching little Sarah learning the steps. Or women may have been, and probably were, so few in that Pigeon Creek community, that she stepped with the youngest and gayest of the girls. Usually even grandmothers found plenty of partners.

Nancy found here that same peculiar belief in witchcraft which she had known all her life in Kentucky—a belief which had passed away long ago in New England, but lived on in the western settlements, tinged with an African magic. Charms and incantation formed the body of veterinary practice. Luck was a powerful divinity, powerful for blessing or for bane, and to be known by simple signs. A hunter who saw a dog cross his path had as well turn home, for his luck was gone. Of course, he could, in some measure, alleviate ill fortune if he remembered instantly to hook his fingers together and pull until the animal disappeared. All sorts of signs foretold death, signs that seemed natural enough, but which had their own significance. If a dog bayed at certain hours, nothing could prevent a death. If a horse coughed in the direction of a child, one had as well prepare the shroud.

Men worked by the moon or by the sun. Plantings and sowings, the breeding of animals, and all types of farm work were determined by astronomical signs. Trees for fence-rails had to be felled before noon, and in the waxing of the moon, for if there was no moon, they would never hold together. But the moon must be dark when all vegetables which bore their fruit underground were planted, and light when those which bore their products in the air were put into the earth. These settlers had lived for generations close to nature, and they knew her great power for good or evil. They were, in addition, descendants of English and Scotch

and Irish, who, across half a continent and an ocean, and two centuries or more away, had bequeathed to them, on an American frontier, folklore which still had a strong influence on their daily lives. And, in their migration to the free territory of Indiana, many of these settlers had tarried for a time in southern areas where, all unconsciously, they had absorbed much of the superstition of the Negro.

15

A Frontier Family

Thomas was optimistic about his new farm in Indiana. This was rich land, full of game, and with good papers which insured the fact that no one could take it from him, once he had cleared it and made it ready for corn to grow—and paid for it, which he was not to do for some little time. Nancy found two things wrong with it. The children had so far to carry water—the spring was so far away that Sarah came home puffing, while lanky Abraham usually carried the bucket alone. The other was the effect early visible on the health of the children and herself. The years of work in Kentucky, and the death of little Thomas, had robbed Nancy of much of her youthful vigor, and this new frontier would draw upon her last reserves of strength. Like other young women on the frontier, her cheeks must have long ago lost their roses, and her back much of its strength and straightness. The Indiana home lay in a marshy region, and horses and cattle sickened, and men and women came down with fever. When the children looked tired and pale, Nancy gave them Peruvian bark, but often it seemed to do little good.

Nancy was paying the penalty of her southern heritage in Thomas's choice of a farm, and was to pay it in full, as many other women did. Kentuckians—those who had migrated as the Lincolns had, down the Valley of Virginia and over The Wilderness Trail—had a fundamental distrust of the open places, and deliberately sought and built their cabins in the woods and thickets. Here they did the hardest work clearing land and grubbing stumps before they could plant crops and feed their families adequately. They exposed their wives and children to malaria and ague, and

many of them died of the same diseases, but they feared the "barrens"— the open prairies—more than anything the woods could do to them. Later they followed the same practice as they turned north into Illinois and Indiana and Missouri, still seeking the timbered lands. In addition to diseases which weakened them and made them old too early, they enforced hard labor, through necessity, on even very young children. Little Abraham had an ax put into his hands as soon as he could handle one, and learned to help Thomas clear the land for corn. Children had little free time in a home like that of the Lincolns. They sowed and harvested, fed the pigs, milked the cows, fetched water and wood, gathered berries and nuts. When Abraham was not busy helping his father, he could beat the corn into meal with the flat of an ax, a chore Sally found tiring.

There were many possibilities for accidents on a frontier farm. Once Nancy thought she had lost her other son when Abraham was kicked by a horse he was caring for, and was so badly hurt that Thomas thought he had been killed. But a Kentucky-born boy had to learn to care for horses, and Abraham recovered, and did less dreaming as he worked about the farm.

Nancy must have seen much of herself in her son. As he grew older, he resembled the Hanks men, and there is a definite likeness between his portrait as a man and that of certain Hanks relatives. One day when Thomas was gone a flock of wild turkeys approached the cabin, and Abraham seized a rifle standing against the wall and fired through a crack at them. He killed one of the birds, but something made him put the rifle down, and refuse to shoot again. Thomas was disappointed. Apparently Abraham had the making of a fine hunter, and who had ever heard of a fron-

tier lad who could not—and would not—shoot game, the very basis for life in such a community? As he looked at his son, he may have thought of the story of the frontier preacher who set his trap in full view of his crude pulpit. In the middle of his sermon, he saw that he had caught his prey, and without hesitating in his delivery, announced, "Mind the text, brethren, while I go and kill that wolf."

He felt better when Abraham gave a good account of himself in a neighborhood fight. Thomas often sent the boy to the mill with corn to be ground, as other farmers sent their sons. Abraham was like himself—good-natured, never aggressive nor antagonistic. Thomas no doubt often wondered how the boy would act when the time came to defend himself, as it must come, sooner or later, in a pioneer community where men and boys alike found an emotional outlet in rough play, wrestling, and the like, which sometimes degenerated into real fighting. Abraham went to the mill that day with no idea that he was about to be required to prove what manner of man he would become. Other lads were already there, waiting their turn, passing the time in frolicing and fighting. Young Lincoln did not take part, but stood with his back agaisnt the mill wall, watching. Suddenly he was attacked by a larger boy, with others at his heels, and Abe quickly defended himself, threshing the first, the second, the third boy, and then, placing his back against a tree, defied the whole crowd, saying he would take them all on, and taunting them with cowardice when they hesitated. Thomas forgave him the lack of readiness with a rifle when he heard this tale from a neighbor.

When winter came, the Lincolns were shut in their small cabin. This was the time of year to which Nancy's quiet, grave nature must have responded. She must have enjoyed

watching Thomas working at his rifle, or making something for the house—the only time he had now for his carpentry work—with little Sally knitting, the firelight on her dark hair, and Abraham stretched on the puncheon floor scribbling something on the wooden fireshovel or on a broad splinter he had salvaged from the wood stacked outside the door. Once he carved all evening on a knotted beech stick, making a kind of face for the head. Abraham liked canes—he always had one of some kind in his hand when he was playing in the clearing, or going into the woods alone, free for an hour from the constant round of chores. Often he carried a dogwood club. Nancy understood why he liked canes. It was a part of the folklore which had surrounded his childhood, as it had her own. Witches and old women always carried sticks—canes—and these did something to the people who carried them. With a stick in one's hand—a certain kind of stick—one could become a changeling in this Indiana woods, and escape, for a brief period, from the monotonous round of frontier life.

Little Abraham was thirsty for knowledge. He had often angered Thomas, on the Knob Creek farm, by perching beside his father on the fence when travelers went by on the Old Cumberland Road, and asking questions as fast as they could answer. Sometimes Nancy, watching from the cabin, had seen Thomas lift a heavy hand and knock the boy from the fence, not in a brutal manner, but as if wornout with the boy's eternal questions, and also in rebuke, and half-apology, for a child's impertinence. But Abraham never meant to be rude. He wanted to know so much that the little farms could never teach him, and Nancy wanted both him and Sarah to have an opportunity to have that eager curiosity satisfied, to have knowledge that she and Thomas had

never had, or, consciously, perhaps, nedeed. In a community like that along Pigeon Creek, if a man could hunt and farm and talk a fair measure of religion and politics, paid his bills, and was honest and fair, he was successful. As for Sarah, a woman, thought Thomas, needed to know how to spin and knit, how to cook, wash, clean, care for sick folks, carry on a conversation without interrupting men folks, or gossiping too much, eventually how to take care of a cabin and a man and children of her own, and all these things Nancy could teach her.

But Nancy knew there was something else—something that came from the printed pages of books, and out of their words, something that she had known faintly when she read the Bible. Abraham would trace the word "Switzerland" in front of the Bible, and then the date it had been printed—"1799"—and the name of the man who had edited it, who had written a preface and notes for it, a Reverend Mr. Osterwald, and wonder where Switzerland was—if it were as far away as Virginia. Those first years in Indiana there was no school near enough for the children to attend. Abraham remembered the books he had seen once in Kentucky. A wagon had broken down before the Lincoln cabin, and Nancy had gone out to ask the wife and daughters of the man who owned it to come inside and rest until it could be repaired. The woman had brought an armful of story books from the wagon, and had read from them to Sarah and Abraham and her own children. Abraham never forgot those stories—they were the first of their kind he had ever heard. Nancy told him old tales she had learned from her mother and aunts, and sang ballads which had come long ago from England, but Abraham listened enthralled to these stories read from books, and wished he could make out the magic

words himself. Sarah listened, too, and liked them, but she couldn't understand why her brother grew so excited over books. She didn't mind going to school and learned easily enough, but there was a hunger in Abraham for education.

As soon as he could write a little, he put his name on everything that charcoal would mark, and had Thomas angry with him. He liked to write, "Abraham Lincoln," and then stand back and look at it with awe, repeating the name over and over, and shaking his head. "That's me," he would say proudly to Nancy, "but," puzzled, "it don't look like me." People's names, written down, ought somehow to look like their owners. True, Abraham's name was long, and so was he. He scribbled on the puncheon floor, the walls of the cabin, the wooden fire-shovel, unrebuked by Nancy, until Thomas could stand it no longer, and got so angry with the boy that he took to marking trees his father wanted cut, or to writing his name in the sand at the deer lick. When Abraham finally secured a slate made of a piece of shale, and a pencil made of soapstone found in the bed of a stream, he felt rich. At night he lay by the fireplace, tracing a proverb over and over.

The two terms the children had gone to school in Kentucky had been a struggle, for schools were not free, and the Lincolns, like most other people on the frontier, were poor. But teachers did not have to be paid in cash, of which there was always very little, but would gladly accept corn or skins or sugar, just as merchants did.

During these early months in Indiana, the Lincolns no doubt did whatever trading was necessary at the town of Troy, not far from Hugh Thompson's ferry, on which they had crossed the Ohio. Troy was an important shipping point in those days; it is said to have been the most thriv-

ing city south of Louisville on the Indiana side of the river. At this period in the life of Nancy Lincoln, however, it is doubtful if she had much occasion to go to the stores of Troy. She was probably much less able to afford the items a store would carry than when she had gone to live in Elizabethtown, as a bride.

16

The Death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln

The months spent on the Indiana frontier had been hard on all the Lincolns. If, as tradition says, they lived first in a hastily constructed half-faced camp thrown up by Thomas, it could only have been a temporary structure. Within a few days, he could—and surely did—construct a log cabin similar to those they had lived in elsewhere. They may have been given shelter in the homes of relatives already in Indiana, and these may have assisted him in building a house. Abraham and Sarah were old enough to trim the branches from felled trees, cut brush, tend the fires, and, later, help clear the land for planting. Both a home and crops were immediate necessities; the time of year in which the Lincolns came to Indiana would have made the house the first consideration.

Until crops would be planted and harvested, they must live off the small animals and nuts found in the woods in such bounty, and on corn meal they may have brought with them, or which some relative could spare. They all worked hard, from the first daylight until dark, and even by firelight, making necessary articles for the house, repairing tools, preparing skins from which Nancy could make clothing. The summer passed in hard work, with little recreation.

In June, 1816, the old Pigeon Creek Church had been organized, but since this was a Regular Baptist church, or, as it was later called, a United Baptist church, with differing beliefs than the church the Lincolns had belonged to in Kentucky, they did not at once join the group. Nancy died before Thomas became a member. During the first three years of the existence of the church, meetings were held in

the homes of various settlers. As the Lincolns were not members of the Pigeon Church during the early period of its organization, they probably did not even have the pleasure of listening to itinerant preachers.

Once John James Audubon, the Kentucky storekeeper and naturalist, whom they had known for a long while, came by their cabin and stopped overnight. He roamed the whole Ohio River frontier—and other frontier areas as well—looking for new birds. He knew this country well—indeed, in his book he speaks of the creek near which the Lincolns had settled. He liked to come into the neighborhood to watch the enormous flocks of passenger pigeons which had given the creek its name. He could look at the sky and see it darkened by great clouds of winged creatures, and could hear them as they flew overhead. Perhaps he knew it was a sight that naturalists who would come after him would have given much to see, in the days when the passenger pigeon would be only a memory.

He spent days in the woods, scouring fields and river banks, crossing streams, taking with him his dog, his gun, and a tin box of pencils and colors. He showed the Lincolns his drawings, and Nancy marveled at how much they resembled the birds she knew. They called him, as did their neighbors, "the bird man." Thomas thought that was a funny way to carry on business—roaming the woods and drawing pictures of birds—and wondered how he could manage a store in such a fashion, but Audubon didn't even want to talk about the store. He wanted, instead, to know if Lincoln, while hunting, or the children, while playing, had found anything in the woods he hadn't seen. The frontiersmen and their children had sharp eyes. He found visiting with them not only pleasant but profitable. The Lin-

colns' acquaintance with Audubon must have extended over a number of years, for while Thomas and Nancy were still living at Elizabethtown, he and Ferdinand Rozier had operated a store there briefly. Later—from 1810 to 1820—Audubon ran a general merchandise store in Henderson, Kentucky, with his brother-in-law, Thomas Bakewell, as a partner. But he was never a merchant; all his money and energy went into the wonderful project he had conceived of preserving on paper the wild feathered creatures of the frontier. He must have been a familiar figure in the Pigeon Creek area, which centered around a famous old deer lick.

Food on this frontier, like life, was monotonous. The Lincolns raised mostly corn, and used it in every imaginable way. They raised some wheat, enough, it has been said, "for a cake on Sunday mornings." They also had hogs on their farm, and killed deer, for hog and venison hams were legal tender, as were coon skins. They had a few sheep and cattle, but these were kept mostly for their contributions to family comfort, rather than as a source of profit. They provided wool for clothing, butter and milk for the table.

One morning Nancy looked out the door and saw a wagon drive into the clearing. In it were the Sparrows—Elizabeth and Thomas, and Dennis Hanks. They had come from Kentucky to locate land, and were to stay with the Lincolns until they could do so. Then Nancy and Levi Hall came to join the little settlement. Life became less lonely with so many relatives near. They all worked hard, clearing land, planting crops, watching their labor rewarded, optimistic with the optimism of the frontier, looking toward economic and physical ease with the passing years.

The crops were scarcely ready for harvesting that autumn of 1818 when an epidemic of what was known as the

milksickness, or, in the dialect of the countryside, the milk-sick, swept over Pigeon Creek, killing many. The milk-sick was a mysterious disease which attacked both cattle and men, and was terrifying in its percentage of fatalities. It often terminated within three days, and settlers faced it with small hope of escape or of recovery.

Early in October the Sparrows and Halls died from the milk-sick. On the frontier a settler had to be physician, nurse, undertaker—in fact, to perform all the duties which accompanied sickness and death. Thomas, with the help of Dennis, sawed planks from logs, planed them, and made boxes to bury the dead. Little Abraham whittled pine-wood pegs, and he and Dennis held the planks while Thomas bored holes and stuck the whittled pegs through. Made by an experienced carpenter like Thomas, of planed boards, such coffins were good ones. Many frontiersmen were buried without this much attention. The bodies were carried to a cleared place in the woods and quietly let down in their graves. There was no preacher—no services.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln, standing at the edge of the little clearing as the men went about their work, could not have known how few were to be the remaining days of her own life. Probably she felt gratitude that her own household had been spared. A few days before she had visited a neighbor, an elderly woman, who said to her "Mrs. Lincoln, I am going to die . . ." But Nancy had reassured her, "You will live longer than I." Her words were a prophecy.

Nancy was sick for only a short while, and Sarah and Araham waited on her, while Thomas went about the work on the farm. She knew she could not recover, and told the children to "be good to one another," to love their kindred, and to worship God. It was all the philosophy she

had ever needed, and she thought all that any individual had to have.

On a golden October day, when the leaves were drifting down to make a coverlid for her bed, they buried Nancy near the deer run. The deer, gentle, shy, creatures, were the only animals of the wilderness that frontier women did not fear. When the snow came, they ran over her grave. Abraham, watching from the cabin door—for he could not look out without seeing the spot where his mother lay—sometimes saw them running in the moonlight, and felt comforted. It was lonely in the cabin, and in the great woods, and, although he knew his mother could neither see nor hear the creatures, yet he liked to think she lay where they came, rather than in some dark and silent place in what was still a lonely land.

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS

OF

DOLLY MADISON

WIFE OF JAMES MADISON, PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES

EDITED BY

HER GRAND-NIECE

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1886

1804 painting of Dolly Payne Todd Madison by Gilbert Stuart
Courtesy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS.

CHAPTER I.

In undertaking a little sketch of this nature, I am quite conscious that a relative has peculiar temptations to be partial, — a temper of mind which Mrs. Madison, in the great simplicity of her character, would most cordially have disliked; and therefore, though the skill may be wanting, the endeavor will be to give facts, anecdotes, and letters, as they were handed down by near relatives, privileged to live in her household and enjoy her confidence, suppressing nothing that could interest the many who admire and respect her memory. As those who have seen Mrs. Madison's features and heard her voice are becoming yearly fewer, the number who take an interest in bygone days, and the prominent men and women who fig-

ured in history and society, when our country was yet in its infancy, is rapidly increasing; indeed, our great-grandmothers and grandfathers shape themselves before our eyes, and assume new interest, as pictures of the life and influences of those early days are brought before us.

I propose to lay before the public a series of private letters, written, without the most remote idea of publication, by a woman to her nearest and dearest relations; and their value consists in the fact, capable of no misconception, that they furnish an exact transcript of the feelings of the writer, in times of no ordinary trial.

If it were possible to get at the expression of feelings by women in the heart of a community more frequently, recorded in a shape designed to be confidential, it would serve to present the surest and most unfailing idea of its general character.

Whether deliberating in the Senate, or fighting in the field, our strength against Great Britain was never that of numbers, nor of wealth, nor of genius; it drew its nourishment from a more potent source: from the sentiment that pervaded the

dwellings of the entire population. How much this sentiment did then, and does now, depend upon the character of our women will be too readily understood to require explanation.

The domestic hearth is the scene of the almost exclusive sway of women, and great as the influence thus exercised undoubtedly is, it escapes observation in such manner that history rarely takes much account of it. The maxims of religion, faith, hope, and charity, are instilled by them into the teachings of infancy, thus supplying the only high and pure motives of which mature manhood can, in its subsequent action, ever boast.

John Payne, the grandfather of Mrs. Madison, was an English gentleman of wealth and education, who emigrated to this country and settled on the James River, in the county of Goochland, Virginia. He married Anna Fleming, granddaughter of Sir Thomas Fleming, second son of the Earl of Wigton, of Scotland, and also an emigrant to the Colony, who landed at Jamestown and established himself in Kent County, where he lived until his death.

John Payne the second, the father of Mrs. Madison, left home at an early age to take charge of a plantation in North Carolina given him by his father. He there married Mary Coles, daughter of William Coles, a native of Enniscorthy, Ireland. Her mother, whose maiden name was Philpot, was an aunt of Virginia's orator, Patrick Henry.

The devout believer in the transmission of family qualities will be content with the inheritance of Dolly Madison from this mother and grandmother, both noted for their beauty and popularity. Mary Coles was a great belle, having many admirers, — among them the young Thomas Jefferson, whose promising talents were even then appreciated. In spite, however, of the persistency of friends, John Payne was the favored suitor, and shortly after his marriage purchased an estate in Hanover County, Virginia, within driving distance of Coles Hill, the residence of his father-in-law.

Towards the close of her life, Mrs. Madison frequently recalled the home of her childhood, dwelling upon the great black marble mantelpieces, supported by white

figures. The house was called Scotch-town because of the emigrants, and was surrounded by a number of small brick houses, attached to the main building, which was very large, having as many as twenty rooms on a floor.

John Payne was the father of six children, of whom the second is the subject of this memoir. Much might be said of unusual charms discovered by adoring parents during her infancy. Dorothy Payne first opened her eyes on this world, which she was destined so thoroughly to enjoy, on the 20th May, 1772, in North Carolina, where her parents were visiting; and was named Dorothy for her mother's aunt, Mrs. Patrick Henry.

Both father and mother were strict members of the "Society of Friends," and Dolly's childhood was passed quietly in their country home until she reached the age of twelve years. A favorite with all, she was the particular pet and companion of her grandmother, who often made her happy by surreptitious presents of old-fashioned jewelry, and not daring to wear them before her father and mother, she sewed them into a bag, which was tied

around her neck, and concealed beneath her little frock. Almost the first grief of her childhood was the loss of this precious bag, discovered in school, after a long ramble through the woods, during which the string must have become unfastened, scattering the treasure where days of searching proved of no avail.

The cultivation of the female mind at that time was regarded with utter indifference. It may have been that the example of Mrs. Hutchinson in the early Colony days had not yet effaced from the mind of the public a conviction of the danger that may attend the meddling of women with abstruse points of doctrine. And also it was the fashion to ridicule "learned women." The little country school to which Dolly Payne wended her way for the first twelve years was of the simplest description. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were all that was considered necessary, and though her educational advantages were greater after their removal to Philadelphia, her life until she married was rigidly simple and quiet, giving no scope for that intuitive tact and knowledge of character which was so conspicuous in after years.

Equipped with a white linen mask to keep every ray of sunshine from the complexion, a sun-bonnet sewed on her head every morning by her careful mother, and long gloves covering the hands and arms, one can see the prim little figure starting off for school, with books under her arm, and the dear but wicked baubles safely hidden beneath the severely plain Quaker dress.

CHAPTER II.

MR. PAYNE was one of the first of his sect in Virginia to become doubtful — and later conscientiously scrupulous — about the right of slavery. He was called a fanatic, but persisted in his views, selling his plantation and giving freedom to all the slaves. Several of the most devoted servants refused to go, and these he took with him to Philadelphia, whither he moved with his family in 1786, with but one aim in view — the better maintenance of his religious character. There he became an Elder, spoke with great effect at the "Meetings," and was called a Quaker preacher.

Though a strict and particular father, he was also a devoted one, bringing up his children in that religion which has utility for its basis, sending them to schools taught by his own sect, and himself giving them every attention at home. Ornaments and accomplishments were equally

forbidden by their religion; even a clock belonging to an unthinking member was shorn of its beautiful carving by a delegation from the "Meeting," as savoring too much "of the vanities," and in the same systematic way were all the little accomplishments cut off from the children.

Hospitable, generous, and believed to be very rich, as Mr. Payne was, his house became the resort of all needy Southerners, who often took advantage of his liberality. The transition from life on a plantation with many slaves, to town, together with a total ignorance of money matters, brought about an embarrassment in his affairs, and he determined to go into business, taking with him into partnership his eldest son, John, who had been traveling in Europe.

Much of his capital, however, was in Revolutionary money, and as that gradually depreciated in value, he failed, and his family found themselves much reduced in circumstances. This failure had a most depressing effect upon him, physically and mentally, and he never held up his head again, taking to his room, which he left only to be carried to his last resting-place.

All this while the pretty Dolly was

growing in grace and stature, winning hearts from old and young by the peculiar charm of manner for which she afterwards became noted. A tall, slight girl of nineteen, with a delicately oval face, and well-formed, if not perfect, features; a complexion dazzlingly fair, contrasted with very black hair; and blue eyes that gazed at you with much sweetness, beneath the modest little Quaker cap. Who knows what ideal the girl may have had, and why it was that when the good-looking John Todd, a promising young lawyer of means, and a member of the Society of Friends, proposed to her, the answer was that she "never meant to marry." Children at that time, however, were taught to obey their parents unquestioningly, and when Dolly was sent for, to the bedside of her father, and told that he wished her much to become the wife of John Todd, a young man who had shown him great kindness in his trouble, and of whom he had the highest opinion, there was nothing for it but to obey, which she did with the best possible grace, and was amply rewarded by seeing her father tranquil and happy during the few remaining months of his life, and by

the devotion of a husband who made the three short years of their married life all that could be wished.

In 1792 Lucy Payne, a younger sister of Mrs. Madison, married at fifteen George Steptoe Washington, nephew of General Washington, and then a resident of Jefferson County, Virginia, where he owned a large and valuable property, inherited from his father, Samuel Washington, a gay, fox-hunting squire, who thought much of his wives (of whom he had had five), and his horses and dogs. On the walls of Harewood, I believe, his portrait still hangs, in powdered wig, long coat, and lace ruffles, and by it the likeness of one of his wives, Anne Steptoe, also represented in the elaborate dress of the day, with cushioned hair and blue brocade. Here it was that Mr. Madison came to wed the pretty "Widow Todd."

On the 11th of September, 1793, Mr. Jefferson, then in Philadelphia, wrote to Mr. Morris: "An infectious and deadly fever has broken out in this place. The deaths under it, during the week before last, were about forty, the last week fifty, and this week I fear they will be two hun-

dred, so rapidly is it increasing. Every one is leaving the city who can. Colonel Hamilton has been ill, but on the road to recovery. The President, according to an arrangement made some time ago, left for Mt. Vernon yesterday. The Secretary of War is starting out on a visit to Boston. I shall go in a few days to Virginia. *When* we shall meet again may depend on the course of the malady, and on that may depend the date of my next letter."

Mrs. Todd, with her two children, one a baby of three weeks, was removed in a litter to Gray's Ferry, to avoid the epidemic. Her husband, however, could not be kept away from the infected city, and hurried back, arriving only in time to be present at the death-bed of his father and mother, both victims to the dreadful scourge of yellow fever.

Deaf to the tearful entreaties of his wife, Mr. Todd lingered on in Philadelphia to close his office and give assistance to the many friends needing help. When these duties were over, "he would never leave her again," he said. Alas! a vain boast. He returned to Gray's Ferry, and meeting his mother-in-law, Mrs. Payne, at the door,

said, "I feel the fever in my veins, but I must see *her* once more."

Dolly, on hearing his voice, rushed down stairs and threw herself into his arms, heedless of infection, begging to be allowed to go back to town with him.

A few hours afterwards that good, unselfish spirit breathed its last, and the young wife was brought almost to death's door by the fatal scourge.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER a slow recovery, during which time she lost her younger child, Mrs. Todd returned to Philadelphia with her mother and little boy, named after her father, John Payne. All danger of infection was over, but there were many sorrowing hearts, and none more so than this young widow's, bereft of husband and child within a few short days of each other. Still young, only twenty-two, very rich and very attractive, it is only natural that in course of time she should have many admirers ; and one of her friends, a bridesmaid at her wedding, said that "gentlemen would station themselves where they could see her pass," and sometimes she had remonstrated with her, laughingly, "really Dolly, thou must hide thy face, there are so many staring at thee."

It was during one of these walks that Mr. Madison saw Mrs. Todd for the first time, and was so struck with her appear-

ance that he did not rest until an introduction was procured.

Mrs. Lee also tells us of this first meeting, a few days afterwards, when she receives a hurried little note from Dolly, saying, "Dear friend, thou must come to me. Aaron Burr says that the 'great little Madison' has asked to be brought to see me this evening." She was dressed in a mulberry-colored satin, with a silk tulle kerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisitely dainty little cap, from which an occasional uncropped curl would escape. In this first interview, at her own house, she captured the heart of the recluse bookworm, Madison, — twenty years her senior, and always thought to be an irreclaimable old bachelor.

A report soon got about of their engagement; such unwonted attentions from Mr. Madison excited comment, and rumor was as active in those days as now.

It reached the Presidential mansion, where General and Mrs. Washington were much interested; and impatient to hear the truth, sent for Mrs. Todd, who all unconscious obeyed the summons at once.

"Dolly," said Mrs. Washington, "is it

true that you are engaged to James Madison?" The fair widow, taken aback, answered stammeringly, "No," she "thought not." "If it is so," Mrs. Washington continued, "do not be ashamed to confess it: rather be proud; he will make thee a good husband, and all the better for being so much older. We both approve of it; the esteem and friendship existing between Mr. Madison and my husband is very great, and we would wish thee to be happy." And thus the rumor grew to be an established fact, and in September, 1794, Mrs. Todd left Philadelphia to drive to Harewood, her sister's place in Virginia, where the wedding was to take place. Fortunately the weather was bright and beautiful, as the gay cavalcade were a week on their way: Mrs. Todd in an open barouche, accompanied by her sister, Anna, a child of twelve years, the little boy and a maid; Mr. Madison and several of their mutual friends driving or riding beside them.

A most delightful picture is given of this country wedding; friends and neighbors from far and near driving over. Frances Madison, Harriet Washington,

and many of the connection staying for days, keeping up a prolonged merry-making.

The girls, vying with each other in obtaining mementos of the evening, cut in bits the Mechlin lace from Mr. Madison's shirt ruffles; and amid a shower of rice, the laughing bride and groom drove off to Montpelier, his father's estate in Orange County, Virginia.

The close of the year, however, found them back in Philadelphia, where Mrs. Madison, laying aside the sober Quaker dress at her husband's desire, began for the first time to enjoy a little gay society, even going to Mrs. Washington's drawing-room, where she was warmly welcomed and congratulated.

Anna Payne, the little sister who had lived with Mrs. Madison from the time of her first marriage, grew up like a daughter of the house, and shared the responsibilities and pleasures until she married in 1804.

Some bright letters have come into my hands, written by one of their intimate friends, Sally McKean, the daughter of Governor McKean, and afterwards wife of

the Marquis d'Yrujo, the Minister from Spain in 1796. She was handsome, gay, and independent, and the following letters give a graphic description of Philadelphia society and fashions about that time.

TO ANNA PAYNE.

PHILADELPHIA, *June* 10, 1796.

MY DEAR ANNA, — Yours, dated the 19th of May, was handed to me the day before yesterday by one Mr. Grove, who . . .

And now, my dear Anna, we will have done with judges and juries, courts, both martial and partial, and we will speak a little about Philadelphia and the fashions, the beaux, Congress, and the weather. Do I not make a fine jumble of them? What would Harper or beau Dawson say were they to know it, ha, ha, — mind you laugh here with me. Philadelphia never was known to be so lively at this season as at present; for an accurate account of the amusements, I refer you to my letter to your sister Mary. I went yesterday to see a doll, which has come from England, dressed to show us the fashions, and I saw besides a great quantity of millinery. Very

long trains are worn, and they are festooned up with loops of bobbin, and small covered buttons, the same as the dress: you are not confined to any number of festoons, but put them according to your fancy, and you cannot conceive what a beautiful effect it has. There is also a robe which is plaited very far back, open and ruffled down the sides, without a train, being even with the petticoat. The hats are quite a different shape from what they used to be: they have no slope in the crown, scarce any rim, and are turned up at each side, and worn very much on the side of the head. Several of them are made of chipped wood, commonly known as cane hats; they are all lined: one that has come for Mrs. Bingham is lined with white, and trimmed with broad purple ribbon, put round in large puffs, with a bow on the left side. The bonnets are all open on the top, through which the hair is passed, either up or down as you fancy, but latterly they wear it more up than down; it is quite out of fashion to frizz or curl the hair, as it is worn perfectly straight. Earrings, too, are very fashionable. The waists are worn two inches longer than

they used to be, and there is no such thing as long sleeves. They are worn half way above the elbow, either drawn or plaited in various ways, according to fancy; they do not wear ruffles at all, and as for elbows, Anna, ours would be alabaster, compared to some of the ladies who follow the fashion; black or a colored ribbon is pinned round the bare arm, between the elbow and the sleeve. There have come some new-fashioned slippers for ladies, made of various colored kid or morocco, with small silver clasps sewed on; they are very handsome, and make the feet look remarkably small and neat. Everybody thinks the millinery last received the most tasty seen for a long time.

All our beaux are well; the amiable Chevalier is perfectly recovered, and handsomer than ever. I mentioned to him last evening that I had received a letter from you, and that you desired to be remembered to him; he seemed much pleased at your attention, and desired that I should give his best love to you when I wrote; so did Fatio and good Mr. Viar: so you see, my dear Anna, I do keep my promise, tho' you scold me so much. Mind that

you write me a long answer to this, and that very soon.

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

SALLY MCKEAN.

TO ANNA PAYNE.

PHILADELPHIA, *September* 3, 1796.

MY DEAR ANNA, — I received yours by Mr. Taylor — and duly delivered its inclosure. You can have no idea, my dear girl, what pleasant times I have; there is the charming Chevalier, the divine Santana, the jolly Viar, the witty and agreeable Fatio, the black-eyed Lord Henry, the soft, love-making Count, the giggling, foolish ——, and sometimes the modest, good Meclare, who are at our house every day. We have fine riding-parties and musical frolics. However, I will refer you to my letter to your sister Madison, as I am tired of writing, this being my third letter to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Jandenes set sail about the middle of July, with the two dear little children in good health and remarkably fine spirits. I am to have a large packet of papers from them as soon as they arrive in Spain, telling me all the news, and also a very elegant Spanish guitar, on

which I intend to learn to play. Signor Don Carlos has given me a few lessons on that instrument. I have one at present, lent me by Santana, and we have a famous Italian singer, who came with the Minister, who can play on any instrument, and is moreover the drollest creature you ever saw. He sings divinely, and is the leader of our fine concerts. I am serenaded every night with divine music. I must say divine, for it is so much above the common music.

I long with the greatest impatience for the month of October, that I may have the pleasure of embracing my dear Anna; for Heaven's sake make as much haste to town as you can, for we are to have one of the most charming winters imaginable. Santana and Fatio send their compliments to you, and Meclare told me to be sure to give his best and most sincere love to you; he looks quite handsome, and is smarter than ever. God bless you, my dearest, and believe me to be your sincere friend and admirer, SALLY MCKEAN.

About this time Mr. Madison writes to an old friend and schoolmate, Mr. Murray,

of Virginia, who was then Consul at Liverpool, which post he held for more than thirty years.

TO MR. MURRAY.

PHILADELPHIA, *January*, 18, 1797.

DEAR SIR, — Mr. Mason and myself lately received your packets of London papers by the "Alexander Hamilton," which were very acceptable, as they brought us the earliest accounts of some of the important articles contained in them. I send in return several packets by Captain Joseph Prince, who is to sail from New York, and to whom I cannot conveniently transmit anything of a more bulky nature. Captain Prince is a brother-in-law of Mr. Beckley, clerk of the House of Representatives, and formerly known to you in Virginia. He will be very sensible to any kindness it may be in your power to show his friend; and they will have a proper claim on his acknowledgments also.

This country is extremely agitated by pecuniary distresses, and the mercantile troubles which begin to thicken. The unfortunate Treaty intended to appease the nation is bringing us into trouble with

several. You will see that the House of Representatives is engaged on the question of a direct tax. The result is a problem not yet to be solved. It is expected that the Executive will communicate in a few days a full statement of the controversy with France.

After a warm contest for the succession to General Washington, the vacancy will be filled by Mr. Adams. He has seventy-one votes, and Mr. Jefferson only sixty-eight. The division would be more, but for the failure of one of the returns from a county in this State in time to be counted, and other casualties in other States had a share in favoring Mr. Adams. Mr. Jefferson, it is now well known, will serve in the secondary place allotted to him.

This being the last session of Congress of which I shall be a member, I must, at the same time that I return you thanks for all your past favors, request that your future ones be addressed to Orange County, Virginia, and that they may not be sent on the calculation that I shall get them free of postage.

With great esteem, I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES MADISON, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

In the year 1799, Mrs. Madison, accompanied by her husband, made her last visit to her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Winston, who lived near her old home in Hanover County, Virginia. Colonel Isaac Winston was a man of cultivation and sound judgment, whom Mr. Madison regarded with the highest respect, and one of the few to whom he would yield his opinion. We find by letters received at different times much good advice given by this quiet country gentleman, — advice that was valued and acted upon.

A visit of condolence was also paid to Mrs. Washington at Mt. Vernon, by Mr. and Mrs. Madison, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson, after General Washington's death. Here it was that the intimacy began between Mrs. Madison and Miss Henley, a favorite niece and ward of Mrs. Washington, afterwards Mrs. Tobias Lear.

In 1801, Mr. Jefferson was elected Pres-

ident, Mr. Madison became Secretary of State, Albert Gallatin succeeded Mr. Dexter in the portfolio of the Treasury, and Mr. Dearborn was made Secretary of War. The other members of the Cabinet remained unchanged for a year or more. Happy and handsome, Mrs. Madison came on to Washington prepared to do her best with the duties and responsibilities before her. The position was in perfect accordance with her disposition. She was humble-minded, tolerant, and sincere, but with a desire to please, and a willingness to be pleased, which made her popular, and always a great friend and support to her husband. The power of adaptation was a life-giving principle in her nature, while an unusually retentive memory prevented her from ever forgetting either names, faces, or the slightest incident connected with the personal history of any one. Washington at that time was almost a wilderness. The houses were few and far between, while the streets, or rather roads, were at times almost impassable from mud. There was, however, a small and agreeable resident society in the three District cities, Alexandria, Washington, and Georgetown,

where the entertainments began at seven o'clock and lasted until ten.

In those days, when steamboats were just beginning, railroads unknown, stage-coaches ingeniously uncomfortable, and even turnpike roads rare, journeys were made either on horseback, or in a private conveyance. The daughter of a Senator, who wished to enjoy the gayeties of the capital, accompanied her father five hundred miles on horseback. The wife of a member of Congress, being equally ambitious, rode fifteen hundred miles on horseback, passing through several Indian encampments on the way, and was for many nights without a house to lodge in. Mrs. Madison herself had traveled from her Virginia home by easy stages, incumbered with household furniture, occupying what seems to us in these days an incredible length of time.

Mr. Jefferson's two daughters being married and living in Virginia, Mrs. Madison, aided by her sister, usually presided at the White House, and was much depended upon, as a few of the many little notes received at various times will show :—

May 27, 1801.

Thomas Jefferson begs that either Mrs. Madison or Miss Payne will be so good as to dine with him to-day, to take care of female friends expected.

June 4, 1801.

Thomas Jefferson was much disappointed at breakfast this morning, not having until then known of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Madison and Miss Payne; he hopes they will come and dine to-day with the Miss Butters, who were assured they would meet them here, and to-morrow with Mrs. Gallatin and Mrs. Mason. Affectionate salutations.

July 10, 1805.

Thomas Jefferson presents his respectful thanks to Mrs. Madison for the trouble she has been so kind as to take on his behalf. Nothing more is wanting, unless (having forgotten little Virginia) a sash or something of that kind could be picked up anywhere for her. The amount, and the person from whom the earrings and pin were bought, Thomas Jefferson would also ask of Mrs. Madison. He presents his affectionate salutations.

Martha Jefferson, who married Mr. Randolph was able to pay two visits only to her father during his administration. She would have been particularly fitted to do the honors of the White House, having accompanied her father to Paris, when a child, where she was placed under the care of Madame de Genlis, and received a most thorough education, enjoying afterwards a glimpse of the brilliant French society just before the Revolution. She and Mrs. Madison became firm friends, and from being much together during her visits to Washington were sometimes taken for each other. On one occasion, having been induced to put on "a pelisse and hat to correspond" belonging to her friend, she made a number of visits to comparative strangers, announced invariably as Mrs. Madison.

Maria Jefferson, the youngest daughter, was very beautiful, but delicate; she married Mr. Eppes, of Virginia, and died while her father was President.

The following are the rules of etiquette formed and followed conscientiously by the President and his Cabinet: —

CANONS OF ETIQUETTE TO BE OBSERVED BY THE EXECUTIVE.

By President Jefferson.

1st. Foreign Ministers arriving at the seat of government pay the first visit to the ministers of the nation, which is returned; and so likewise on subsequent occasions of reassembling after a recess.

2d. The families of foreign Ministers receive the first visit from those of the national Ministers, as from all other residents, and as all strangers, foreign or domestic, do from all residents of the place.

3d. After the first visit the character of stranger ceases.

4th. Among the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Executive Government, in its own principles of personal and national equality, considers every Minister as the representative of his nation, and equal to every other without distinction of grade.

5th. No titles being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence.

6th. Our Ministers to foreign nations are as private citizens while here.

7th. At any public ceremony to which the Government invites the presence of foreign Ministers and their families, no

precedence or privilege will be given them other than the provision of a convenient seat or station with any other stranger invited, and with the families of the National Ministers.

8th. At dinners, in public or private, and on all other occasions of social intercourse, a perfect equality exists between the persons composing the company, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office.

9th. To give force to the principle of equality, or *pêle mêle*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the Executive, at their own houses, will adhere to the ancient usage of their ancestors, — gentlemen *en masse* giving place to the ladies *en masse*.

10th. The President of the United States receives visits, but does not return them.

11th. The family of the President receives the first visit and returns it.

12th. The President and his family take precedence everywhere, in public, or private.

13th. The President when in any State receives the first visit from the Governor and returns it.

14th. The Governor in his State receives the first visit from a foreign Minister.

The next two or three years passed smoothly and pleasantly to Mr. and Mrs. Madison; he, absorbed in his work, and always a great reader, left all social duties to her, and we get glimpses of their many entertainments through her letters.

When the first Turkish Minister, Méléy Méléy, arrived in Washington a grand ball was given in his honor, to which the beauty and fashion of the town flocked, curious to see his elaborate dress, and turban made of plaster of Paris, representing the finest muslin. He, however, showed perfect indifference to the open admiration about him, until spying a large, fat negress on her way from the kitchen, he rushed to her, and with much enthusiasm threw his arms around her, saying she reminded him of home and his best and most expensive wife, "A load for a camel."

TO MRS. GENERAL MASON.

I am obliged, my charming friend, to announce to you the disappointment in my

hopes of attending your agreeable party to Alexandria, as some imperative domestic engagements forbid (to me) such an indulgence, — I know you will be good enough to make my apology to Madame Buonaparte, and if my sister can contribute to your pleasant excursion, she will go with great cheerfulness.

With affectionate salutations to the ladies of your house, believe me,

Truly yours, D. P. MADISON.

In February, 1803, Captain Lewis and Captain Clark were sent by Mr. Jefferson to explore the Missouri River, and discover the best communication with the Pacific Ocean. The ladies of the Cabinet, particularly Mrs. Madison, were most interested and sympathetic, providing everything that could possibly be needed in such a perilous journey, fearing they might never return from the distant land of savages.

Mr. Jefferson writes to his friend, Dr. Barton, of Philadelphia, of this interesting expedition: —

It was impossible to find a man who, to a complete science in Botany, Natural

History, Mineralogy, and Astronomy, joined the firmness of constitution and character, prudence, habits adapted to the woods, and familiarity with the Indian manners and habits requisite for this undertaking.

All the latter qualifications Lewis has; although no real botanist, etc., he possesses a remarkable store of accurate information on all subjects of the three kingdoms, and will therefore readily single out whatever presents itself new to him in either, and he has qualified himself for taking the longitude and latitude necessary to fix the geography of the line he passes through. In order to draw his attention at once to the objects most desirable, I must ask of you to prepare for him a note of those in the lines of Botany, Zoölogy, or of Indian history which you think most worthy of observation.

Sincerely your friend,

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

In the same year Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, came to Washington, and was very cordially received. It became the fashion to have a "Stuart por-

trait," and his time was soon very fully taken up. A friend writes to Mrs. Madison, who was away temporarily : " I can tell you nothing new. Stuart is all the rage, he is almost worked to death, and every one afraid that they will be the last to be finished." He says, " The ladies come and say, *dear* Mr. Stuart I am afraid you will be very much tired ; you really must rest when my picture is done."

His great success seemed to lie in his power to interest and amuse the sitters so that they forgot themselves, and appeared simply and naturally. Both Mr. and Mrs. Madison were painted with very favorable results.

CHAPTER V.

In 1804, Mrs. Madison writes: "One of the greatest griefs of my life has come to me, in the parting for the first time from my sister-child."

This favorite sister, the little Anna, who had been her constant companion always, married Richard Cutts, a member of Congress from the District of Maine, then constituting a part of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. A clever, well-educated man, having studied both at Harvard University and in Europe, he was chosen to represent his district at the age of twenty-eight, and remained through six successive Congresses. He was taken immediately into the warm heart of his sister-in-law, and the wedding was a scene of great gayety, forming an irresistible opportunity for Mrs. Madison to give pleasure to everybody. The wedding-presents of eighty years ago differed from the present gorgeous display of jewels, bric-a-brac, etc.,

inasmuch as they were tokens of love or friendship made by the hand of the friend, elaborate embroideries from sleeves to pincushions, paintings and original poetry; the wife of the Russian Minister, Madame Dashcoff, sent the usual wedding present of her country — two wine-coolers, one filled with salt, the essence of life, and the other with bread, the staff of life. Parson McCormick performed the ceremony. He had charge of the only church in Washington at that time, a church at the Navy Yard, to which the President and Cabinet were obliged to drive two or three miles through muddy roads to attend service. To avoid this he very often preached in the Hall of the State or Treasury Department.

TO ANNA CUTTS.

April 26, 1804.

Though few are the days passed since you left me, my dearest Anna, they have been spent in anxious impatience to hear from you. Your letter from Baltimore relieved my mind, and the one from Philadelphia this hour received gives me the greatest pleasure. To trace you and your

dear husband in that regretted city, where we have spent our early years, to find that even there you can recollect with affection the solitary being you have left behind, reflects a ray of brightness on my sombre prospects. I will now give you a little sketch of our times here. I shut myself up from the time you entered the stage until Saturday, when we went to drive in the rain with Marshall Brent. All our acquaintance called in to see me on the different mornings. Those few whom I saw seemed to sympathize with me in your loss!!! I drank tea with the Fingeys and Mrs. Forest, the amount of visits accomplished. A letter from the President announces the death of poor Maria, and the consequent misery it has occasioned them all. This is among the many proofs, my dear sister, of the uncertainty of life. A girl so young, so lovely! All the efforts of friends and doctors availed nothing. I am delighted with the kind attention you meet from our old acquaintance, and have no doubt but that you will have a grateful welcome in all the places you are destined to visit. Remember me to the McKeans, and to Sally say a great deal, for I feel a

tenderness for her and her husband, independent of circumstances.

Your devoted sister, DOLLY.

TO MRS. MADISON FROM HER SISTER.

BOSTON, *May*, 1804.

MY DEAREST DOLLY, — How I miss you it would not be possible to say. The town of Boston is all confusion, no regularity anywhere, and after Philadelphia and New York it seemed as if I should be stifled; the situations and prospects outside of the town are delightful, but you have heard from others, more capable of describing it. We have very pleasant lodgings, and for my companion the famous Madame Knox, who although very haughty I find pleasant and sensible. Chess is now her mania, which she plays extremely well, only too often for my fancy, who am not of late so partial to it. Every morning after breakfast, there is a summons from her ladyship, which if I attend pins me to her apron-string until time to dress for dinner, after which she retires, again inviting me to battle. Out of twenty-one games, in only two, and a drawn game, has she shown me any mercy; she is certainly

the most successful player I ever encountered. Thursday we dined at the Mortons', an extremely pleasant place, the house and grounds quite tasteful. Mrs. Morton strikes one most at home, believe me, and had I her establishment would never quit it for anything in Washington. She has four fine daughters, all women, and two of them very pretty. They gave us a handsome dinner and a pleasant party, with a dash at Loo in the evening, to please Mrs. Knox, I suppose. The Federal party in Boston prevails, — however, in spite of my connections, I find much civility among them. Always, my dearly beloved sister, much love, in which my husband joins me.

Yours devotedly, ANNA.

This Mrs. Knox who was so fond of chess was the wife of Washington's favorite general, and the owner of one of the handsomest places in Maine, at Thomaston; of which Mrs. Madison's sister writes to her: "We have not yet made our visit to General Knox, though we have received many pressing invitations to hasten to do so. It is more than an hundred miles from us, and I have an antipathy to make such

an addition to my journey, notwithstanding my desire to see the country, and most of all their princely establishment, which is the wonder of the eastern world."

Mrs. Knox's mother was engaged at one time to the son of Sir William Pepperell, and great preparations were made for the wedding. A house was built and furnished — everything was done that money and love could do to smooth the way of the happy young couple. At the wedding, however, standing before the clergyman, in the midst of a gay party of friends, the bride suddenly changed her mind and walked up stairs, saying she had decided not to marry. Two days after this the bridegroom dropped dead in the street.

TO ANNA.

WASHINGTON, *June*, 1804.

MY DEAREST ANNA, — How delighted I should be to accompany you to all the charming places you mentioned, to see all the kind people, and to play Loo with Mrs. Knox. Mr. Madison would write, but is overwhelmed with business. The British, French, and Spanish infringements are all under his pen; he expects General A.

every day, who is to succeed Mr. Livingstone, to receive his instructions. He always sends his affectionate love. Mount Vernon has been set on fire five different times, and it is suspected some malicious persons are determined to reduce it to ashes. Oh, the wickedness of men and women! I am afraid to accept their invitations.

WASHINGTON, *July* 16, 1804.

MY DEAREST ANNA,—Yours from Maine reached me yesterday, and I need not say how delighted I am at your description of places and persons, and at the knowledge of your felicity. We go to Montpelier this week. Payne continues weak and sick; and my prospects rise and fall to sadness as this precious child recovers or declines. You have heard, no doubt, of the terrible duel and death of poor Hamilton. I sent the President word of your offer to get the glass, etc.

TO MRS. ISAAC WINSTON.

April 9, 1804.

I consider myself a most unlucky being, my dearest aunt, in regard to my letters to you, for you certainly cannot have received my two last or you would have alluded to them in yours, which we have this moment received. What must my dear uncle think of me! but I will now take the opportunity to scold you for not knowing my heart better, which has always been open to you,—you speak to me in apologies for my Cousin Dolly's stay, when I have considered it as a favor, and a very great pleasure, only wishing we could live together all our lives. We hope and expect to go to you in May. Public business, perhaps, was never thicker. I have just received a long letter from mamma, who is quite well, and I pray that your fears may not be realized, my dear aunt, but that you may yet spend a great deal of time together in this life. I should be miserable, indeed, if I did not feel such a conviction. I am taking care of my best prunes and figs for you. Tell dear uncle I am ashamed to speak to him, but he will

see by this that it was not my fault. Farewell, dearest aunt, I have nothing new to tell you as you must know all about Burr.

Ever your devoted, DOLLY.

Missing the companionship of her sister and craving sympathy and love always, Mrs. Madison persuaded her Cousin, Dolly Winston, to live with her for a time, and later on Anna Payne, her brother's child, took her place, and became like a daughter in her old age, remaining with her until her death. In the years when the kind, unselfish old lady found herself too weak to wield a pen, she begged her niece to copy her handwriting, not to disappoint the many who valued little notes from her, which she did so successfully that the harmless subterfuge was never discovered.

In the spring of 1804 Baron Humboldt came to Washington, and Mrs. Madison writes of his attractiveness to the absent sister, whom she kept informed of everything she was doing and thinking: —

We spent last evening at Mr. Pichon's. Our city is now almost deserted, and will be more so in a week or two. Dr. and Mrs. T. sat yesterday for the last time to Stuart. He has now nearly finished all his portraits, and says he means to go directly to Boston, but that is what he has said these two years; being a man of genius, he of course does things differently from other people. I hope he will be here next winter, as he has bought a square to build a "Temple" upon. Where will you celebrate the Fourth of July, my dear sister? We are to have grand doings here. Mr. Van Ness is to deliver an oration, Mr. L. says, in the woods, and the ladies are to be permitted to partake of the mirth. We have lately had a great treat in the company of a charming Prussian Baron. All the ladies say they are in love with him, notwithstanding his want of personal charms. He is the most polite, modest, well-informed, and interesting traveller we have ever met, and is much pleased with America. I hope one day you will become acquainted with our charming Baron Hum-

boldt. He sails in a few days for France with his companions, and is going to publish an account of his travels in South America, where he lived five years; proposing to return here again. He had with him a train of philosophers, who, though clever and entertaining, did not compare to the Baron.

TO ANNA.

May 22, 1804.

I am always rejoiced to hear from you, dearest Anna, and glad you have recovered my letters. There is so much I could tell you about these new French people, things that could not fail to divert you, but I must forbear, and am learning to hold my tongue well. Madame —— shows me everything she has, and would fain give me of everything. She decorates herself according to the French ideas, and urges me to do the same. She is very anxious to see my "belle soeur," as she styles you, and oh! Anna, I'm dying to come to your country; if I could only be with you how glad I should be.

TO ANNA.

MONTPELIER, *June* 3, 1804.

I have received all your letters, my dearest Anna, one from Boston, in which my dear brother adds his mite of amusement for Madison and myself, with one from your own house. I rejoice more in the last; the former frightened me a little, but we hope from the public prints that we shall not be quite outdone by the Federalists this time. We are still in Orange, and shall not leave it before the 9th or 10th. I have been very ill since I wrote last, with inflammatory rheumatism; never had I more extreme pain in sickness. Dr. Willis bled me, and Mother Madison nursed, and waited upon me with great attention and kindness. We have had a continual round of company, which has been burdensome, though I 've had no trouble with it; the day I was most ill, fifteen or twenty of the family and connection dined here, and I did not quit my bed, or know anything about them. I have a long letter from the Marchioness d'Yrujo, who speaks of you like a good friend. Ah! my dear, you little know the triumph

I feel when I hear of you and your beloved husband in the way that so many speak of you! If Payne was a man, married, and gone from me, I could not feel more sensibly everything that regarded him than I do for you both. Stuart has taken an admirable likeness of Mr. Madison; both his and mine are finished.

Devotedly yours,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

CHAPTER VI.

ALWAYS amiable and conciliatory in dealing with friends or slaves, Mrs. Madison's popularity grew day by day. Her politeness was that which comes from the heart, and cannot be imitated by those who have not the love and sympathy ready to be called forth at all times.

She complains of being "put forward by Mr. Jefferson," to her sister Anna (who spent a part of every year in Maine), and describes a state dinner at the "White House" to which many of the Diplomats were invited, when, to her surprise, the President stepped forward and offered her his arm, as the wife of the Secretary of State; she demurred, and whispered, "Take Mrs. Merry" (the wife of the British Minister); but firmly refusing, she was obliged then and always, during his administration, to take the head of the table. Mrs. Merry, feeling deeply insulted, seized her husband's arm, and walked in behind them;

afterwards they complained to their government of bad treatment, and were recalled.

She used to tell a little anecdote of herself, at the time when delegations of Indians were brought to Washington on one plea or another, and entertained by the Cabinet. After a supper given to some of these red men by the Secretary of State, Mrs. Madison, on the point of retiring, happened to look in her mirror, and saw there the reflection of an Indian in all his war paint, behind the door; taking care not to catch his eye, she paused a moment to avoid suspicion, then walking quietly into the other room, rang the bell, and returned to her toilet. The bell was answered by a tall negro, who, with her help, gently persuaded the astonished man that he had made a mistake.

In 1805 Mrs. Madison injured her knee, which, on being neglected, threatened to prove a serious accident, and she writes despondingly of recovery.

WASHINGTON, *June* 4, 1805.

MY DEAREST ANNA, — I write to you from my bed, to which I have been con-

fined for ten days with a bad knee; it has become very painful, and two doctors have applied caustic with the hope of getting me well, but Heaven only knows! I feel as if I should never walk again. My dear husband insists upon taking me to Philadelphia to be under Dr. Physic's care, but he cannot stay with me, and I dread the separation.

Yesterday we had brother George, Thornton, and Lawrence Washington to spend the day, and I enjoyed the sound of Virginia hilarity echoing through the house; George coughs incessantly, looks thin and hoarse, but has no idea of dying. Since I wrote you two days past, I have heard sad things of Tourreau, — that he whips his wife, and abuses her dreadfully; I pity her sincerely; she is an amiable, sensible woman. A letter from Mount Vernon begging me to come there, but alas! I shall walk no more.

Yours ever, DOLLY.

General Tourreau was Minister from France under the reign of Égalité, and his career seems to have been one characteristic of that period. Of obscure birth, but

handsome and clever, he made his way up, and became an aide to Napoleon Bonaparte.

In the rapid changes of popular favor, he, who had shown nothing but extreme cruelty when in power, was condemned to death, and his door marked with the fatal guide to the bloody guillotiners. A servant-girl employed about the jail, taking a rude interest in the handsome gentleman, rubbed out the mark and so saved his life, in return for which he married her; the alliance, of course, proved to be a most unhappy one, ending in a separation at the time he was representing his country in Washington.

TO ANNA.

WASHINGTON, *July* 8, 1805.

Still, my dear Anna, must your sister write to you from the bed. My knee will keep me in Washington longer, I fear, than will be conducive to our health or interest. I have nothing new to tell you, for the town is dull and vacant. The President goes in a week, and we were all to go about the same time, but for the reason given. I feel now very impatient to be in Montpelier, and have confidence in

the change of air, though this place seems to be healthy, if terribly warm and dry. I had a long friendly note from the President yesterday, begging me to get Virginia's (his granddaughter) wedding garments, also trinkets and dresses for all the family. I shall drive to the shops, but am not able to alight; and so little variety in Georgetown; but I must do my best for them, and have promised to be at the wedding, if possible, the last of this month. But I have scarcely a wish, and no expectation of going. How I should rejoice to be with you, dear Anna, though I could not have the pleasure of playing nurse to you now, as I never leave my room but to drive. The Fourth of July I spent at the President's, sitting quite still, and amusing myself with the mob. Farewell.

Your own sister, DOLLY.

TO ANNA.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 29, 1805.

If my beloved sister has received my last from Washington, she will be unhappy to find that I was obliged to take this journey in such dangerously hot weather, but it proved not unpleasant, for I was easier

riding than in any other position. My health and spirits revived every day with the drive, and here I am on my bed, with my dear husband sitting anxiously by me, who is my most willing nurse. But you know how delicate he is. I tremble for him; one night on the way he was taken very ill with his old complaint, and I could not fly to aid him as I used to do. Heaven in its mercy restored him next morning, and he would not pause until he heard my fate from Doctor Physic.

Your devoted sister, DOLLY.

TO ANNA.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 31, 1805.

MY DEAR SISTER, — We are in excellent lodgings on Sansom Street, and I feel like another being. Dr. Physic has put my knee in splints and promises me a cure in time. I have the world to see me, and many invitations to the houses of the gentry, but withstand all, to be at ease here. I have not seen where I am, yet, and the longer I stay, the less do the vanities tempt me, though, as you know, I usually like the routs all too well. You ask who is kindest to me here, and I can

tell you that, among a number, Betsey Pemberton bears off the palm. Never can I forget Betsey, who has been to me what you would have been. I have had a lecture from S. L. on seeing too much company, and it brought to my mind the time when our society used to control me entirely, and debar me from so many advantages and pleasures; even now, I feel my ancient terror revive in a great degree. Madison is well, though besieged with callers; he sends his love to you both, as I do.

Ever your devoted DOLLY.

Dr. Physic, an eminent physician in Philadelphia, having promised to cure the lame knee, Mr. Madison, with great reluctance, left her and returned to Washington, to his official duties; from there he writes frequently of his loneliness and anxiety. This, almost the first separation since their marriage, seems to have been great pain, too, to Mrs. Madison, and she writes full of anxiety for his health, after the long weary drive from Philadelphia to Washington, albeit he was put under the care of their faithful attendant, "black Peter."

TO MR. MADISON.

PHILADELPHIA, *October* 23, 1805.

A few hours only have passed since you left me, my beloved, and I find nothing can relieve the oppression of my mind but speaking to you, in this, the only way. Dr. Physic called before you had gone far, but I could only find voice to tell him my knee felt better. Betsey Pemberton and Amy (her maid) are sitting by me, and seem to respect the grief they know I feel at even so short a separation from one who is all to me. I shall be better when Peter returns with news, not that any length of time could lessen my first regret, but an assurance that you are well and easy will contribute to make me so. I have sent the books and note to Mrs. D. Betsey puts on your hat to divert me, but I cannot look at her.

October 24. — What a sad day! The watchman announced a cloudy morning at one o'clock, and from that moment I found myself unable to sleep, from anxiety for thee, my dearest husband. Detention, cold, and accident seem to menace thee. Betsey, who lay beside me, admin-

istered several drops of laudanum, which had a partial effect. Every one is most kind and attentive.

October 25. — This clear, cold morning will favor your journey, and enliven the feelings of my darling. I have nothing new to tell you. The knee is mending, and I sit just as you left me. The doctor, during his short visits, talks of you. He regards you more than any man he knows, and nothing could please him so much as a prospect of passing his life near you; sentiments so congenial to my own, and in such cases, like dew-drops on flowers, exhilarate as they fall. The Governor, I hear, has arrived, and is elated with his good fortune. General Moreau is expected in town very shortly, to partake of a grand dinner the citizens are about to give him. Adieu, my beloved, our hearts understand each other. In fond affection thine,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO MR. MADISON.

PHILADELPHIA, *October* 26, 1805.

MY DEAREST HUSBAND, — Peter returned safe with your dear letter, and cheered me with a favorable account of

the prospects of your getting home in the stage. I was sorry you could not ride further in our carriage, as it might have spared you fatigue.

In my dreams of last night, I saw you in your chamber, unable to move, from riding so far and so fast. I pray that an early letter from you may chase away the painful impression of this vision. I am still improving, and shall observe strictly what you say on the subject of the doctor's precepts.

October 28. — I have this moment received the letters you inclosed from Washington. I rejoice to hear you are there, and shall await the next post with impatience ; by that, you will speak of yourself. The Marquis and Marchioness came to see me yesterday, with many other friends. I am getting well as fast as I can, for I have the reward in view of then seeing my beloved. Tell me if Mrs. Randolph is expected, and all the news you shall have time and patience to give me. I have written you every day since we parted, but am so shut up that I can say nothing to amuse ; when I begin to drive out, I hope to become a more interesting

correspondent. Did you see the Bishop, or engage a place at school for Payne? Farewell, until to-morrow, my best friend; think of thy wife, who thinks and dreams of thee. DOLLY.

TO MR. MADISON.

PHILADELPHIA, *October* 30, 1805.

I have at this moment perused with delight thy letter, my darling husband, with its inclosures. To find you love me, have my child safe, and that my mother is well, seems to comprise all my happiness. The doctor has ordered me some drops, which I take dutifully. I walk about the room, and hope a few days more will enable me to ride, so that you may expect me to fly to you as soon — ah! I wish I might say how soon. Madame Pichon writes me an affectionate letter, and begs me to accept a pair of ear-rings for her sake. You no doubt have them, as they are not with the letter. I am punctual in delivering to Betsey all your commands, and she insists on adding a postscript to this which I am not to see. I have also a letter from the President, asking me to procure several articles for Mrs. Randolph, which I shall

soon be able to do, by driving to the shop doors. There have been many callers to-day, and pressing invitations. It is now past nine o'clock, and I cease to write, only to dream of thee. Tell Mrs. Thornton I am having the model of a bonnet made for her; the new ones are just coming in. Write soon to thy devoted

DOLLY.

TO MR. MADISON.

PHILADELPHIA, *November* 1, 1805.

I have great pleasure, my beloved, in repeating to you what the doctor has just told me — that I may reasonably hope to leave this place in a fortnight; I am so impatient to be restored to you. I wish you would indulge me with some information respecting the war with Spain, and the disagreement with England, which is so generally expected. You know I am not much of a politician, but I am extremely anxious to hear (as far as you think proper) what is going forward in the Cabinet. On this subject, I believe you would not desire your wife to be the active partisan that our neighbor is, Mrs. L., nor will there be the slightest danger,

while she is conscious of her want of talents, and the diffidence in expressing those opinions, always imperfectly understood by her sex. Kiss my child for me, and remember me to my friends. Adieu, my dear husband. Peter brings me no letter from you, which really unfits me from writing more to any one.

Your ever affectionate DOLLY.

TO MR. MADISON.

PHILADELPHIA, *November* 15, 1805.

MY DARLING HUSBAND, — I have just parted from Colonel Patton, who is well pleased with the payment of the horses, and congratulated me on possessing such a handsome pair. I went to pay some visits this morning, and on my return found Anthony Morris waiting, with a petition from his wife that I would let him wait upon me to her house for some days; but am too fearful of taxing my strength, much as I love these old and dear friends. I see that Jackson's paper has announced the declaration of war from Spain against us, and that the Marquis d'Yrujo has requested his passport. He was here with other company last evening. Mrs. Stewart

inquired if this was true, and he became terribly angry. Thureau is ill, but goes abroad too. The impression of him in Philadelphia is a sad one; he is remembered as the cruel commander at La Vendée, and the fighting husband. I am about to put up the articles for the President, and will inclose a note for you, too.

November 17. — Anna and her husband arrived last evening, my beloved, and so pleased and agitated was I, that I could not sleep. We will leave on Monday, if I am quite strong enough; but I will wait your commands. Farewell, my beloved one. DOLLY.

Having entirely recovered from all trouble with her knee, Mrs. Madison, to her great joy, joined her husband and child in Washington. From there they went for a month or two in summer to the dearly-loved Montpelier, and she writes in great grief, at hearing of the death of a little niece and namesake.

TO MRS. JOHN PAYNE.

MONTPELIER, *August* 4, 1806.

Expressions are wanting, my dearest mother, to convey to you my feelings ; I have not been very well since hearing from poor Mary, and it seems to me I can never feel as I have done. Dolly and Lucy both gone ! they are now angels, and can never know evil or misery ; ought we not to console ourselves with this reflection ? I trust my beloved mother, whose trials have been so many, will exercise her fortitude, which is to preserve her for those of us that are left. I wrote thee by the last post, and have written repeatedly to John, but received only the inclosed letters. I shall now look out for vessels going to the Mediterranean, and write by them to him ; thine for him, thee had better inclose to me. Payne is to follow us in the stage on the 14th ; I am looking for a letter to cheer me with news of thy health. Ever thine, affectionately,

DOLLY.

TO ANNA.

WASHINGTON, *March* 27, 1807.

I am grieved, my dear Anna, at not hearing a word from you since you left us! What can be the matter? If the precious children engross your time, surely my good brother would think to relieve my anxiety by writing himself. This is the twelfth day of your absence, and I know not where to direct to you, but shall venture this to Philadelphia; the postmaster will forward it, should you be gone. Mr. Madison is very unwell with a cold, but is able to go to the office. We see no certain prospect of going to Orange yet. The President has a sick headache every day, and is obliged to retire to a dark room every morning by nine o'clock; he will not leave this until April 6th. I suppose you have heard that Burr is retaken, and on his way to Richmond for trial. We are quiet, and have but few parties. We went to the wedding feast of Miss Stoddard, and dined last Saturday with Mr. Erskine. Miss Clinton is still here with her father, but they have sent for a vessel, and intend sailing in a few days.

Ever thy loving sister, DOLLY.

Always taking an intense interest in every movement of this favorite sister, whose children were, as she says, like her own grandchildren, Mrs. Madison kept up a constant correspondence through the long summers of those eight years when, with one sister in Maine and one in Virginia, the "post" must indeed have been anxiously watched for. What might not happen during the days and weeks that it took a letter to travel from one to the other?

TO ANNA.

MONTPELIER, *August* 28, 1808.

With heartfelt joy, my beloved sister, did I receive the short letter of my brother, giving the good tidings of your third son, and the promising health of you both. Mr. Madison, Lucy, George, and Payne were with me, and we all clapped our hands in triumph. The post did not come for a week after the letter, or I should have written you directly; and since that we have passed nearly a week at Monticello. Mrs. Randolph has a third son likewise, and she calls him Benjamin Franklin. Ann is to be married on the 15th, and I

left them busy in their preparations. The Monroes were at their seat near here, but I did not see much of them.

Lucy left me on the 24th, and George seemed no better. We expect to go back to the city the last of September, because of public business. The President and Madison have been greatly perplexed by the remonstrances from so many towns to remove the Embargo. You see they refer to Congress, and the evading it is a terrible thing. Madison is uneasy and feels bound to return to the seat of government, where I shall be sorry to go so soon. The hope of my meeting you, dear Anna, is the chief sweetener to my prospect. The family here are as they always are, most affectionate and kind, and send a thousand loves to you. I expect a large party to fill the house next week.

Ever thy DOLLY.

TO MRS. MADISON.

WASHINGTON, *August* 17, 1809.

MY DEAREST, —We reached the end of our journey yesterday at one o'clock, without interruption of any sort on the road. Mr. Coles had been here some time, and

one, if not two, of the expected despatch vessels of England had just arrived, and Mr. Gilston, after a short passage from France, entered Washington about the moment I did. You may guess, therefore, the volumes of papers before us. I am but just dipping into them, and have seen no one as yet, except Mrs. Smith for a few minutes last evening. What number of days I may be detained here it is impossible to say. The period, you may be sure, will be shortened as much as possible. Everything around and within reminds me that you are absent, and makes me anxious to quit this solitude. I hope in my next to be able to say when I may have this gratification, perhaps also to say something of the intelligence just brought us. I send the paper of this morning, which has something on the subject, and I hope the communications of Gilston will be found more favorable than is stated. Those from England can scarcely be favorable when such men hold the reins. Mr. and Mrs. Erskine are here. His successor had not sailed on the 20th of June.

God bless you, and be assured of my constant affection. JAMES MADISON.

CHAPTER VII.

JEFFERSON'S administration was now drawing to a close. The territorial area of the United States had been greatly extended. Burr's wicked and dangerous conspiracy had come to naught. Pioneers were pouring into the Valley of the Mississippi. Explorers had crossed the mountains of the great West. The woods by the river-shores resounded with the blow of the axe. But the foreign relations of the United States were troubled and gloomy, and there were serious forebodings of war. The President, following the example of Washington, declined a third election, and was succeeded by James Madison, with George Clinton for Vice-President, in 1809. Mr. Madison owed his election to the Democratic party, whose sympathy with France and hostility to Great Britain were well known. Three days before the new administration came into power, the Embargo Act was repealed

by Congress; but another measure was adopted instead, called the Non-Intercourse Act. By its terms American merchantmen were allowed to go abroad, but were forbidden to trade with Great Britain.

The affairs of the two nations were fast approaching a crisis. It became more and more evident that the wrongs perpetrated by England against the United States would have to be corrected by force of arms. The ministry of that same George III., with whom the Colonies had struggled in the Revolution, still directed the affairs of the kingdom; from him, now grown old and insane, nothing was to be expected. The elections held between 1808 and 1811 showed conclusively the drift of public opinion; the sentiment of the country was that war was preferable to further humiliation and disgrace. In 1809, Mr. Jefferson writes: "The belligerent edicts rendered our Embargo necessary to call home our ships, our seamen and property. We expected some effect, too, from the coercion of interest. Some, it *has* had, but much less on account of evasions and domestic opposition to it. After fifteen months' continuance it is now stopped, be-

cause by losing so much money annually it really costs more than war. War therefore must follow unless the edicts are repealed before the meeting of Congress."

Many and sincere were the congratulations received by Mrs. Madison on going into the White House. Every one in Washington felt that her watchful care and friendly interest would in no wise be diminished by her advancement to a higher position; and the magical effect of her dainty snuff-box was as potent in one capacity as another. Political feuds ran high, and party spirit was never more virulent than at that time. The elements were various and difficult to harmonize; yet she was loved by all parties, and embittered politicians, who never met save at her hospitable board, forgot all their quarrels under the influence of her gracious tact. During the eight years of her life as wife of the Secretary of State, she dispensed with a liberal hand the abundant wealth she prized so little, and the poor of the District loved her name as that of a household deity. Finding time always among her many social and domestic duties to take her part in the administration of the

local charities, I find her name down in the books of the Washington Orphan Asylum (now one of the most prosperous in the country), as one of the first directresses, and the donor of twenty dollars and a cow. The forms and ceremonials which rendered Mrs. Washington's and Mrs. Adams's drawing-rooms dull and tiresome were laid aside, and no stiffness of any kind was permitted. She returned all calls made her by her own sex, and the "dove parties," composed of the wives of Cabinet Officers and foreign Ministers, when their lords were engaged in formal dinners, were exceedingly popular and lively. Her private parties, and the lotteries in which every guest received a "Cadeau," are still remembered with great pleasure by a few. Though in no sense a learned woman, nor one who at any time cared for study, or even for reading, Dolly Madison was eminently a talented woman, full of a most delicate tact, and so warm-hearted and amiable that even her early Quaker friends were induced to condone what they feared was "an undue fondness for the things of this world." Thirty-seven years of age, still very young in appear-

ance and feelings, she dressed handsomely and "in the mode," clinging for a time to the pretty little Quaker cap, but discarding that even, when she went into the White House, as unsuitable to her surroundings. She was ambitious in that she endeavored to make her husband's administration a brilliant and successful one. With all her appreciation of admiration she was not extravagant, though hospitable to a degree which was rarely seen out of Virginia. She delighted in company, and her table fairly "groaned," as the saying is, with the abundance of its dishes. The serious, thoughtful Madison, physically weak, and harassed and worried by the many cares crowding upon him at this time, often said that a visit to his wife in her sitting-room, where he was sure of a bright story and a good laugh, was as refreshing as a long walk. And it was for this end, to cheer and amuse her husband, that she kept a pleasant party of friends constantly with her, making them feel that her home was theirs in the warmth of her hospitality. An early riser, she superintended all the domestic arrangements before breakfast, and while her guests were

still sleeping. The servants, many of whom were slaves, identified themselves entirely with the family, vying with each other in waiting on "Miss Dolly;" and at Montpelier, wherever the click of her high-heeled shoes was to be heard, a train of small negroes was sure to be seen waiting for the "sweety," accompanied by a bright smile, which never failed them.

TO ANNA.

WASHINGTON, *December* 20, 1811.

MY DEAREST ANNA, — I received with joy your letter last evening, which, being longer than usual, raised my spirits, which have been rather low in these troublous times. No Constitution heard of yet; the Hornet went to take despatches and to let them know our determination to fight for our rights. I wrote by the Hornet to Mrs. Barlow, and begged her to send me anything she thought suitable in the way of millinery. I fear I cannot obtain a new-fashioned pattern for you, but will make you a cap such as is much worn. The intrigues for President and Vice-President go on, but I think it may terminate as the last did. The Clintons, Smiths, Arm-

strongs, et cetera, are all in the field, and I believe there will be war. Mr. Madison sees no end to the perplexities without it, and they seem to be going on with the preparations. General Dearborn, you know, is nominated to command. Congress talks of adjourning for two months, but I believe it is merely a threatening, and they will sit until June. Before then I trust you will be able to come on, as the roads become passable by April.

Devotedly your sister,

DOLLY MADISON.

A few extracts from the letters passing between Mrs. Madison and her sister during the next year, when matters were approaching a crisis between the United States and Great Britain, give a little insight into her thought and feelings. Mr. Madison too kept up a most regular correspondence with his brother-in-law, who was obliged to spend that winter in Maine, owing to an accident to his shoulder, rendering the interminable carriage drive to Washington impossible.

TO HON. RICHARD CUTTS.

WASHINGTON, *February* 25, 1812.

MY DEAR CUTTS, — I inclose for your amusement a few papers of the latest date. You will see that the Constitution has returned from France, and that an arrival from Great Britain has brought the speech opening the British Parliament. The latter decides nothing as to a change of the Cabinet, or repeal of the Orders in Council. Its tone on the whole is not arrogant. It is silent as to Russia and to Ireland, and as to trade and revenue. Distress may possibly supply motives, which ought to be found in wisdom and justice, but it is to be hoped that our National Councils will rely less on either than on our measures. We learn from France that Barlow is engaged in discussions which encourage his hope of doing something valuable. The return of the Hornet will enable us to form a more decided judgment. The repeal of the decrees of B. A. M. is a fact nowise in question there, though still a topic of malignant cavil here. A very large batch of the nominations for the army of 25,000 went in to the Senate to-day, and it will

soon be followed by others. General Dearborn is with us and lends a helping hand. We are well, and offer affectionate salutations to Anna and yourself. We hope to see you all in the spring, and that you will pass the interim with us at Montpelier.

Yours, JAMES MADISON.

TO ANNA.

WASHINGTON, *March* 20, 1812.

Before this reaches you, my beloved sister, Lucy will be married to Judge Todd, of Kentucky. You are, I know, prepared for it, and reconciled to her choice of a man of the most estimable character. Their home is now to be in Lexington, very near our old friend, General Taylor, but as a Supreme Judge he is obliged to come here for two months every winter, and binds himself to bring her to her friends when she pleases to come. You may imagine my grief is not slight at the parting, and Lucy too is in deep distress. . . . All are busy electioneering yet.

The Federalists affronted to a man. Not one of the two houses of Congress will enter Madison's door since the communications of Henry except Livingston,

who considers himself attached by his appointment.

General Dearborn has had a fall, which, though not serious, confines him to the house. . . .

March 27, 1812.

The Vice-President lies dangerously ill, and electioneering for his office goes on beyond description — the world seems to be running mad, what with one thing or another. The Federalists, as I told you, were all affronted with Madison, — refused to dine with him, or even come to the house. But they have changed. Last night and the night before, our rooms were crowded with Republicans, and such a rallying of our party has alarmed them into a return. They came in a large body last night also, and are continuing calling; even D. B. W. (who is a fine fellow) came last night. The old and the young turned out together. The war business goes on slowly, but I fear it will be sure. Where are your husband's vessels? and why does he not get them in? Congress will be here until May, and perhaps longer.

TO ANNA.

WASHINGTON, 1812.

I wrote you that the Embargo would take place three or four days before it did, dear Anna. General Dearborn will leave this in a few days. I went to Mrs. Eustis's last Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. M. — only two or three ladies present. Foster, Serurier, General Dearborn, Mr. Brent, and one or two other men, but dull. Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Eustis have had parties — no one else. Congress will *not* adjourn, I believe, though it has been much spoken of; the intention is on the decline now, from an idea that it will make a bad impression, both in and out of our country. So now, my dear sister, it seems May will smile on your journey to us; tell me when and how you begin it. I received a letter by ship from Mrs. Barlow, which I will send you. She says the Hornet will sail in a few days, and will bring us a treaty of commerce, et cetera. Every prospect is fair in that quarter.

WASHINGTON, *May* 12, 1812.

MY DEAR ANNA, — John Randolph has been firing away at the "House" this morning against the declaration of war, but we think it will have little effect. I told you of the Hornet and all the news it brought. We have nothing among ourselves worth repeating. Lucy writes often and is still delighted with Kentucky; our friends in Virginia are all well. My dear husband is overpowered with business, but is in good health. We had all the heads of departments here yesterday to dinner, with their wives.

I will write you, dear Anna, every day that I can take up my pen, and am already prepared with a room, and every sisterly attention for your husband; he will be here, I hope, in time to give his vote for war. However, I may be mistaken, and that dreaded epoch may be some distance off.

Payne is in Baltimore yet, and as much admired and respected as you could wish. He writes me that Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Bonaparte are very kind to him, and he is invited out all the time. We intend

to send him in a few months to Princeton. Kiss the sweet girls and boys for me, and sleep in peace, my dear sister; Heaven will preserve you and yours as you trust in its great power. Ever your own

DOLLY.

Lucy Payne, who had married George Steptoe Washington at the early age of fifteen, was left a widow about the time Mr. Madison entered the White House, and lived there with them for several years; she then married Judge Todd, of Kentucky, a widower, with five children, and a man much respected by his brother justices of the Supreme Court. She is described by Washington Irving, after a visit to one of Mrs. Madison's drawing-rooms, as bright and handsome, "reminding me of the merry wives of Windsor." "How wise Lucy is," she writes, "to choose him, in preference to the gay ones who courted her. Yes, my regrets are all selfish: only for myself, not for her. She will, I hope, be here every winter for three months. Mr. Madison thinks that ere long the seven Supreme Judges may be obliged to live at or near the seat of government."

TO MR. AND MRS. JOEL BARLOW.

WASHINGTON, *November* 15, 1811.

EVER DEAR AND VALUED FRIENDS, — Your notes giving us an account of your progress on the water were grateful, indeed, but the news of your safe arrival in France infinitely more so. Many, many are the questions that rise to my lips. How did you bear the voyage? How is dear Clara, Mr. Barlow, et cetera? I hope soon to know these things, which I confess interest *me* more than the success of your mission, of which few have a doubt. Even the enemies of our Minister admit his talents and virtue; how then can any one doubt? We passed two months on our mountain in health and peace, returning the first of October to a sick and afflicted city. The unfinished canal caused a bilious fever to prevail through all its streets; many died, and Congress convened in dread of contagion. Happily all fear is now over, and public business engrosses them very thoroughly. John Randolph is the only one as yet who seems hostile to a quiet "House." They have before them the nomination of Colonel M.

and some lesser appointments, and I believe are in a disposition to do as they are advised.

The French Minister, Mr. Serurier, is still delighted with Kalorama, and takes much pleasure in beautifying the grounds. Mrs. Baldwin was well and cheerful when I saw her some days since; she no doubt is writing you volumes, and keeps you posted as to the health of your little dog. Mr. Madison is writing also, and will tell you that he has settled the business of the Chesapeake with Mr. Foster. I have not yet begun the journal I promised, having nothing worth relating. Mr. Barlow knows the disposition of our world better than I do, and from what I learn, good sense and principle will prevail over intrigue and vanity. You will see that Calvin declares himself the author of the boasted letters: some think this a finishing stroke, but I absolutely pity the man, — "fallen from his high estate." We have new members in abundance, with their wives and daughters; and I have never felt the entertainment of company oppressive until now. How I wish I were in France with you for a little relaxation. As you, my dear friends,

have everything and we nothing that is beautiful, I will ask the favor of you to send me by a safe vessel large head-dresses, a few flowers, feathers, gloves, and stockings, black and white, with anything else pretty, and suitable for an economist, and let me know the amount. We have a house full of company, and I must conclude with love and prayers for you all, my best friends. Affectionately,

DOLLY MADISON.

She must have had enemies, as all persons of strong individuality are sure to have; her high-bred air and refinement, which she could not help, would hardly commend her to the average citizen, in an order of things in which mediocrity was at a premium, and her gracious presence, which rarely comes without family antecedents to account for it, "is not always agreeable," as Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "to the many, whose two ideals are the man on horseback, and the man in his shirt-sleeves." Her inordinate love of pleasing, of making every one happy about her, was called insincerity, and even "toadyism," by those who did not know

the absolute pain given to the loving, faithful heart by an unkind word, or censure of herself, or the dearly loved friends, whose troubles were all taken upon her sympathetic shoulders. Having a great dislike to hot argument, or contention of any kind that might wound the feelings of others, she would quietly leave the room for a few moments, returning to find the hint taken, and peace restored. "I would rather fight with my hands than my tongue," she used to say, and indeed an atmosphere of sunshine followed her, even in the dark days during the war, when the waters of political and social life were turbid indeed, with but dim hope of clearing. Her own possessions, gowns, and the like, were at every one's disposal. "How can you think I would, or could, wear my pretty things, unless you partook," she writes to her sister Anna, who had evidently written full of the cares and responsibilities of a large family of children. "Do not give way to sad thoughts, but remember we have a goodly prospect before us of enjoying together the blessings an approving Providence has already bestowed upon us." She was devoted to children, and kept

them constantly about her, replacing worn or soiled pinafores by taking them into her store-room: "Come, sweet one, and let us be tidied up," she would say; and there, with her great shears, a garment would quickly be cut out, and given to one of her women to make up. In the same way, if she thought a dress or ornament of hers could be of use to a friend, it was proffered in such a delicate manner that no feeling but gratitude could be produced.

Mr. Joel Barlow, a distinguished politician, and also something of a poet and philosopher, was sent by Mr. Madison as Minister to France, to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Napoleon, which, after many efforts failed signally. In 1812 he was invited by the Duc de Bassano to a personal conference with the Emperor in Poland, and hurrying thither in stormy weather, was seized with inflammation of the lungs and died before reaching the "rendezvous." Mrs. Madison considered him one of her warmest friends, and the correspondence between Mrs. Barlow and herself seems of the most unrestrained and affectionate character. I will add one

more letter of hers to these dear friends, who had begged her to keep a sort of journal, descriptive of everything that took place in her life.

TO MR. AND MRS. JOEL BARLOW.

WASHINGTON, 1811.

This unexpected opportunity and short notice, my beloved friends, scarce gives me time to embrace you round; still I do it with my whole heart. I have received all your most welcome letters — Mr. Barlow's and Mr. Lee's, by the Constitution, with one, too, from Mr. Warden — all of which I should like to answer now, were it not that the despatches go in one hour, and I can only return to each individual my love and best thanks for their goodness and friendship. Before this, you know of our Embargo, — to be followed by War!! Yes, that terrible event is at hand, I fear; our appointments for the purpose are mostly made, and the recruiting business goes on with alacrity. The major-generals are Henry Dearborn, Thomas Pinckney, Joseph Bloomfield, J. Winchester, Wm. Polk, Wm. Hull, et cetera. You will have an account of our political situation

in all its shades by this vessel. We anticipate some little contention among ourselves on the death of the Vice-President, whose physicians give out that he cannot live until morning. The sentiment is in favor of John Langdon as his successor. Congress will remain in session, perhaps, until July; if not, full power to declare war will be vested in the President.

Your letters by the Neptune were particularly acceptable, as we had been worried by a report that the Emperor had seized the Hornet, and as I promised to write you everything, personal or impersonal, you will pardon me if I say aught that gives you pain, in preparing you for the disappointment expressed at Mr. Barlow's having told the state of his negotiations to Mr. Granger, who directly gave it circulation, and a place in the newspapers. The objection to this communication is — "that you may yet be disappointed; the anticipations of such a treaty might cause improper speculations;" "that Mr. G. was not a proper channel," and much of the same kind. All this is from the people, not from the Cabinet, yet you know everything vibrates there.

Tell Mr. Lee that I shall be ever grateful for the fatigue and trouble he must have experienced for my sake, in procuring the valuable collection he sent me; the bill was immediately paid, but he will be astonished at the amount of duties — two thousand dollars. I fear I shall never have money enough to send again. All the articles are beautiful; the heads I could not get on, being a little tight, so I shall lay them aside until next winter, when I can have them enlarged to fit. The flowers, trimmings, and ornaments were enchanting. I wish I could gratify you, my dear friend, in the matter of the portraits you so kindly wish of us; but I see little prospect at present of accomplishing it. Stuart is far from us, and we have no painter of skill in this place; be assured, if an opportunity occurs, I will do my best to send you what you wish. My sister Lucy has gone, and Anna not yet come; you may imagine me the very shadow of my husband. Do write me continually of your dear selves, and what you are doing; you cannot image the impatience felt when you are silent.

Your ever affectionate

DOLLY MADISON.

Mr. Edward Coles, of Albemarle, filled the office of private secretary to Mr. Madison for six years, leaving him only to carry out a long-cherished plan of going west to Illinois, of which State he afterwards became governor. He was a cousin, and much-esteemed friend, as the following letters show.

TO MR. EDWARD COLES.

WASHINGTON, *May* 12, 1813.

Your letter caused me great affliction, my dear cousin; the continuation of your illness, and Payne's reluctance at leaving America, left me without fortitude to write, until now that a letter has come from my son on ship-board, in which he expresses satisfaction at all around him. He had seen Mr. Swertchkoff, who assured him you would soon be well in spite of yourself. We indulge this pleasing hope in addition to that of your remaining with us, to the last. Not that I would for the world retard any plan for your prosperity; but that I flatter myself the western country may be given up for something more consonant with your happiness, and that of your connections, among them

there are none who feel a more affectionate interest in you than Mr. Madison and myself. I hope you will believe that such is our regard and esteem for you that we should consider your leaving us a misfortune. Mr. Madison can do very well without a secretary until your health is reëstablished. The winter is not a season for emigration, so that next summer you will be better able to make your election — to go, or not to go.

And now if I could I would describe to you the fears and alarms that circulate around me. For the last week all the city and Georgetown (except the Cabinet) have expected a visit from the enemy, and were not lacking in their expressions of terror and reproach. Yesterday an express announced the pause of a frigate at the mouth of the Potomac. The commander sent his boats to examine a Swedish ship that lay near, but our informer was too frightened to wait for further news. We are making considerable efforts for defense. The fort is being repaired, and five hundred militia, with perhaps as many regulars, are to be stationed on the Green, near the Windmill, or rather Major Taylor's. The

twenty tents already look well in my eyes, who have always been an advocate for fighting when assailed, though a Quaker. I therefore keep the old Tunisian sabre within reach. One of our generals has discovered a plan of the British, — it is to land as many chosen rogues as they can about fourteen miles below Alexandria, in the night, so that they may be on hand to burn the President's house and offices. I do not tremble at this, but feel hurt that the admiral (of Havre de Grace memory) should send me word that he would make his bow at my drawing-room very soon. Mrs. Buonaparte and Miss Stevenson returned to their house four days ago to secure their wardrobe, but I question whether they leave us again, as strangers and members are crowding in. Mr. Monroe and family dined with us yesterday in a large party given to Mr. Jones. Mr. Hay is with them, having come to escort Mrs. Monroe to Richmond on a visit of three weeks to her two daughters. Cousin Sally is still in South Carolina, and Miss Mayo is as gay as ever. Anna has not been very well of late, and her children are ill with measles, so that I confine myself very much with them.

Be careful of yourself, dear cousin, and return as soon as you can to your anxious friends. DOLLY MADISON.

WASHINGTON, *June* 10, 1813.

Mr. Madison has received your letter, my dear cousin, and desires me to answer "as I please" the subject of his picture; when I will take advantage of the occasion to express my great sorrow at the cause of your detention, and my hope that you will exert great fortitude, knowing that a cheerful spirit will aid your recovery. By the Ida I received a letter from dear Payne. He is charmed with his voyage so far, and had escaped sea-sickness, though all the party had succumbed. You will pity me, I know, when you hear that Mitchell has left us for France, that I am acting in his department, and that the city is so full of strangers I am positively dizzy. There is so much to say to you and so little time. About the picture, if Mr. D. will return it safe in six months, more or less, he may send for it as soon as ever he chooses. Present me to Dr. Physic, and pray tell P. Morris that I love her as much as ever. Yours in friendship,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

July 2, 1813.

I have the happiness to assure you, my dear cousin, that Mr. Madison recovers; for the last three weeks his fever has been so slight as to permit him to take bark every hour and with good effect. It is three weeks now I have nursed him, night and day, — sometimes with despair! but now that I see he will get well I feel as if I might die myself from fatigue. Adieu!

Ever yours, D. P. MADISON.

TO GOVERNOR COLES, ILLINOIS.

MONTPELIER, *September* 5, 1819.

I am afraid, dear cousin, that while you and I deliberate who to choose for a wife, we shall lose some of the finest girls now grown. For instance, it is reported that Ellen Randolph is to be married to General Cooke, and Virginia to William Burwell. Our niece Eliza was married to Mr. Willis in May, and his sister is to be bound to her brother on the 16th of this month; still I have hopes for you, that your future one may become manifest to reward your merits and long search.

We have been expecting a visit from my

beloved Sally, until within the last few days, when I was informed she had gone to the Virginia Springs. Payne still says he will write to you. I suspect he begins to feel with you that a good wife would add to his happiness. I am sadly disappointed at not having my dear Lucy with me next winter; the Judge has persuaded her to remain in Frankfort until they can remove altogether, which the change in the judiciary will soon authorize him to do. We have now with us a visitor from Washington, the curious Captain O'Brion; he tells us a medley of news, blended with sea-phrases, which, to appreciate, you must hear. The President passed a day with us on his return to the city, and looked much better than was expected after his fatigues. Mr. Madison has gone with him to Loudon. I must not expect to amuse you, only in truth can assure you of our affectionate interest and friendship, hoping to see you soon amongst us.

DOLLY P. MADISON.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first three years of Mrs. Madison's life in the White House were passed in unclouded peace and happiness; a prosperity, however, which was doomed. Insatiate warriors already surrounded the peace-loving, humane Madison, urging him to take decisive steps against Great Britain. He had no disposition, and but little capacity, for war, and his various messages to Congress were marked as the productions of a ruler rather too cautious to suit the fiery leaders of the Democracy, who supported the President's administration; and notwithstanding the opposition of the Federalists, the war-spirit fired the popular heart.

On the 4th of April, 1812, an Act was passed by Congress laying an Embargo for ninety days on all British vessels within the jurisdiction of the United States. On June 4th the President sent an able and conclusive message to Congress, urging

war as the only means of once more asserting our independence. The resolution passed both the House and Senate, and vigorous preparations were made for the impending conflict. The 18th of June, 1812, is memorable to every one as the beginning of that three years' war whose fierceness was felt from Canada to New Orleans. It will not be necessary to go into the details of our brave fight with an incredibly small navy, where personal heroism seemed to take the place of numbers. From the first it became evident that the war was destined to be a conflict on the sea-coast and the ocean, the condition of both nations being such as to provoke this sort of warfare, and the many daring deeds are familiar to us, both in prose and song. After the Revolution, especially during the administration of Jefferson, the military spirit was discouraged, and the defenses fell into decay. Upon a few scattered fortifications and the terror inspired by Fulton's torpedoes, the Americans must depend for the defense of a coast-line reaching from Passamaquoddy to the St. Mary's. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the world when the American sailors took the

initiative, and with great alacrity, and without a tremor, set forth to smite the mistress of the seas. And greater the admiration when a series of brilliant victories declared for the flag of the Republic, and the navy of the United States won a just and lasting renown. At this critical time, 1813, Madison entered upon his second term of Presidency, and the choice of Vice-President fell upon Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts. Mr. Jefferson, gazing out upon the world from his retirement at Monticello, writes again to a friend (Thomas Flournoy) of his great confidence in his successor : —

" Servile inertness is not what is wanted to save our country. The conduct of a war requires the vigor and enterprise of younger heads, and therefore all such undertakings are out of the question with me, and I say so with the greater satisfaction, when I contemplate the person to whom the powers were handed over. You probably may not know Mr. Madison personally, or at least intimately, as I do. I have known him from 1779, when he first came into the public councils ; and from three and thirty years' trials, I can say

conscientiously that I do not know a man in the world of purer integrity, more disinterested and devoted to genuine Republicanism, than himself, nor could I, in the whole scope of America and Europe, point out an abler head. He may be illy seconded by others, betrayed by the Hulls and Arnolds of our country, for such there are everywhere, we know only too well. But what man can do will be done by Mr. Madison. I hope, therefore, there will be no difference among Republicans as to his reëlection, for we shall only appreciate his true value when we have to give him up, and look at large for a successor."

The American army was now organized in three divisions: The army of the north, commanded by General Wade Hampton, to operate in the country of Lake Champlain; the army of the centre, under the direction of the Commander-in-chief, to resume offensive movements on the Niagara frontier and Lake Ontario; the army of the west, under command of General Winchester, who was soon superseded by General Harrison. Many battles were fought both on land and sea, and much blood and treasure wasted; but the year closed with-

out decisive results. Late in the summer of the year 1814, Admiral Cockburn arrived off the coast of Virginia with an armament of twenty-one vessels. General Ross, with an army of four thousand veterans, freed from service in Europe, came with the fleet. The American squadron, commanded by Commodore Barney, was unable to oppose so powerful a force, and the enemy's flotilla entered the Chesapeake with the purpose of attacking Washington and Baltimore. Commodore Barney was obliged to leave his ships and take to the shore, meeting the British troops with a small band of undisciplined militia at Bladensburg, where a battle was fought, and he himself taken prisoner.

Mrs. Madison's course during all this time was one of peace, her great effort being to destroy, as far as her power lay, the bitter feeling between Federalists and Republicans. Women, as usual, took exaggerated views of politics, and one (who afterwards changed her politics and apologized) drove to Mrs. Madison's door, and standing up in her carriage, loosened her beautiful hair, which was celebrated for its length, praying that she might have the

privilege of parting with it, for the purpose of hanging Mr. Madison. A week before the British entered the city of Washington, Mr. Monroe, the Secretary of State, mounted his horse, and rode to Benedict, a small village on the Patuxent, and there sadly witnessed the landing of the enemy on our shores. Knowing how unprepared was the seat of government for defense, he instantly ordered the public papers and records in his department to be removed and placed in some safe spot, which was accordingly done by Mr. Pleasanton, a clerk. A large number of linen bags were made, which, filled with papers, were conveyed in carts and wagons to Leesburg, about thirty-five miles from Washington, and placed in an empty house, just in time to see the flames arising from the burning of the government buildings. The English used many stratagems to gain possession of Mr. Madison's papers. Spies found their way into his house, disguised as women. Anonymous letters were received threatening his life with the dagger or poison. All remained unheeded until the English officer, in command of the advancing troops, sent word to Mrs. Madison

that unless she should leave, the house would be burned over her head.

Generous British sentiments revolted at the destruction of the American capital, but it was impossible to satisfy warfare, in its abominable lust for libraries, buildings, objects of art, and embodiments of national pride. The day before the fall of Washington was one of extreme alarm; the Secretary of State wrote to the President: "The enemy has advanced six miles along the road to the wood-yard, and our troops are retreating. You had better make all preparations to leave." Then began the panic, which was doomed to grow more intense, as hour after hour passed on. Scarcely had the wagons that bore the papers crossed the wooden bridge over the Potomac, than crowds of fugitive women and children pressed upon it, in such numbers as to render the present danger even greater than the one they were fleeing from. The frightened multitude swayed to and fro, seeking means of escape, till night closed in upon the horrible drama; then, upon Capitol Hill, appeared the red-coated soldiery of the British army. The sun sank peacefully behind the bank of fleecy clouds

that floated softly over the southern horizon, contrasting with the terrible atmosphere below. Dust and heat were intolerable, and a rumor that the water was poisoned rendered the sufferings of the weary soldiers painful in the extreme. For the seventh time that day a retreat was commanded, and the city troops, mortified and enraged, refused at first to obey. Back from the city to the heights of Georgetown was the order ; to leave their families, their homes, and property behind them, marching away from those they were sworn to protect. Down the long, broad, solitary avenue, past the President's house, through Georgetown, and even as far as Tennallytown, the demoralized, disorganized remnant of the army wended their weary way, resting on the ground lighted up by the fiery red glare from the burning buildings in Washington. All through that terrible night they lay in the fields, too frightened and miserable to steal more than a few moments' sleep. The bursting shells in the navy yard were heard for miles, each boom sounding a knell to the agonized hearts, all ignorant of the fate of dear friends during those hours of horror and

darkness. When the British marched slowly into the deserted city by the lurid light that shot up from the blazing Capitol, the population had dwindled down to a few stragglers, and the slaves of the absent residents. The houses scattered over a large space were closed, and no sign of life visible. Mr. Madison had crossed the Potomac early in the afternoon, and his wife had gone in another direction. The bayonets of the British gleamed as they filed down the avenue, and the fulminations from the navy yard saluted them as they passed. Nothing but the prayers and entreaties of the women and the expostulations of the residents deterred the British commander, General Ross, from blowing up the Capitol; he contented himself, however, by firing it at all points, and destroying with it many houses in the vicinity, among which was one belonging to General Washington. "I have, indeed, to this hour [said Mr. Bush in 1855] the vivid impression upon my eye of columns of smoke and flame ascending all through the night of August 24, 1814, from the Capitol, President's house, and other public buildings, as the whole were on fire,

some burning slowly, others with bursts of flames, and sparks mounting high in the dark heavens. This can never be forgotten by me, as I accompanied on that memorable night President Madison, Mr. Jones, Secretary of the Navy, General Mason, of Anacostia Island, and Mr. Carroll, of Bellevue, across the river. If, at intervals, the heart-breaking sight was lost to our view, we found it again from some hill-top or eminence, where we would pause to gaze at it." Among the many stories which greeted Congress, when it met near the ruins some three weeks afterward, was that Admiral Cockburn, in a strain of coarse levity, mounting the Speaker's chair in the Capitol, went through the form of putting the question: "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned?" And when the mock resolution was declared unanimous, it was carried into effect, by placing combustibles under the furniture. The temporary wooden structure readily ignited; doors, chairs, the library, and its contents in an upper room of the senate wing, everything that could burn, soon disappeared in sheets of flame, illuminating the country for thirty miles around.

Through the "eternal Pennsylvania Avenue," the British commanders led their elated troops, where, but a few hours before, the flying, scattered Americans, ashamed and despairing, had wended their sorrowful way, the Capitol behind them, wrapt in its winding robe of flame. At a house near the President's mansion they halted and ordered supper, which was eaten by General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, in the glare of their own barbarous handiwork. This onslaught was so unexpected that a dinner-party had been arranged by Mrs. Madison for that day, and the following note from Mrs. Jones, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, shows that though surprised and alarmed, they even then had no idea of immediate danger:—

TO MRS. MADISON.

WASHINGTON, *August* 23, 1814.

MY DEAR MADAM, — In the present state of alarm and bustle of preparation for the worst that may happen, I imagine it will be more convenient to dispense with the enjoyment of your hospitality today, and, therefore, pray you to admit this as an excuse for Mr. Jones, Lucy, and

myself. Mr. Jones is deeply engaged in dispatching the marines and attending to other public duties. Lucy and I are packing, with the possibility of having to leave; but in the event of necessity we know not where to go, nor have we any means yet prepared for the conveyance of our effects. I sincerely hope and trust the necessity may be avoided, but there appears rather serious cause of apprehension. Our carriage horse is sick, and our coachman absent, or I should have called last evening to see your sister. I feel great solicitude on her account. Yours very truly and affectionately, E. JONES.

Hoping and fearing, Mrs. Madison lingered on at the President's house for Mr. Madison's return, until the British officers were actually at the threshold, and the moment could be no longer delayed. She had secured the public papers and the Declaration of Independence, and was being hurried out to the waiting carriage by Mr. De Peyster and Mr. Barker, when her eye was attracted by the valuable portrait of General Washington hanging on the wall, this being one of the few adornments

of the White House at that time, and an excellent likeness of the adored first President. She felt she could not leave it, and at the risk of capture herself, resolved to save it, if possible. After much valuable time spent in trying to unfasten the great frame from the wall, the servants were obliged to break the outside edge with an axe, keeping the entire canvas, however, quite uninjured; this they sent in a hack to a woman named Baker, living beyond Georgetown. The portrait was painted partly by Gilbert Stuart, and completed by Winstanley, with Colonel Smith, the son-in-law of President John Adams, as a model for the unfinished body and limbs. Half a century later, when the White House was being rebuilt, this picture was renovated and put back in its place on the wall, together with many others added to the collection. "I lived a lifetime in those last moments," she tells a friend afterwards, "waiting for Madison's return, and in an agony of fear lest he might have been taken prisoner! Anna, too, was away, I hardly knew where." Fortunately her mind was in a measure relieved by meeting Mr. Madison, who, with several friends, had come back to see after

her safety. She insisted upon going with him to the Virginia shore, and then, and not until then, did she yield to the persuasions of her friends, and seek rest in the house of an acquaintance, about two miles beyond Georgetown. Sleep, of course, was impossible, and the long night was passed at the window, gazing at the flames, which looked as if nothing could stop them in their mad fury.

A letter written to her sister the day before gives an insight into her feelings at this time of trial and danger.

TO ANNA.

Tuesday, August 23, 1814.

DEAR SISTER, — My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two despatches from him, written with a pencil. The last is

alarming, because he desires I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage, and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had at first been reported, and it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention of destroying it. I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C. with his hundred, who were stationed as a guard in this inclosure. French John (a faithful servant), with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder, which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

Wednesday Morning, twelve o'clock. —

Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends ; but, alas ! I can descry only groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own fireside.

Three o'clock. — Will you believe it, my sister ? we have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and here I am still, within sound of the cannon ! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us ! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly ; but here I mean to wait for him. . . . At this late hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles, belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the " Bank of Maryland," or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found

too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be tomorrow, I cannot tell! DOLLY.

John Sioussa, the French porter, was the last to leave the house, and after seeing Mrs. Madison safely off, he took a macaw, which had been much petted by her, to the house of a friend, Colonel Taylor; then locking the house carefully, he deposited the key with the Russian Minister, Mr. Dashoff, whose house was protected by his country's flag, and went to Philadelphia. All the afternoon, parties of straggling soldiers, on their way to Georgetown, with vagrant negroes pilfered in many directions, in spite of the efforts of faithful servants. Mad with disappointment at the escape of the President and his wife, "whom they wanted to capture

and show in England," the enemy broke open the doors of the White House, and ransacked it from cellar to attic, finding nothing of value, in the way of trophies, except a small bundle of pencil notes received by Mrs. Madison from her husband when he was with the troops, and which she had inadvertently rolled together, and left in her table drawer. To everything else in the house, furniture, wines, provisions, and family stores of all kinds, which had cost Mr. Madison twelve thousand dollars, together with an excellent library, the torch was applied. Fire for the purpose was procured at a small beer-house opposite the Treasury, and common soldiers, together with negroes, and thieves of all grades, did what they could to pillage and destroy. The White House was not so large and complete as it is now. The east room, which had served Mrs. Adams for a drying-room, was bare and unfurnished; the whole house was plain, unfinished, and totally destitute of ornament; the front vestibule had not then been added, and the grounds were uninclosed, and entirely uncultivated.

Nothing but the lateness of the hour

and the threatening storm prevented the troops from firing the War Department. The promised reinforcement had failed to come, filling the minds of the officers with vague and timorous apprehension, and they resolved to evacuate the next day. Constant rumors and frights had unnerved the stoutest hearts, and the unhappy citizens of Washington flying from a foreign foe rendered the situation of those who could not leave even more distressing. All the vehicles had been pressed into the service, and valuables scattered in every direction for safety.

An English narrator states that "the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the inhabitants broke over Washington the day after the conflagration. Roofs of houses were torn off and carried up into the air like sheets of paper, while the rain which accompanied it was like the rushing of a mighty cataract rather than the dropping of a shower. This lasted for two hours without intermission, during which time many of the houses spared by us were blown down, and thirty of our men, with as many more of the inhabitants, were buried beneath the ruins.

Two cannons standing upon a bit of rising ground were fairly lifted in the air and carried several yards to the rear."

Long before day Mrs. Madison and her sleepless companions bade farewell to their hospitable friend and started forth to the place appointed by Mr. Madison for a meeting. Consternation and despair were at their height; the whole region filled with frightened people and straggling soldiers, roaming about and spreading alarms that the enemy was coming now this way, now that, making no place safe. As the day wore on the storm burst upon the forlorn refugees, as they traveled slowly, and with great difficulty, through roundabout lanes and roads to the little tavern in the middle of an apple orchard, sixteen miles from Washington, where Mr. Madison had promised to join them. Here the drenched, tired travelers were very inhospitably received; the house was crowded with refugees, who, frightened and miserable, worked themselves up into a feeling of anger and reproach against Mr. Madison and herself, declaring them to be the cause of their present troubles, and refusing them entrance. With evening came

another furious thunder-storm, and common humanity made them open the doors to the poor shivering women, who were afraid to leave the neighborhood for fear of missing their friends. The sky was as black as night, and the thunder and lightning seemed almost continuous: at one time striking a tree in the woods near by, at another flashing into the dark little waiting-room, lighting up the faces of the awed and panic-stricken women, who had passed through so much in this last twenty-four hours. Slowly the hours dragged on, the storm abated, but the anxious wife looked in vain for her husband. Nervous and intensely anxious, Mrs. Madison waited on in breathless impatience for the promised relief, too unhappy to feel the discomforts around her; until late in the night her fears were relieved by the approach of Mr. Madison with the friends who had accompanied him the night before. He looked careworn and weary, and after a somewhat scant meal of such food as had been left in the over-crowded tavern, he yielded to his wife's entreaties and sought forgetfulness in sleep.

During that time General Ross hastily

evacuated the town; victors and vanquished alike victims of imaginary perils: the one superstitiously fearful of the violent, almost tropical, storms to which they were unused, and credulous of vague reports of reinforcements on the other side; while the American troops were still too scattered and frightened to distinguish the false from the true in the rumors of murder and rapine that were flying in all directions.

Toward midnight a courier, breathless from fatigue and excitement, warned the President that the enemy had discovered a clue to his hiding-place, and were even now on their way hither. Yielding to the entreaties of his wife and friends he sought refuge in a miserable little hovel in the woods, where the boughs moaned and sobbed around him, and the storm expended itself in dismal sighs through the tall trees; here he spent the remainder of the night, expecting at any moment to hear the tread of the British solidiers as they passed, or perhaps halted and searched for the coveted prisoner.

Mrs. Madison had promised to disguise herself and seek safety further on; so at-

tended only by Mr. Duvall and one soldier she started out at the first dawn of day, leaving her carriage to her companions and taking a small wagon. Before they had gone very far, however, the news reached them that Washington was evacuated, and joyfully retracing their steps, after a weary ride they reached the Long Bridge, only to find it burned at both ends. Forgetting her disguises he appealed to an officer standing by to take her across the river in the one remaining boat, but was curtly refused, not daring, as he said, "to let an unknown woman into the city." No alternative was left but to explain who she was, and after some doubt and demur on his part the frail little craft landed them safely on the other side. There she found her former home in ruins, and the smoke still rising from the heaps of blackened timber that greeted her on every side; the streets were as deserted and quiet as the forests through which she had just passed, and sick at heart she turned away, and in a strange carriage drove to the house of her sister, Mrs. Cutts, to await the return of Mr. Madison.

"The memory of the burning of Wash-

ington cannot be obliterated. It can never be thought of by an American, and ought not to be thought of by an enlightened Englishman, except with deplorable shame and mortification. History cannot record it as a trophy of war for a great nation. The metropolis at that time had the aspect of a straggling village, interspersed here and there by a handsome public building, and with a scattered population of not more than eight thousand inhabitants; fortresses there were none, and but a few mounted cannon."

Late in the day, the news reached the President in his hovel that the enemy had retreated to their shipping; and he, too, turned his steps toward the city and rejoined his wife.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM the beginning many of the people of New England had opposed the war. Their interests centred in ships and factories; the former were at sea, and the latter came to a stand-still. Industry was paralyzed, and the members of the Federal party cried out against a continuance of the contest. A convention was called, which assembled at Hartford, and ruined the Federal party. Meanwhile many battles were fought on sea and land, and hostilities lingered on until the spring of 1814. American commissioners were sent to Ghent, in Belgium, and were there met by the British ambassadors. The agents of the United States were John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin. Several months were spent in negotiations; and on the 24th of December, 1814, a treaty was agreed to and signed, which was received in England with deep satis-

faction, and in America with a delight bordering on madness. Before the terms of settlement could be made known, the people broke forth in universal jubilee, nobody stopping to inquire whether the treaty was good or bad, honorable or dishonorable. Nor could the country be blamed for rejoicing that a conflict which had cost the United States one thousand six hundred and eighty-three vessels, and more than eighteen thousand sailors, was ended. The war-cloud rolled away from the public mind, and immediately the dock yards were ringing with the sound of saw and hammer. On the 18th of February the treaty was ratified by the Senate of the United States, and peace was publicly proclaimed; not soon enough, however, to prevent the terrible bloodshed at the battle of New Orleans, which occurred in the interim between the conclusion of the treaty and the reception of the news in America. Deeply in debt as the country was, her monetary affairs in a deplorable condition, and domestic commerce at a stand-still, one advantage had been gained by America, the recognition of her naval power. It was no longer doubtful that

American sailors were the peers in valor and patriotism of any seamen in the world. It was no small triumph for the Republic that her flag should henceforth be honored on every ocean. Political troubles having become partially straightened out in 1814, Mr. and Mrs. Madison retired to Montpelier for a month or two to recruit, and rest body and mind after the great excitement so recently undergone. Here it was that two old Quaker ladies, Rebecca Hubbs and Sarah Scull, members of her society in Philadelphia in years gone by, came to pay a visit, not only of affection, but perhaps with a little curiosity, to ascertain if the adulation and worldly life of so many years had corrupted the heart and mind of their much-loved sister ; and that they were satisfied is shown from the following letter from Rebekah Hubbs on her return.

TO MRS. MADISON.

Seventh Month, 13, 1814.

DEAR FRIEND, — Thinking it may be acceptable I put pen to paper to write thee a few lines, in part to inform thee of the manner in which we got along and my safe

return home. The kind reception we met with when at thy dwelling has caused my mind to be much with thee and thine. Since we parted from thee particularly so, dear Dorothy, for several days after, when at a clear, flowing brook, with the help of thy kindness, we poor pilgrims were refreshed on the way, which seemed to satisfy as a sit meal at a full spread table; and though we were strangers in a strange land, yet at times were enabled to rejoice that the Lord had counted us worthy to suffer shame for his sake. We were favored to get along very well, and arrived at Baltimore the day preceding the yearly meeting, where I received a letter from home, and was informed that my dear babe was ill and by account could not expect to recover.

The next day after this news my beloved companion, Sarah Scull, was taken sick. This centred my mind in deep humility before the Lord, and thankful of my own health, desirous that every trying dispensation may be prosperous in their errand to me, I endeavored to resign my will to the Divine will, and parting with my companion in good hands at Baltimore, set out for

home, where through the protection of Divine mercy I found my husband and children in good health, and my dear babe recovered of her sickness. And now, my dear friend, having visited thy dwelling much bowed down in mind under a sense of my weakness, having none but the Lord to appeal to, to justify me in my visit, to relieve my mind of much that was on it. Dear friend, thou hast a precious talent committed to thy trust by the King of kings, and my soul's desire for thee is that thou may more and more come out of all that cumbers the earth, and redeem thy soul from all difficulties that do or may attend it. My wishes for thee and thine is that thou may be supported under every exercise of mind, and witness the living presence of Jesus Christ, to war against vanity, pleasure, ambition, and avarice, and to put from thee all the fading pleasures of this world, but rather prize the crown immortal that fadeth not away. Assuredly, dear Dorothy, I think I shall ever remember thee with gratitude of heart, thee and thy beloved companion, your kind and Christian entertainment of us; God will not be wanting to reward

your love. Desirous to be had in remembrance by thee, dear Dorothy, in love, I conclude, and remain thy soul's best wisher, REBEKAH HUBBS.

My love to thy dear, ancient mother-in-law, who I believe is not far from the kingdom of Heaven. Sarah Scull joins in that love which neither time nor distance can erase.

A letter from the postmaster at New Orleans, written on the 19th of January, to Mrs. Madison, announces the departure of the British troops from our shores at last. He evidently was desirous of being the first to break the joyful news to one who would sympathize so heartily with the people's delight.

NEW ORLEANS, *January* 19, 1815.

MRS. MADISON:

MADAM, — I had confidently hoped from the events of the last fourteen days to have announced to you in this letter the departure from our shores of the implacable foe, who, trusting to our supposed disunion and disaffection, has had the temerity

to assail us at our very thresholds ; but although he still maintains a precarious foothold on our soil, be assured, madam, he speedily must abandon it, covered with disgrace.

Madam, the American army in Louisiana has gained immortal glory. It has made a defense against the most valiant and fortunate troops of Europe, excited to desperation by resistance, and staking its all of reputation on the die, unsurpassed in the annals of military warfare, its leader achieving in one hour the object of a whole campaign, — the preservation of the state from conquest, and the overthrow of its invaders. The 8th of January will form an epoch in the history of the Republic. It was on the morning of that day the British, led on by Mr. Edward Packenham, attempted to storm our lines, and to force a way to the city at the point of the bayonet. Advancing in full confidence with this intent, and encouraged to it by their commander, his watchword "booty and beauty," they were suffered to approach within twenty yards of our batteries unmolested, at which moment a fire from our guns and our musketry opened

on them with such irresistible force, they gave way at all points, flying in the utmost confusion, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and dying.

You may conceive, madam, what a spectacle of carnage must have met the eye, after the battle, when you learn that in killed, wounded, and missing, the loss of the enemy exceeded two thousand; eight hundred being left dead; their commander-in-chief killed; Generals Gibbs and Keene severely wounded, and the flower of their army, the 4th and the 21st regiments, almost exterminated. On the other side of the river we were momentarily dispossessed of a battery by the enemy (the guns of which, however, we had time to spike), in consequence of a part of our troops being seized with a panic, in spite of the better countenance maintained by their comrades to the last, and the exhortations of their officers not to dishonor themselves. But it was attended with a further disaster, Colonel Thornton retreating almost immediately, badly wounded.

12 o'clock. — Intelligence has at this moment been received from General Jackson that the British have evacuated the coun-

try. The rear of their army completed the retreat to their shipping last night, leaving behind them many of their men, desperately wounded, besides several pieces of cannon. The city is in a ferment of delight. The country is saved, the enemy vanquished, and hardly a widow or an orphan whose tears damp the general joy. All is exultation and jubilee. What do we not owe a protecting Providence for this manifestation of his favor! Permit me to offer you my congratulations on this auspicious termination of our trials and tribulations, and to assure you of the everlasting respect of

Your obedient and admiring servant,

THOMAS B. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Madison's only child, James Payne Todd, the son of her first marriage, had been educated at an excellent Roman Catholic school in Baltimore, under the charge of the Bishop of Maryland. Having a fortune in his own right, and being the idol of his mother, he had grown up rather self-willed and impatient of control, though bright and attractive; so much so that it was proposed he should be attached

to the special embassy going to Ghent to confer with the British representatives on the subject of the famous treaty. This offer was immediately accepted by Mrs. Madison for her son, knowing that going with her cordial friends would insure every kindness to the young man, while the life with them, in Washington, brought with it many temptations. The following two letters from Mrs. Albert Gallatin were found among Mrs. Madison's papers, giving tidings of the absent son.

NEW YORK, *July* 2, 1814.

I understand, my dear friend, that you did not receive any letter from Payne by the last arrivals. I will communicate to you with pleasure what Mr. Gallatin says of him. He says Todd and Millegan left St. Petersburg before them, and took the Sweden route; found the coast frozen, and after a long detention came by way of Copenhagen, and joined them at Amsterdam the day before they left it; that Payne had gone on a visit to Paris, and was to return to Mr. Gallatin in three weeks; he set off the 7th of May from London. He will have a very pleasant jaunt, no doubt,

and Dallas expected to follow him. Millegan was gone on a message to Gottenburgh. I dare not write you a long letter for fear of being too late for the mail, and I wish you to get the information as soon as possible, for I know you must be anxious. Remember me to your sister, and believe me your very sincere friend,

W. GALLATIN.

NEW YORK, *August* 13, 1815.

Ah, my dear friend, what misery are we enduring! How can Mr. Crawford be so unfeeling? I thought you had certainly received every information about your beloved Payne, and was in hopes from day to day that it would come to Mr. C.'s recollection, also, what my feelings must be. But alas! not one word from him. William Nicholson (whom you may remember lived with us) tells me that Mr. Crawford wrote to Mr. Gallatin that the ship could not be detained on account of Mr. Bayard, and that Mr. Gallatin answered it was impossible for them to be at Plymouth before the 24th of June, and that they sailed immediately without waiting for any further information from them. It is proved, to be

sure, that there was no time to be lost, for poor Mr. Bayard died the sixth day after their arrival. Mr. Crawford I can never forgive for not attending a little to our feelings. Oh! what anguish there is in disappointed hope. Our servant, Henry, has arrived in the Neptune with all Mr. Gallatin's and James's baggage; I have written to Captain Jones to send them on here to me with Henry, who is a faithful, excellent creature. His family live in Washington, and I presume he will be anxious to go and see them. I will then get him to take charge of all the things belonging to Payne and yourself, and deliver them in Washington. I am told he was much distressed at the ship's sailing without his master.

I have seen in the newspaper that a vessel had arrived at Boston, direct from London, left there the 26th of June, and the captain says was to have brought out Messrs. Clay, Gallatin, and suite, but they afterwards concluded to sail from Liverpool. I presume from this that they had finished the treaty, and we may expect them any moment. I think they will come to New York, and the instant they arrive,

my dear friend, I will let you know of it. You and I can best feel for one another. In the mean time, if Mr. Crawford should give you any information about them, do let me know; at all events, write to me, like a dear friend. I believe the captain on board is careful, and we need not feel uneasy about our properties; but what a disappointment to those left behind, — all the clothes they needed at sea, besides little conveniences which will be hard for my poor husband, who is distressedly sick at sea, and Henry was his nurse. I can neither eat nor sleep, after all my anxiety about the Neptune, that she should arrive without my husband and child. It is, indeed, distressing beyond anything, and I fear to expect them, lest I should have another disappointment. It must be a comfort to you to have your sister with you, and it is a pleasure to me to hear that she and her children are well. Pray remember me to her, and to Mr. Madison. Heaven bless you.

Ever your affectionate friend,

W. GALLATIN.

TO MRS. MADISON FROM MADAME D'YRUJO (SALLY MCKEAN).

BALTIMORE, *June* 20, 1812.

MY DEAR MRS. MADISON, — I arrived here about ten days ago, and had a strong desire to write you the moment of my arrival, but the state of affairs suggested to me this idea, that it was most prudent to suspend it until things took a decisive turn, lest some exalted patriot might suspect our innocent correspondence. This motive having at present ceased, I do not lose a moment to write you; it would delight me to spend a day with you, and be able to press you to my heart, but I am obliged to set out for Philadelphia to-morrow, or next day, at furthest. I will not leave America, however, without seeing you. On account of the Marquis's health becoming affected by the climate of Brazil, he asked to be recalled, and we were on the point of embarking in a ship going directly to Spain, when, happily for me, a fine ship from this port came along, and I prevailed on the Marquis to return by way of my own dear native country, on condition of departing for Cadiz in October. But I will not go before next spring, if I can possibly help it, for am tired of so many long voyages.

Your son Payne has been twice to see me, but unfortunately I was out both times; the Marquis saw him, and says he is a fine young man, grown so tall and handsome. I shall make an effort to find him to-day, and intend to ask him if he remembers that when a little fellow he pulled off General Van Courtland's wig at the very moment he was making me a flourishing compliment. What has become of the old beau? The ladies and gentlemen of this place have been very polite to me, every one has been to see us, and I have dined at home but once.

I have been highly amused by a piece of poetry, relative to a scene they say took place in Washington last winter, in which the famous Count de Crillon cut a figure, as well as some ladies, and I am told the winter was a most dashing one in your city. I am sorry the Count P. left just before our arrival, so many fine things are said in his praise. I find Madame Bonaparte a good deal changed. We had heard in Rio Janeiro that she bore the title of "Duchess," and had a salary of fifty thousand pounds. I verily think when I see you and Anna once more, there is

so much to tell you of what I have seen and heard abroad as would keep me talking for three days without stopping, and I am morally certain I should make you laugh, and your good husband too, for I am just as giddy and full of spirits as ever. Indeed, I am for the French principle, never to let anything trouble me much unless it is absolutely necessary.

Your sister Lucy is again married, I hear, but am sorry she has gone so far off; rumor says she has been a great belle, and is as lively and amiable as ever. Tell me if you received a letter from me dated Rio Janeiro, by Mr. C. of this place, as I never received an answer. In answer to the thousand questions I have asked about you, they say that you never looked so well in your life, and that you give and have given universal satisfaction to all friends and visitors, which is, indeed, a very difficult matter, that of pleasing everybody. You, however, were always so good, and possessed such an amiable temper, as to make every one your friend. I have heard much in your praise from the American gentlemen who have been in Brazil, when, you may be sure, I asked hundreds of ques-

tions about you all. My two dear children (only two) are well, and grown so much you would not know them. They speak English, Spanish, and Portuguese fluently, and are learning French. I find I cannot now say a word in that language I do not want them to understand. Give my love (yes love!) to Mr. Madison, and ask him if he has entirely forgotten me, and the dear old times? And when you write to Mr. Jefferson's daughter, Mrs. Randolph, pray remember me particularly to her. She is a sweet woman, and I have a great regard for her. The Marquis desires his best compliments to yourself and Mr. Madison. And believe me, my dear Mrs. Madison, your old and affectionate friend,

SALLY D'YRUJO.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE TO MR. MADISON.

PARIS, *Germinal the* 10*th*, 11*th year.*

MY DEAR MADISON, — General Bernadotte is so gloriously introduced by his own reputation and character, that I shall only present him to you as my personal friend. He is of all men the one I should prefer to see going to America as an ambassador, was he not also the man whom

all true and steady patriots cannot but heartily wish to keep nearer to his own country, where none surpass and few can equal the sincerity and steadiness of his republican civism. Madame Bernadotte accompanies him on this mission, and I hope the amiable consort of the general will meet from our American ladies the reception to which she is so well entitled. She particularly wishes to obtain the friendship of Mrs. Madison, and I have no doubt, from the knowledge of your mutual sentiments, that the intimacy will be soon established between the two families. Mr. Livingstone's correspondence will acquaint you with the political transactions of Europe, and the situation of affairs respecting America. I shall the less expatiate on these points as I am under very painful operations, resulting from an accident, the particulars of which may be given you by General Bernadotte. With heartfelt gratitude, but without surprise, I have heard in how friendly a way you have interested yourself about my affairs.

I hope a long letter from me . . . has reached you. May the affair of Louisiana be settled in a satisfactory manner, so that

her passage to the situation of an united and independent commonwealth, as it cannot fail in every chance to be soon the case, be not attended with any disagreement between the two countries to whom I am so patriotically bound. Adieu, my dear sir.

I am most affectionately your old and constant friend, LAFAYETTE.

Madame Serurier, the wife of another Minister from France, was a great pet and friend of Mrs. Madison. She is represented as being wonderfully beautiful and attractive, and withal the heroine of quite a romantic story. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pageot, then living in New York, were refugees from the island of St. Domingo. Their flight had been attended by many hair-breadth escapes, until reaching the vessel which was to bear them away from their troubles they began to breathe more freely and to consider themselves comparatively safe.

This feeling of confidence, however, was premature; that night just before sailing, a band of natives who had followed up the fugitives came on board, and discovering

the objects of their search were on the point of murdering them, when the cries awakening their daughter, then only a child of seven years, she rushed on deck, clad in the little white gown in which she had been sleeping, and, throwing herself at the feet of the brutal negroes, implored them to spare the lives of her parents. Astonished and superstitious, half believing it was a spirit before them, they paused and gradually dispersed, leaving the ship to make the most of its opportunity to escape. Directly on their arrival, Monsieur Serurier brought her to one of Mrs. Madison's drawing-rooms, where she conceived a most enthusiastic and lasting friendship for her hostess. Twenty years later Monsieur Serurier was again appointed to represent France in Washington, and their friendship was renewed by a long and enjoyable visit to Montpelier.

CHAPTER X.

MANY houses were offered to the President on his return to Washington, and for a year he rented a building called the Octagon, owned by Colonel Taylor, and there it was that the treaty of peace was signed. Afterwards he removed to the northwest corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Nineteenth Street, to a large house, which had previously been occupied by the Treasury Department.

The White House was repaired only in time for Mr. Monroe. An old citizen says "that the drawing-room of Mrs. Madison in February, 1816, was remembered for years as the most brilliant ever held up to that date in the Executive Mansion. The Justices of the Supreme Court were present in their gowns, at the head of whom was Chief Justice Marshall. The Peace Commissioners to Ghent — Gallatin, Bayard, Clay, and Russell — were in the company.

Mr. Adams alone was absent. The levee was made additionally brilliant by the heroes of the War of 1812, Major-Generals Brown, Gaines, Scott, and Ripley, with their aids, all in full dress uniform, forming an attractive feature. The return of peace had restored the kindest feeling at home and abroad. The Federalists and Democrats of both Houses of Congress, party politicians, citizens, and strangers, were brought together as friends to be thankful for the present, and to look forward with security to the future.

The Diplomatic Corps, too, was well represented in the gorgeousness of court dress, prominent in which was Sir Charles Bagot, special ambassador from our late enemy, Great Britain. It was on this occasion that he made the remark that "Mrs. Madison looked every inch a queen."

Two plain ladies from the West, passing through Washington, determined not to leave without seeing Mrs. Madison; and having but little time were very much puzzled how to accomplish it.

Meeting an old gentleman in the street early next morning, who happened to be a friend of Mrs. Madison's, they timidly ex-

plained their wish, and requested him to show them the way to the President's house. Pleased with their simplicity he took pleasure in conducting them himself, where he found the family at breakfast. Mrs. Madison good-naturedly went in to the parlor to be inspected, and put the old ladies quite at their ease by her cordial welcome.

Their astonishment, however, at seeing so great a personage in a dark gray stuff dress, with a white apron, and kerchief pinned across her breast was unbounded, but so reassuring, that when the time came for leaving, one of them said: "P'r'aps you would n't mind if I just kissed you, to tell my girls about." Mrs. Madison, not to be outdone by her guests' politeness, gracefully embraced them both, and after many expressions of admiration and friendliness the delighted old ladies departed.

At a drawing-room held by Mrs. Madison in 1813 "General Harrison was the subject of a dispute between a lady of great beauty and high connections and Mr. Madison. She observed when she went in that General Harrison had received her commands to meet her at the reception

this evening. 'But that he cannot do,' said the President, 'because he left Washington this morning, with his horses and attendants, from the door of this house, and must now be some twenty or thirty miles on his way to the West.' 'Still,' replied the lady, laughing, 'he must be here, for I laid my command upon him, and he is too gallant a man to disobey me.' The President rejoined with his manner of gentle but positive assurance, 'We shall soon see whose orders he obeys,' when the door opened and General Harrison appeared with his military attendants in full uniform, and the lady smiled her triumph over the most successful General of that day and the President of the United States."

Until the close of Mr. Madison's troubled administration in 1817, Mrs. Madison continued to dispense her hospitalities in the same hearty, simple manner, having among her guests from time to time many distinguished men, among whom were Thomas Moore, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Volney, General Moreau, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, Dr. Priestly, the celebrated philosopher and polemical divine, and others.

It had been said by a foreigner that "her table was more like a harvest home supper than the entertainment of a high official." These and similar remarks came to her ears, and she observed with a smile, "that to her, abundance was preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs, and customs formed taste; and as the profusion so laughed at by foreigners arose from the happy circumstance of the superabundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste for the less elegant, but more liberal, fashion of Virginia."

Washington had so long been the home of Mrs. Madison that it was with much regret she prepared to leave it. Many and dear were her friends, and they united in showing every attention that affection and respect could dictate. The actual departure was delayed for some time by the many entertainments given in honor of the Ex-President and his wife.

From a letter written by a Virginia lady, who was once an inmate of the White House, we take the following extract:—

"My recollections of Mrs. Madison are

of the most agreeable nature, and were formed from a long and intimate acquaintance, beginning in my childhood and ending only with her life. She had a sweet natural dignity of manner, which attracted while it commanded respect; a proper degree of reserve without stiffness in company with strangers; and a stamp of frankness and sincerity, which, with her intimate friends, became gayety and playfulness of manner. There was, too, a cordial, genial, sunny atmosphere surrounding her which won all hearts — and was one of the secrets of her popularity. She was said to be, during Mr. Madison's administration, the most popular person in the United States, and she certainly had a remarkable memory for names and faces. No person introduced to Mrs. Madison at one of the crowded levees at the White House required a second presentation on meeting her again, but had the gratification of being recognized and addressed by name. Her son, Payne Todd, was a worthless fellow, and his behavior was the great sorrow of her life. Mr. Madison, during his lifetime, bore with him like a father, and paid many of his

debts; but he was an incorrigible spendthrift, and spent his own fortune and his mother's too, embittering the last years of her life."

TO MRS. MADISON FROM MRS. LEE.

WASHINGTON, *March* 4, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — On this day eight years ago, I wrote from the retirement of Sully to congratulate you on the joyful event that placed you in the highest station our country can bestow. I then enjoyed the proudest feelings — that my friend, the friend of my youth, who never had forsaken me, should be thus distinguished, and so peculiarly fitted for it.

How much greater cause have I to congratulate you at this period, for having so filled it as to render yourself more enviable this day than your successor, as it is more difficult to deserve the gratitude and thanks of the community than their congratulations. You have most decidedly deserved all of this. Being deprived, by the sickness of my child, from joining the multitude to-day in paying my respects where they are due, I feel the sweetest

consolation in devoting myself to you. My heart clings to you, my beloved friend, and has done so for the last fortnight, with a selfishness that produces the keenest feelings of regret, and though my domestic habits, more than inclination, have prevented my taking advantage of your kind invitations to be more with you, yet I felt a security and pleasure in being so near you, and a confidence in your affection, that constituted my chief pride as a citizen, I assure you. But the period has at length arrived when we must again part. You will retire from the tumult and fatigue of public life to your favorite retreat in Orange County, and will carry with you principles and manners not to be put off with the robe of state, having been drawn from maternal breasts, and nurtured from the example of those dear, pious parents, to whom you ever resigned yourself with such filial obedience and devotion as to bring their blessings on your head. Talents such as yours were never intended to remain inactive; on retiring from public life, you will form a more fortunate arrangement of your time, be able to display them in the more noble and interesting

walks of life. You will cherish them, my dear friend, in a more native soil; they will constitute the chief felicity of your dear, venerated husband, and descend in full perfection to your son. I remember at this moment, in my last conversation with my venerable uncle, your father's friend, he said of you, "She will hold out to the end; she was a dutiful daughter, and never turned her back on an old friend, and was charitable to the poor." Will you do me the favor, dear Dolly,— for it is near my heart that you should,— take advantage of some leisure moment to say something for me to your husband. In the fullness of my gratitude I can express nothing, but shall ever hold in remembrance the highly valued friendship and confidence he has shown my husband. I rejoice to hear that you do not leave the city very soon, and may hope to enjoy your society, though I presume your engagements are most numerous just now. I must ask your pardon for thrusting such an epistle upon you, but it relieves my heart, and will not, I trust, wound yours; it demands no other acknowledgment, at present, than a cordial reception. It

grows dark, and I want you to have this on this momentous evening.

Believe me most truly yours,

ELIZA LEE.

There were many persons who ascribed to Mrs. Madison a degree of influence over the public conduct of her husband far greater than really existed. That her opinions, even upon public affairs, had great weight with her husband is unquestionably true, for he frequently gave his testimony to the solidity of her advice; but there is no evidence that it either originated or materially altered any part of the course he had laid out for himself. Whenever she differed in sentiment from him, she perfectly understood her own position, and that the best way of recommending her views was by entire concession. A word said after the mood had passed would receive great consideration from him; her influence was of that calm, negative order, which often prevents evil consequences from momentary indiscretion.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. MADISON'S second term having expired, and his Secretary of State, James Monroe, being installed in the Presidency, he gladly retired to his dearly-loved Montpelier, where with a few congenial friends around him, he could still give a large proportion of his time to his favorite studies. He was a silent, grave man, whose nature was relieved by a vein of quaint, quiet humor, which, in his moments of relaxation, gave an inexpressible charm to his presence. A statesman of an unusually sound mind and great research, his diplomatic correspondence was remarkable for its clearness and precision; the language, well-chosen and to the point, showed a cool, clear judgment, which caused him to be referred to in matters of importance, even before and after his many years of public life.

He combined with a free and manly expression of his opinions an observance of

parliamentary courtesy, worthy of the dignity of his character, and of the gravity and importance of the question at issue. His style of dress was never altered: plain black cloth coat and knee-breeches with buckles, the hair powdered and worn in a queue behind; the daily task of dressing it devolved upon his wife, who would not think his body-servant capable of doing it justice. He was a decided contrast to Mrs. Madison, who was still blooming, and showed little sign of the forty-five years she was entitled to. Always handsomely and becomingly dressed, her matronly figure had not yet outgrown the grace and dignity so much admired.

He shared with General Washington and Mr. Jefferson a great predilection for agricultural pursuits, and Montpelier, his father's residence, had always been his home during the few months in summer that he was enabled to throw off partially the cares of official life. He devoted himself with great earnestness, as well as a keen relish, to the tranquil and tranquilizing pursuits of the country, identifying himself with all its familiar and home-bred interests, and embarking with zeal in every

plan for the improvement of agriculture, its processes, and its implements. A few extracts from the almost daily correspondence between him and Mr. Jefferson, at the time of one of his congressional vacations, will show the primitive tastes of these two statesmen, which with Washington made them the true representatives of the great agricultural classes and interests of America.

In his first letter from Virginia he says: "Our fields continue to anticipate a luxuriant harvest. The greatest danger is apprehended from too rapid a vegetation, under the present warm weather. . . . Will you be so good, in case an opportunity should offer, to inquire of Dr. Logan as to the ploughs he was to have made and sent to Mrs. House's for me." In a letter a few weeks later, he speaks with the anxiety and minuteness of a practical farmer, of the unfavorable change which the intervening period had made in the prospects of the crops.

"Our fine prospects in the wheat-field have been severely injured by the weather for some time past. The wheat had gotten safe into the head, and with tolerable

weather would have ripened into a most exuberant harvest. . . . Should the weather be ever so favorable henceforward, a considerable proportion will be lost."

Mr. Jefferson found time, in the midst of his absorbing duties as Secretary of State, to execute the commission of his friend, and to indulge his yearnings for the country life from which he was so reluctantly parted. In a letter on the 9th of June, 1793, he says to Mr. Madison: "Your ploughs shall be duly attended to. Have you taken notice of Tull's horse-shoeing plough? I am persuaded that it is good where you wish your work to be very exact, and our great plough, where a less degree of exactness is required, leaves us nothing to wish for from other countries as to ploughs, under our circumstances. I have not yet received my (Scotch) threshing-machine. I fear the late long and heavy rains have extended to us, and affected our wheat."

These allusions to rural life, and its interests and occupations, recur perpetually in all the letters of the two friends, in the midst of the gravest discussions on the country's welfare, and exhibits, besides,

another pleasing feature in Mr. Madison's character as a country gentleman. He gave himself up with a free and congenial spirit to the duties of hospitality and the calls of social intercourse and friendship. He goes to pay promised visits to two friends in the neighboring county of Albemarle, Colonel Monroe and Colonel Wilson Cary Nicholas; and on his return writes to Mr. Jefferson: "I find the house full of particular friends, who will stay some weeks, receiving and returning visits, from which I cannot decently exclude myself, even for my dear library."

We are tempted to pursue still further the unreserved correspondence of these two congenial friends; in one letter, where Mr. Jefferson feels so anxious to return to Monticello, that he is seriously tempted to resign the portfolio of State; and in another, where he writes to urge Mr. Madison to purchase a farm in the immediate vicinity of his own home, "a nice little place," he adds, "which purchase would add so much to my happiness."

Enough has been said, however, to show the spirit with which Mr. Madison turned his back upon Washington, and the cares

of office, devoting himself to his favorite pursuits, reading and farming, for the remaining years of his life. Mrs. Madison, too, was devoted to Montpelier, and led a busy life among her household of guests, and the many interests of gardens and poor people. Mr. Madison senior, and his eldest son Ambrose, had both passed away, leaving the property, which comprised 2,500 acres, to James, who enlarged the house to make room for friends, without interfering at all with his mother's household. She lived to the age of ninety-eight years, retaining the use of all the original part of the old homestead, and keeping up the old-fashioned hours; waited upon by servants who had grown old in her service. One old negro at ninety, with a halo of gray hair about his head, refused to allow any one to take his place behind his mistress's chair, though sleep sometimes made him totter in a most alarming manner.

General Lafayette, when he visited Montpelier in his last journey to this country in 1825, enjoyed going about with Mrs. Madison to all the different cabins occupied by the negroes, one of whom, Granny Milly, a hundred and four years old, lived

with her daughter and granddaughters, the youngest seventy years of age, all retired from their labors. These became great friends of his, and he would stroll down to the "Walnut Grove" for a little chat, coming back with a fresh egg, or a nosegay presented by the old people.

The house of Montpelier lay on a very pretty slope of land, surrounded by the Blue Ridge Mountains, which extended as far as the eye could reach, with little vistas of country roads winding in and out; roads eagerly scanned with a telescope, which was part of the portico furniture, when carriages were almost daily seen, bringing friends, or even strangers, who wished to pay their respects to the host and hostess. Tourists on the road to the Virginia Springs were told at Orange Court House that they were only five miles from Ex-President Madison's, and though hesitating to intrude upon his privacy, they most of them found their way to the hospitable mansion, and were reassured by the cordiality of their reception.

A contemporary writer, describing Montpelier, says: "There are few houses in Virginia that gave a larger welcome, or made

it more agreeable, than that over which 'Queen Dolly,' the most gracious and beloved of all our female sovereigns, reigned, and wielding as skillfully the domestic, as she had done worthily and popularly the public, sceptre; everything that came beneath her immediate and personal sway, the care and entertainment of visitors, the government of servants, the whole policy of the interior, was admirably managed with equal grace and efficacy."

The house had a very large, wide portico in front, supported by pillars, where Mr. Madison exercised in stormy weather, walking his allotted number of miles. In the centre of the gravel walk to the first gate, a large tin cup was imbedded to show the amount of rain fallen, which was carefully measured and brought to him, after a shower, and on the right hand a path bordered with silver pine led to a little building in the form of a temple, surmounted by a statue of Liberty, and intended for his study; from this, groups of trees — silver poplar and weeping willow — concealed the numerous out-buildings so essential to a southern country-house. Back of the house was another large portico, opening

on an extensive lawn, bounded by a ha-ha hedge, and with two large tulip-trees in the centre, so exactly alike that Mr. Madison named them "the twins;" they were still standing a few years ago in a field, surrounded by a quantity of tiger-lilies, the product of seed sent from France by General Lafayette. Our much-abused thistle, too, was first propagated in that region by a package of seeds from the same source, marked "very rare."

At some distance from the house was a garden laid out in the form of a large horse-shoe, and kept in perfect order by a French gardener, named Beazée. This Beazée and his wife came to Virginia at the time of the French Revolution, and made themselves very popular with the slaves, taking the trouble to teach some of the more enlightened ones to speak French, much to the amusement of their mistress, who laughed very heartily over the jargon. The wife was a good woman, with a very voluble tongue, and who delighted to please "Madame" in any way. She exercised her ingenuity in manufacturing a very ugly shade hat, which Mrs. Madison called her "Beazée bonnet," and wore during her morning rambles about the place.

Fruits of all kinds, including figs, flowers, and plants, many of them rare and delicate, sent by admiring friends, made the grounds most attractive to guests. Roses and white jessamine entwined the pillars of the south portico, creeping up to the terraces and making the summer air rich with perfume, as it stole in through the long drawing-room windows. The "old lady," as she was called, had her own separate garden, laid out in the most prim, old-fashioned manner by her own gardener. No innovation of any kind was allowed in her domain. She was a woman of strong mind and good education, active and bright up to the last days of her life, taking a great interest and pride in the friends visiting her son and daughter, who were brought to see her and her quaint surroundings at two o'clock, the hour set apart for receiving. At this hour she was to be found seated upon a couch in the centre of a large room, with a table by her side, containing her Bible and prayer-book, which, with her knitting, divided her time; the innumerable gloves and stockings made by her, with the names knitted in, were presented to those whom she fancied

among the guests. The long hall, with its highly polished floor, connecting the old wing with the main part of the house, was hung with pictures, and led into the large dining-room in which were many portraits. Napoleon in his ermine robes, Louis the Fourteenth, Confucius, several members of the family, and faithful slaves, together with a water-color painting of Mr. Jefferson by his enthusiastic admirer Kosciusko, — these with the many medallions and other testimonials of respect and admiration from crowned heads as well as friends, covered the walls, while the large, polished mahogany table and sideboard were bright with silver, the accumulation of three families. Out of this opened Mr. Madison's sitting-room, furnished with chairs and bed of iron, brought by Mr. Monroe from the dismantled palace of the Tuileries ; the last with very high posts, and a heavy canopy of crimson damask.

Here, with his own desk and papers around him, he spent much time, and towards the latter years of his life, when rheumatism crippled his fingers so that he could not manage the knife, he dined at a small table, placed sufficiently near

the door of the dining-room to permit conversation with his guests. Another door opened into a room filled with statuary, called the "clock-room," out of respect to an old-fashioned English clock, which regulated the household for many years. There were some fifty statues and busts, including those of Washington, Jefferson and the elder Adams, with a very excellent profile of himself in marble by Carricci, who afterwards lost his life in prison from having invented the infernal machine. The drawing-room was carpeted with Persian rugs, the walls were quite covered with mirrors and pictures, six of which last were by Stuart, and the framed Declaration of Independence; while many pretty bits of furniture and china made the room look cheerful and homelike, as one glanced through the glass doors leading in from the lawn. From the front hall the carved oaken staircase led up-stairs to the bedrooms and the library, the latter not only lined with book-cases, but the centre so filled with them that there was only just room enough to pass among them. Books and pamphlets were piled up everywhere, on every available chair and table,

accumulated by Mr. Madison and his father, who shared the same literary tastes. Added to their own collection was the valuable library of Lord Dunmore, bought by the elder Madison, and left at his son's death to the University of Virginia.

With this pleasant home, full of friends and waited upon by devoted slaves, the days passed quickly enough; only once did Mr. and Mrs. Madison leave Montpelier for any distance, and that was to go to Richmond, where he attended the convention for revising the Constitution of Virginia. Here they were very pleasantly entertained; the people, famed for their hospitality, were delighted to welcome the Ex-President and his wife, who, after a few weeks of gayety, were glad to return home to their more quiet country life.

Mrs. Madison had been very much drawn to the Episcopal Church before leaving Washington, and though five miles of bad road intervened between her home and the nearest church at Orange Court House, both Mr. Madison and herself, with such guests as were of the same mind, took the long drive every fair Sunday until failing

health kept him at home and her to keep him company.

One of the great occasions for bringing the neighbors together from far and near were the camp-meetings, looked forward to with great pleasure and participated in by old and young of all denominations. Barbecues, too, were at the height of their popularity. At these feasts the woods were alive with carriages, horses, servants, and children; farmers exchanged ideas about crops and politics, while a long table was spread under the forest oaks, and heaped with good things of every kind. Animals were roasted whole, the punch-bowl passed from lip to lip accompanied by an appetite whetted by the invigorating mountain air, "and the pleasure of clasping hands with neighbors seen only at meeting time." The woods rang with merriment. If not too late, fiddles were produced by some of the negroes, and a dance ended the day, the guests departing reluctantly and according to the number of miles before them, while the negroes, after a feast off the remains of the repast, made the night melodious with their wild, sweet songs.

TO MR. EDWARD COLES.

MONTPELIER, *September* 3, 1819.

I have received, my dear sir, your agreeable letter, which lingered a long time on the way.

We congratulate you much on the various successes of your western career, and the first thing that strikes us is the rapidity of your promotions. Bounding over the preliminary sailorship, the first step on the deck of your bark — pardon me, of the noble structure the Ark — makes you a pilot; the name of pilot is scarcely pronounced before you are a captain; and in less than the twinkling of an eye the captain starts up a commodore. On the land a scene opens out before us in which you, too, figure. We see you at once a ploughman, a rail-splitter, a fence-builder, a corn-planter, and a hay-maker. To all these rural functions, which leave but a single defect in your title of husband-(man), you add the facilities of a town life. And to cap the whole you enjoy the official dignity of "Register of the Land Office" in the important Territory of Illinois. We repeat our congratulations on all these honors

and employments, and wish that the emoluments may equal them.

You are well off, for this year at least, when you can expect bread from corn planted in July. Here, famine threatens us in the midst of fields planted in April. So severe a drought is not remembered. On some farms, and among them my two small ones near home, there has been no rain at all, or none to produce any sensible effect. It has been, I hear, particularly hard upon the tobacco crop in Virginia, and will make a bad year.

You are pursuing, I observe, the true course with your negroes in order to make their freedom a fair experiment for their happiness. With the habits of the slave and without the instruction, property, or employments of a freeman, the blacks, instead of deriving advantage from the partial benevolence of their masters, furnish arguments against the general efforts in their behalf. I wish your philanthropy could complete its object by changing their color as well as their legal condition. Without this they seem destined to a privation of that moral rank and those social blessings which give to freedom more than

half its value. Mrs. Madison as well as myself is much gratified by your promise to devote the next winter to your native haunts. We sincerely hope your arrangements will give us an ample share of your time. We will then take the case of your bachelorship into serious and full consideration. Mrs. Madison is well disposed to give all her aid in getting that old thorn out of your side, and putting a young rib in its place. She very justly remarks, however, that with your own exertions hers will not be wanted, and without them not deserved.

Accept our joint wishes for your health and every other happiness.

JAMES MADISON.

Payne Todd came home from Europe, after several years of traveling which made large inroads into his fortune, and bought an estate in Virginia. Much of his time, however, was spent in Philadelphia and Washington, or in wandering about, to his mother's sorrow, who had been very anxious to have him marry and settle down to a profession.

TO PAYNE TODD, ESQ.

MONTPELIER, *April* 9, 1823.

I am impatient to hear from you, my dearest Payne, and had I known where to direct I should have written you before this: not that there is anything particular to communicate, but for the pleasure of repeating how much I love you, and to hear of your happiness.

Your father received the journal of "Las Casas," with your name in it, from Philadelphia, which is an indication that you are there, and I write accordingly. We returned yesterday from Monticello, after passing three days with Mr. Jefferson and one with Judge Nelson.

Ellen and Virginia were indisposed, but all the others, with Mr. Jefferson, are well; they hoped to have seen you with us. I inclose a letter your father received from General Taylor, as, perhaps, you might draw on him without knowing his payment was intended to be made you so soon. Let me know when you propose leaving Philadelphia and your route, that I may send you some commissions. Adieu, my

dear boy. Your father joins me in affectionate wishes for you. Your

MOTHER.

TO PAYNE TODD, ESQ.

MONTPELIER, *December* 2, 1824.

I have received yours, my dearest Payne, of the 23d and 24th of November, and was impatient to answer them yesterday, — the day of their reaching me, — but owing to the winter arrangement for the mail, no post leaves this until to-morrow morning. Mr. Clay inquired affectionately after you; he with two members of Congress have been passing several days with us. Every one inquires after you; but, my dear son, it seems to be the wonder of them all that you should stay away from us for so long a time! and now I am ashamed to tell, when asked, how long my only child has been absent from the home of his mother. Your father and I entreat you to come to us; to arrange your business with those concerned, so that you may return to them when necessary, and let us see you here as soon as possible with your interest and convenience. Your father thinks as I do, that it would be best for your reputation

and happiness, as well as ours, that you should consult your parents on subjects of deep account to you, and that you would find it so on returning to Philadelphia at the appointed time, which shall be whenever you wish it. I have said in my late letters, as well as this, all that I thought sufficient to influence you. I must now put my trust in God alone! . . .

I can add no news that is likely to interest you, except about poor Judge Todd, who is very ill; and that Ellen Randolph is to be married to Mr. Coolidge. We should rejoice in any occurrence that would bring you speedily to our arms, who love you with inexpressible tenderness and constancy. Your own MOTHER.

TO MRS. MADISON FROM MRS. PHOEBE MORRIS.

WASHINGTON, *January* 19, 1824.

MY DEAREST MRS. MADISON, — I have been in Washington about a fortnight, where everything reminds me of you; but alas! sometimes painfully, for so many scenes of joy and sorrow have passed since the happy period of my early youth, which was rendered more joyous by your protect-

ing care. We are very comfortably established together at the "six buildings." I often think of you and my dear Mr. Madison alone at Montpelier, for you have told me that there is not so much visiting in winter. I know all your motions and ways so well, that at any hour of the day I can represent to myself what you are doing. What do you think of the probability of having the Marquis de Lafayette for a visit, for surely Montpelier will be the first place to fly to, when he comes to the United States. The Secretary of the Navy says he shall have one of the finest and best manned vessels in the service to convey him hither, if Mitchell's resolution is carried, and he wishes to come, which does not appear as yet quite decided.

Mrs. Monroe is really going to have a drawing-room on Wednesday. You have no doubt seen the description of Mrs. Hays's personal elegance of deportment and costume in the papers. We all attended Mrs. Adams's reception on the 8th, and it was really a very brilliant party, and admirably well arranged. The ladies climbed the chairs and benches to see General Jackson, and Mrs. Adams very grace-

fully took his arm, and walked through the apartments with him, which gratified the general curiosity.

It is said there were fourteen hundred cards issued, and about eight hundred supposed to be present.

I would like to hear something of Miss Willis ; whenever I feel a little romantic, and think of some pure and innocent being, sheltered from the storms of life, and lovely in the bosom of retreat, my imagination turns to that sweet and sympathetic girl. I beg you will remember me to her affectionately, my dearest friend, also to her excellent mother. How is your mother, Mrs. Madison ? I hope she is as bright and active as ever : give my love and respectful admiration to her. Adieu, my dearest and best friend ; believe me, as ever, Your own affectionate

PHOEBE MORRIS.

TO MRS. ANDREW STEVENSON.

MONTPELIER, —— 1826.

I have received by post just now, my ever dear cousin, your welcome letter, and cannot express my anxiety to embrace you once more ; but a spell rests upon me, and

withholds me from those I love most in this world; not a mile can I go from home; and in no way can I account for it, but that my husband is fixed here, and hates to have me leave him. This is the third winter in which he has been engaged in the arrangement of papers, and the business seems to accumulate as he proceeds, so that it might outlast my patience, and yet I cannot press him to forsake a duty so important, or find it in my heart to leave him during its fulfillment. We very often speak of you, and the many causes of our admiration for you, concluding, by assuring one another, that if we could leave home this winter, it should be only to visit you and Mr. Stevenson. Allow us, then, my dear, to retain the privilege you so kindly give us, of our rooms, where you shall some day see us.

This fall I had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Mrs. Randolph, her sister, and Ellen; they told me you had been indisposed, and from your silence, I feared you had not recovered. I receive letters every week from my sister Anna; she is in a round of pleasant society, and though devoted as ever to her children, takes time

to enjoy a good dance. Mrs. Brown, whom you may remember, has rented a house near her, gives a great many handsome parties. Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Adams, and many others keep up the fashion of dissipation. Our love, dear cousin, to you and yours, hoping to see you ere long.

Affectionately yours,

DOLLY MADISON.

Much as she graced her public station, Mrs. Madison has not been less admirable in domestic life. Neighborly and companionable among her country friends, as if she had never lived in a city; delighting in the society of young people, and promoting their pleasure by her participation and enjoyment of it; she still proved herself a most affectionate and devoted wife during the years of suffering before Mr. Madison's death. Without neglecting the duties of a kind hostess, a faithful friend and relative, she soothed, occupied, and amused the tiresome hours of his long confinement.

Never, in the midst of a drawing-room, surrounded on all sides by everything that was brilliant and courtly, — the centre of

attraction, the object of admiration, — never was she so interesting, so attractive, as in her loving attendance on her venerable mother-in-law, who said, "Dolly is my mother now, and cares most tenderly for all my wants," and later on, in filling the same office to her husband in his declining years.

Monticello was about thirty miles from Montpelier, and in the estimate of a Virginian, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were neighbors, and visited frequently, over roads so bad that outriders were brought into requisition at times to hold up the coach.

TO ANNA.

MONTPELIER, *July* 5, 1820.

I have just received yours, dearest Anna, and rejoice that you are well and have your friends about you. Yesterday we had ninety persons to dine with us at one table, — put up on the lawn, under a thick arbor. The dinner was profuse and good, and the company very orderly. Many of them were old acquaintance of yours, and among them the two Barbours.

We had no ladies except mother Madison, Mrs. Macon, and Nelly Willis; the

day was cool and pleasant; half a dozen only stayed all night with us, and they are now about to depart. Colonel Monroe's letter this morning announces the advent of the French Minister, and we shall expect him this evening, or perhaps sooner. I am less worried here with an hundred visitors than with twenty-five in Washington, — this summer especially. I wish, dearest, you had just such a country home as this. I truly believe it is the happiest and most true life, and would be so good for you and the dear children.

Always your devoted sister,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

Her nieces and nephews, children of the favorite sister, Anna, were a great delight and pleasure to Mrs. Madison, and she kept up a constant correspondence with them, particularly with Mary, and Dolly her namesake, from their babyhood.

TO HER NIECE, MARY CUTTS.

MONTPELIER, *July* 30, 1826.

Your letter, my dearest niece, with the one before it, came quite safely, for which I return many thanks and kisses. I rejoice

too, dear Dolly, to see how well you write and express yourself, and am as proud of all your acquirements as if you were my own daughter. I trust you will yet be with me this summer, when I shall see your improvement in person also, and enjoy the sweet assurance of your affection. Mary Lee and her husband have been indisposed, but are better. They say often they hope you will come with your dear mother, as do all your relatives and friends in this quarter. The old lady, — even the negroes, young and old, want to see you, dear.

We had old Mr. Patterson and his son Edward from Baltimore to stay with us several days, and they tell me that Madame Bonaparte is still in France, and her son gone to Rome to visit his father. Mr. Monroe left us yesterday, disappointed in his views of raising money from his land. Mr. B. continued on his way to the Springs, and I was disappointed at not sending a packet to you, inclosing the flounce which I wanted you to wear, worked by me long ago.

I received by the last post a letter from your cousin Payne, at New York; he

writes in fine health and spirits, and says he will be detained only a few weeks longer in that city. I sincerely hope to see him soon, though it is impossible for him to prefer Virginia to the North. If I were in Washington with you I know I could not conform to the formal rules of visiting they now have, but would disgrace myself by rushing about among my friends at all hours. Here I find it most agreeable to stay at home, everything around me is so beautiful. Our garden promises grapes and figs in abundance, but I shall not enjoy them unless your mamma comes, and brings you to help us with them; tell the boys they must come too. Alas! poor Walter, away at sea! I can scarcely trust myself to think of him, — his image fills my eyes with tears.

Adieu, and believe me always your tender mother and aunt,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

P. S. We are very old-fashioned here. Can you send me a paper pattern of the present sleeve, and describe the width of dress and waist; also how turbans are pinned up, bonnets worn, as well as how to behave in the fashion?

TO DOLLY.

MONTPELIER, *March* 10, 1830.

I am now seated, pen in hand, my sweet niece, to write you, though not in the humor for the success I desire in producing an amusing letter such as mine *should* be in answer to yours.

Imagine, if you can, a greater trial to the patience of us farmers than the destruction of a radiant patch of green peas by frost! It came last night on the skirts of a storm; and while I was lamenting that our dear midshipman, Walter, should ever be exposed to such winds, my young adventurers at home were completely wrecked off their moorings! But away with complaints, other patches equally radiant will arise, and I will mourn no longer over a mess of peas or pottage, but would rather meet you somewhere, or hear about your last party. I had, indeed, my "*quantum sufficit*" of gayety in Richmond, but what I enjoyed most was the quiet but thorough hospitality of the inhabitants among whom I should like to spend my winters. Washington, if my old friends were still there, would no doubt be my preference; but I

confess I do not admire contention in any form, either political or civil. In my quiet retreat I like to hear of what is going on, and therefore hope, my dear, you will not be timid in telling me, though your statements shall be seen by no one else. I wish that circumstances would have permitted you to have accepted Mr. V. B.'s invitation, but I cannot doubt you had a good reason for declining. By the bye, do you ever get hold of a clever novel, new or old, that you could send me? I bought Cooper's last, but did not care for it, because the story was so full of horrors.

Adieu, my dearest Dolly, think of me as your own friend as well as aunt, and write as often as you can to

Yours affectionately,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO DOLLY.

MONTPELIER, *November*, 1830.

DEAREST NIECE, — I have been so much engaged in the book you kindly sent by the last post, that I have scarcely left myself time to thank you for it by this. I will, however, take an early opportunity to show my gratitude by a longer letter.

If you can send me the "Romance of History" I will be very glad, and will make proper dispatch in the perusal of it. Governor Barbour is here and will stay some time. Philippa does not expect to see Washington again for some time, and regrets it much. Her father is now a judge and she a recluse. I find you have no idea yet of the improvement love can make, or you would not surmise that another must have had to do the courting for John. After he became acquainted with S. Carter, his tongue twanged as if sent from a bow! Last winter when I witnessed his attentions to her, and heard him talk and laugh like Ganymede, I knew it was Cupid's act, by the color. She is a sweet girl and I hope you will see her before long, you and my dear Mary.

Ever your affectionate aunt,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO MARY.

MONTPELIER, *January* 5, 1831.

DEAREST MARY, — Yours, ending on the 2d of January, came to relieve my oppressed heart with the tidings of your beloved mother's recovery from that extreme

illness, under which I knew or feared she was laboring.

I had written a week ago this day to Dolly and one to you, inclosed to your father, which could hardly have reached you, or you would have yielded to my pleadings for that single line by every post which would tell me your mamma is better and has a prospect of regaining her health. To secure this, my dearest girls, you must help her in every way you can, keep her room quiet, and herself free from the slightest agitation or uneasiness. The nervousness of which Dr. Sim speaks must be attended to with all your delicacy of thought and conduct ; her sufferings have caused it, and now, no one should approach her who is not sensible of the importance of smiles and comfort to one who has been so near the grave. May Heaven sustain and support her for many years to come to bless you with her protecting love.

I inclose "The Oxonians," which I could not read, while my heart was oppressed by fears for you all. We are well and send love. Your own aunt,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO MARY.

MONTPELIER, *September* 18, 1831.

MY DEAREST MARY, — I hasten to answer your nice letter in order to obtain your forgiveness about the mislaid letter; I fear Beckey may have used it to kindle the fire she was so anxious about for her master, and as far as I can discover collected everything in the way of paper on my table this morning. It was so short I hope you can recollect enough of it to write it again for your amiable correspondent, to whom give my assurance of love. I am so grieved that your mamma is not well, but trust it proceeds from fatigue. Do persuade her to go to see Mrs. B., and not to worry about household cares. I hope the alarm of "insurrections" is over in the city, though every one should be on guard after this. I am quiet, hearing little about it, and quite helpless if in danger. Tell Mr. Trist I send him a few leaves, if not the whole flower, of his dear lady (Cape Jessamine), who is now blooming, when all her contemporaries have changed color and are passing away, emblematic of her good disposition and

heart, whose fragrance will last until the end.

Your Uncle Madison still wears the bead ring you placed on his finger, and I see him look at it every now and then without saying anything.

My eyes are troubling me, still I write on a great deal of nonsense. To-morrow I expect a large party from Richmond and the lower country to stay with us. I feel very grateful to all those ladies who are so kind to your mother while she is ailing, and could love the blackest Indian who was good to her; indeed, it seems to me I would like to bribe the whole world to make her well. Payne is on the wing again with three gentlemen in his train.

Adieu, dearest niece. Ever yours,

DOLLY MADISON.

TO MARY.

MONTPELIER, *December*, 1831.

MY OWN DEAR NIECE, — I have been the most disconsolate of persons these three or four days, and all because of a violent toothache. The book you mention I will keep unless you say no, while I read the second volume, and send them both to

you by Walter, who is summoned to Philadelphia on the first Monday in January, and will stop in Washington to see you.

In my last I informed you that Walter and Payne had been detained abroad by bad weather, but now they are safe and sound with us, and we have played chess and talked together all this time without the appearance of ennui. Thank my dear Dolly for her kind letter; and I rejoice in her recovery, which is due in a great measure to the judicious nursing of a good mother.

I hope you will soon be going to parties, and give me a detailed account of what is going forward amongst the various characters in Washington.

I have so long been confined by the side of my dear sick husband, never seeing or hearing outside of his room, that I make a dull correspondent.

Your uncle is better now than he was three days ago, and I trust will continue to mend, but his poor hands are still sore, and so swollen as to be almost useless, and so I lend him mine. The music-box is playing beside me, and seems well adapted to solitude, as I look out at our mountains,

white with snow, and the winter's wind sounding loud and cold. I hope you will take more than usual care of yourself this weather, and wish I could cover you with furs; but ah! if I dare indulge in wishes —

Good night, my love. Your fond aunt,

DOLLY MADISON.

TO HER SISTER ANNA.

MONTPELIER, *August* 2, 1832.

BELOVED SISTER ANNA, — Mrs. Mason has just written to me to say you are a little better, and those dear daughters of yours, Mary and Dolly, whom I shall ever feel are my own children, have often consoled me by their letters since you were unable to write. Your husband and boys too have written frequently, — all in that affectionate feeling towards you which manifested their deep love; and although my heart is sad within me, because I cannot see or assist you in your long and painful sickness, yet am I very thankful to the Almighty for his favors in bestowing such devoted friends as have surrounded your pillow.

My dear husband is recovering, I hope,

slowly, though still confined to his bed. He speaks of you to me every day with all the partiality and love of a tender brother, and ardently hopes that we may be long spared to each other.

Mrs. Clay and her husband did not call to see me as we expected. They understood that General Jackson was at Montpelier and passed on to Governor Barbour's. The next day Mr. Clay came for a few hours, but did not meet the President here. I regretted much not seeing Mrs. Clay, as she would have talked to me of you.

Do, dear sister, strive to get well and strong for my sake and your children's; what should we do without you! As soon as my eyes are well I will write to dear Mrs. B. In the mean time offer her my love and thanks for all her goodness to you.

Adieu, my dear, ever and always,

Your loving sister,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

Two days after this letter Mrs. Madison received the news of her sister's death, and though in a measure prepared for it, the blow seemed to fall so heavily upon her that she aged very much in a week;

her friends said that for the first time she lost her bright cheerfulness, and from that day until the second shock came upon her of Mr. Madison's death, everything seemed to be an effort.

MONTPELIER, *August* 5, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER, — The heart of your miserable sister mourns with you and for your dear children.

Come to us as soon as you can, and bring them all with you; I am as deeply interested in them as if they were my own. Where are her remains? I will myself write my gratitude to the kind friends who were privileged to do what I could not for my lamented sister.

Mr. Madison partakes in our sorrows, and in my wish to see you all here. Show this to Dolly and Mary, please, as I cannot write to them at this moment. Yours came yesterday.

Affectionately your sister,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO MARY.

MONTPELIER, *August* 1, 1833.

May your fortune, dearest Mary, be even

better than the sybil's predictions. There is one secret, however, she did not tell you, and that is the power we all have in forming our own destinies.

We must press on that intricate path leading to perfection and happiness, by doing all that is good and noble, before we can be taken under the silver wing of our rewarding angel; this I feel sure you will aim at, and succeed beyond doubt. It will not be necessary, dear child, to recapitulate all the virtues important to render us worthy and deserving of good fortune, because you know them well.

I received your last letter just a week after the date on the inside, though the envelope was marked for the 26th.

I hope the book I sent has been received, and that ere this you are ready to go on your visit to Cousin William. Present me affectionately to him and the girls; I should delight in seeing them all. Your Uncle Madison mends in his health, but has many relapses. We have had more company this summer than I can enumerate, and though I enjoy it, my health has not been so good as usual; this morning I was not able to breakfast with my eight

guests, but went for a drive with my dear husband and shall join them at dinner.

Your affectionate aunt,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO DOLLY.

MONTPELIER, *September* 9, 1833.

It has seemed to me, my dearest Dolly, that I should never be able to write you a letter on account of a stream of people coming and going, until I fear I am quite nervous. There is not much of interest to tell you. Our neighborhood is as you left it ; many lowlanders have been among us, and Mrs. Needham Washington is now with Mrs. Cole.

Do you know, my dear, that I was as glad to get a letter from you yesterday as I was to receive a present of a pair of the celebrated English Holkim calves, sent me by Mr. Patterson, of Baltimore. Your Uncle Madison is better, and rides out every day, three or four miles, and these are the only excursions I have taken since you left us. Mr. Longacre was here for some days to take your uncle's likeness for his gallery, and I think succeeded very well.

I do not know if I wrote you that Mr. Livingstone sent me a fine bust of himself as a remembrance, before sailing, and I prize it very much. A young artist named Chapman is coming to take your uncle's portrait; we also expect Mr. and Mrs. Rives, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, and many others, on their way from the White Sulphur Springs. Payne is at home and improving his knowledge of geology.

Ever your own aunt,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO MARY.

MONTPELIER, *December* 2, 1834.

There has been a spell upon my fingers for a long time, dearest niece, and even now there rests one on my eyes; still I would commune with you, whom I love so much, and tell you that your letters are all received, and my spirits rising as I peruse them, because my hopes are renewed for dear Walter in your amiable efforts to embark him again on the waves of fortune. I rejoice at the pleasant visit you made to Kalorama with dear Dolché. I was anxious to write and tell you of our visit from Miss Martineau, and how much we en-

joyed her enlightened conversation and unassuming manners. We also liked her lively little friend, Miss Jeffries. Ah me! my eyes are even now so troublesome that I must hasten to say as much as I can in a short space of time, hoping to do more when they are better.

I have no idea of the new dance you speak of, or its motions, but approve of your declining to learn it, if disapproved of by society. Our sex are ever losers, when they stem the torrent of public opinion. Baron K.'s parties must be piquant and agreeable, but if Sir Charles Vaughn leaves what will you all do?

Your uncle is still about the same, but I hope as the season advances he will gain strength again. With much love to all the dear ones, Always your own aunt,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO PAYNE TODD.

MONTPELIER, *July* 20, 1834.

Yours, dearest, promising to write me again, came safely, and I was glad to hear mine, with the inclosure, had reached you. You did not tell me whether you had been successful in your collections. If not, you

will want supplies proportioned to your detention; I am anxious that you should have them, and you know the little I have in my power is at your command, though but "a drop in the bucket." You will tell me when you intend to return, that I may have the pleasure of expecting you.

Messrs. Patton and Rives dined with us on the 12th; they inquired for you, and said they had hoped to see you at the party as a "Jackson man." General Madison came with them, looking well and happy. Mr. Madison is better, though very ill a few days since, and I now hope he will soon be well enough for me to leave him on an expedition to the Court House. It would be quite an event for me to go there, five miles from home. Our last tobacco was a failure; it sold at seven when seventeen was expected; so it goes with planters. Dolly and Mary wrote me yesterday that you were very popular in Washington, and I should like to be with you to witness it — the respect and love shown to my son would be the highest gratification the world could bestow upon me. I think to inclose this to my brother to deliver, in case of your having left, to

keep it for you, or return when you are at home, as I shall inclose. . . . We have seen but few strangers since you left home. Mr. Burney, of Baltimore, called on his way to the Springs, and Mr. Randall, of Philadelphia, with his daughters and niece. He said, by the way, that he had caught a glimpse of you at the station, but lost sight of you again, as he was busy with his baggage.

I suppose you saw Madame Serurier before she went on her travels. If you can see Mrs. Lear, tell her she must come from the Springs to visit me. And now adieu, my dear son; may Heaven preserve and protect you, prays

Your mother, DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO DOLLY.

MONTPELIER, *May* 11, 1835.

DEAREST DOLLY, — Payne met a friend (Mr. H.) of yours yesterday at Orange Court House, and brought him home to dinner, with his two cousins. We were much pleased with his society, as well as the account he gave of you and Mary. He told me of your pleasant party, and how much he admired and regarded you both,

but not half as much about you as I want to know; indeed, how could he, when my love for you makes me wish to trace your every word and deed throughout the year. He gave me your letter, and told us about all the great personages now with you; but what was my grief to receive only one music-box! the box I prized — the one you and Mary gave me — was missing! I will hope, however, that it was left with you, and I shall still hear it in these deep shades.

Your inquiries after your uncle, and how we pass our time, can be more accurately answered. My days are devoted to nursing and comforting my sick patient, who walks only from the bed in which he breakfasts to another, in the little room in which you left him; he is a little better, but not well enough to get into a carriage to drive to the Springs, which I fondly hoped he might do. I expect Mrs. Randolph, Septimia, and two Misses Jefferson Randolph to-morrow, to pass a few days. My love to Dolly and Richard, and accept my apology for this scrawl.

Your own and always,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO MARY.

MONTPELIER, *October* 31, 1835.

I was delighted to receive your last letter, my dearest Mary, as I am always, and sorry for your disappointment at not seeing Thomas and his wife. You inquire if Count d'Orsay has been here? Yes, he spent nearly three weeks with us, off and on, and seemed to enjoy himself very much. He is a great sportsman, and would borrow Payne's summer clothes, and go forth, returning as ragged as bushes and mire could make him, rest for several days, and then off again, tumbling into the river, losing his way — and yet come home laughing at his adventures. We found him an elegant young man, sensible and well-informed, except on the intricacies of our woods. I forget, now, who introduced him; I think General Dearborn sent a letter of introduction. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson stayed a week with me, but I have not yet heard from Mrs. Grimes and her children, of their time for coming. I must tell you that my English beauty has given me a calf as pretty as herself; tell this to dear Dolly that she may be glad with me.

Have you any amusing books, no matter how old, to lend me? You see in what haste I write; tell me everything that you are doing, dear girls; my heart follows you all the time, in spite of my engrossing family. It is now late at night, and my eyes close. Dear love to you all. Good-night, and sweet dreams! Your aunt

DOLLY.

TO JAMES MADISON.

By Edward Everett.

Happy the sage whose active race is run,
His warfare ended, and his labor done.
Him Heaven assigns, ere yet he 's called away,
The peaceful evening of an honored day.
For him youth's eager appetite is o'er,
Which, ever nourished, asks for something more.
No more ambitious tasks, each toilsome hour,
To gain some loftier eminence of power.
Nor friends, nor party, now his strength control,
And press a nation's troubles on his soul.
To him the sweets of life alone remain,
Without its care, its labor, and its pain.
Long may they thus remain, and late the day
When that strong sun shall shed its parting ray.

Warm, bright, and genial, was its morning
hour,
And high and brilliant was its noon of power.
Long may its evening beams serenely shine,
While grateful millions bless its slow decline ;
Till gracious Heaven again shall bid it rise,
And shine to set no more, in purer skies.

March 21, 1830.

CHAPTER XII.

As Mr. Madison grew weaker, and more crippled from rheumatism, they were obliged in a measure to close their hospitable doors. Mrs. Madison's whole time and thoughts were given to the invalid, and she writes to an old friend: "I never leave my husband more than a few minutes at a time, and have not left the inclosure around my house for eight months, on account of his continued indisposition, of which friends at a distance have received but too favorable reports. Our physicians have advised the Warm Springs, and we hoped to have taken him there; but as he could not travel unless conveyed in his bed, we dare not think of it, at present. I can only express the hope, dearest friend, that my husband will be well enough for us to have the gratification of seeing you here before the winter throws it barriers between us. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to wel-

come you, and your daughter. Independently of my own feelings, I must ever love the kind friends of my dear sister."

At eighty-five years of age, though much reduced by disease and weakness, Mr. Madison's mind was bright, and his memory good. Though a great sufferer, he rarely complained, and his conversation was interesting and even lively until the last few days of illness.

The physicians were anxious to prolong his life until the Fourth of July, but he refused to take the necessary stimulants, and died June 28, 1836, in the full possession of all his faculties; as serene, calm, and philosophical in his last moments, as he had been in all the trying occasions of life.

Governor James Barbour, a warm friend and neighbor, gives a touching description of his burial, where friends of all classes, from far and near, flocked to do honor to his memory, and the hundred slaves, as they turned to leave the newly-made grave, could control themselves no longer, and gave vent to their lamentations in one violent burst of grief that rent the air.

When at last the great bereavement and separation came upon Mrs. Madison, she

did not dare give way to her grief. The feeling that there was something still to do for him, something that required all her energies, kept her up for several months, until the nervous strain produced its consequences, and her health gave way so completely, that during the following autumn and winter she was confined almost entirely to her bed. Left sole executrix, and with the responsibility of the unpublished manuscript her husband had worked upon so long and so faithfully in her hands, hundreds of letters and resolutions coming in from every side, expressive of grief and sympathy, there was no time to give way to her sense of utter loneliness in a separation from one with whom she had lived so happily for forty years. The replies were all written by herself, and one of the first was addressed to General Jackson, then President of the United States, who inclosed, with his own letter of condolence, the Resolutions of Congress on the death of Mr. Madison.

TO GENERAL JACKSON.

MONTPELIER, *July* 10, 1836.

I received, dear sir, in due time the communication from Congress, made more grateful to me by the kind sympathy which accompanied it.

The high and just estimation of my husband by my countrymen and friends, and their generous participation in the sorrow occasioned by our irretrievable loss, expressed through its supreme authorities and otherwise, is the only solace of which my heart is susceptible on the departure of him, who had never lost sight of that consistency, symmetry, and beauty of character in all its parts, which rendered his own transcendent as a whole and worthy of the best aspirations.

I am now preparing to execute the trust his confidence reposed in me, that of placing before Congress and the world what his pen had prepared for their use, and with the importance of this legacy, I am deeply impressed.

With great respect and friendship,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

TO RICHARD CUTTS, ESQ.

MONTPELIER, *July* 5, 1836.

I could never doubt your sympathy, dear brother, and require it much now. When can you come and see me? I hope it will be soon, relying on that hearty welcome always in store for you, and each one of your dear children, who have been even as my own. I wish you would see Mr. Morris at the Highlands, and say to him from me that his friendship is a dear consolation. I prize his advice, and, as from my early and most faithful friend, will strive to follow that contained in his letter of the 1st as well as any other which he may extend to me when he visits Montpelier. . . . I would write more, dear Richard, but have no power over my confused and oppressed mind to speak fully of the enduring goodness of my beloved husband. He left me many pledges of his confidence and love; especially do I value all his writings. From the proceeds of the first part of the "Debates in the Convention," I have to pay donations to several institutions. My brother and son are making a copy to send to England. Adieu, with love,

DOLLY P. MADISON.

When Congress assembled the following winter President Jackson sent a special message, proposing the purchase of Mr. Madison's manuscript, comprising a record of the Debates in the Congress of the Convention during the years 1782–1787. This manuscript was accepted as a national work, and thirty thousand dollars paid for it. A subsequent act was passed giving to Mrs. Madison the honorary privilege of a copyright in foreign countries, and later on Congress bestowed the franking privilege upon her, and voted her a seat upon the floors of the Senate and House, the only lady to whom such a distinction was ever given.

In 1837 the physicians persuaded her to try change of air and scene by a few weeks at the White Sulphur Springs, which had a very beneficial effect, and on her return she writes to her old friend, Mr. Anthony Morris: —

TO MR. ANTHONY MORRIS.

MONTPELIER, *September* 2, 1837.

Accept a thousand thanks, dear friend, for your two unanswered letters, containing the best advice in the world, and which

I have followed as far as I could on my visit to the White Sulphur Springs, a new world to me, who have never left Montpelier for nearly six years, even for a day. I passed three or four days at the Warm Springs, and two weeks at the White Sulphur, drinking moderately of the waters, and bathing my poor eyes a dozen times a day. The effect was excellent. My health was strengthened to its former standing, and my eyes grew white again; but in my drive home of six days in the dust they took the fancy to relapse a little; still I cannot refrain from expressing with my own pen (forbidden by you) my grateful sense of your kind friendship on every occasion.

I met with many relations and friends on "my grand tour," and had every reason to be gratified, but for my own sad, impatient spirit, which continually dwelt on my duties at home yet unfinished. In truth, my five weeks' absence from Montpelier made me feel as if I had deserted my duties, and therefore was not entitled to the kindness everywhere shown me, and so I am at home at work again.

As winter approached and Mrs. Madison was left alone with her niece, Anna Payne, the daughter of a brother living in Kentucky, the memories and associations of the place became intolerable to her, and she made up her mind to spend the winter months, which for the first time she found desolate and dreary in the country, among her friends in Washington. A house on the corner of Lafayette Square and H Street, built by her brother-in-law, Richard Cutts, now belonged to her, and there she lived, enjoying the constant companionship of her nephews and nieces, every winter until her death.

As the time of mourning passed, her house again became filled with friends, and she was gladly welcomed back, receiving almost as much attention as she had done years before. On the 1st of January, the Fourth of July, and every other gala day, her house was thrown open, and the throng of visitors was equal to that which assembled at the White House. Friends and strangers of all grades came, many of them bringing their children and grandchildren, sure of the individual interest she took in them. On these occasions, as

she became older, her memory sometimes played her false, but so gracefully was the mistake concealed or obviated that no one left her without the most agreeable impressions.

In 1844 Mrs. Madison was on board the ill-fated steamer Princeton, when the great cannon, called "the Peacemaker," exploded, and caused such terrible destruction of life. She was sitting below with some ladies, after dinner, when the crash came, followed by heart-rending shrieks, as one person after another was discovered to be injured. With great presence of mind she went about doing her best to soothe and assist in caring for the wounded, until forced to go home; there she found her drawing-room filled with anxious friends, waiting to be assured of her safety. She came in quietly, bowing gracefully and smiling, but unable to speak a word, with her heart full of sympathy for the sufferers she had just left; nor could she ever afterwards trust herself to speak of that terrible afternoon, and she never heard it mentioned without turning pale and shuddering.

Her husband's judgment and care were

especially missed by Mrs. Madison with regard to her pecuniary affairs; accustomed to the most lavish hospitality, she was now, as she said, "too old to change her habits," and with an expensive plantation to keep up, which for some time brought in no returns owing to bad crops, and an extravagant, idle son, who, having spent his own fortune, lived upon her failing resources, she was in her old age obliged to sell the dearly-loved Montpelier, together with the slaves, to Mr. Moncure, of Richmond.

Most of the precious souvenirs were removed to "Toddsbirth," the residence of her son, Payne Todd, and here he intended his mother to pass the remaining years of her life; spending much money in carrying out his eccentric ideas for her comfort. The large house had been burned down, and several smaller ones were erected around a tower-like building, containing the ball-room and dining-room.

One of these cottages was to be for his mother, which, in order to obviate the fatigue of a staircase, she was to enter from the dining-room by a window. She never lived to see the completion of this

plan, money becoming very scarce, and was always ready with excuses for her son. "My poor boy," she would say; "forgive his eccentricities, for his heart is all right." And at another time would make use of Mr. Madison's favorite quotation: —

"Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
Those who would seek for pearls must dive below."

Mrs. Madison always attended St. John's Episcopal Church in after life, while Mr. Hawley was the rector, and was baptized and confirmed there. In writing to her nephew she says: —

"And now, my dear Richard, I must tell you on what our thoughts have dwelt a great deal — and that is to become worthy of membership in the church which I have attended for the last forty years, and which Anna has attended all her life. Yesterday this long-wished-for confirmation took place. Bishop Whittingham performed the ceremony, and we had an excellent sermon from the Bishop of New Jersey — a fine preacher and beautiful champion for Charity, which 'suspects not nor thinks no evil.'"

About this time she had a most provi-

dential escape from a fire, started by incendiaries, who placed matches between the shutters of the hall window and the staircase of her house. As the flames began to ascend towards her room in the early morning, a neighbor aroused the servants, and the man, Ralph, rushing towards his mistress' room, broke down the door and found her quietly sleeping in the midst of dense clouds of smoke. "Mistress," he cried, "I have come to save you," and awakening to the consciousness of danger to her husband's letters and papers, as more important than her own life, she refused to leave until the frightened servants secured them; then Ralph seized her in his arms, rushed down the burning staircase, out of a side door, and placed her in safety in a remote corner of the garden. The fire was soon extinguished by kind neighbors, and Mrs. Madison laughingly returned, clad in a black velvet gown and nightcap, and with bare feet.

In 1846, Congress bought the remaining letters and private correspondence of Mr. Madison, together with those of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Hamilton, paying twenty-five thousand dollars in each case.

During the eighty-third and last year of Mrs. Madison's life, her mind seemed very busy with the past. She caused old letters to be read to her, which brought in their train memories and associations unknown to those around her, and though her mind was never clouded, nor her affections weakened, she suffered much from debility and was confused and wearied by the conflicting counsels around her. "Oh, for my counselor!" she was heard to say, as if the burden of life was becoming too much for the tired brain. A few days before her death she said to a niece who had gone to her, as usual, for sympathy over some small grievance: —

"My dear, do not trouble about it; there is nothing in *this* world worth really caring for. Yes," she repeated, looking intently out of a window, "believe me, I, who have lived so long, repeat to you there is nothing in this world here below worth caring for." These last days she was very fond of having the Bible read to her, and invariably asked for the Gospel of St. John, and it was at one of these times that her last sleep came upon her, sleep so profound that doctors were sum-

moned and pronounced it slow apoplexy. For two days she lingered apparently without suffering, waking only when aroused to momentary consciousness, when she would smile lovingly, and put out her arms to embrace those whom she loved so well. Several times she murmured "My poor boy!" as she seemed to feel her son's presence near her, and gently relapsed into that long rest which is peace.

Her funeral took place from St. John's Church, in Washington, and her remains were eventually deposited in the cemetery at Montpelier, near the monument erected over the grave of her illustrious husband.

Two years afterwards Payne Todd died from typhoid fever, attended by his mother's faithful servants, and full of grief for a wasted life.

Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
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Epilogue

James H. Richey most likely settled in California after his trip across the Plains in 1854. Not much is known about his life from this point due to lack of historical records but it is assumed that he and his family remained in Northern California.

Following the death of Kateri Tekakwitha in 1680, many people, including Claude Chauchetiere, claimed to have been visited by her. As the centuries went by her legacy endured as individuals from around the United States and the world stated they had prayed to her and were healed. Attempts to make Kateri Tekakwitha a saint began in 1885, leading to her beatification in 1980. More stories emerged about people with fatal illnesses praying to the long-dead Native American girl continued—which led to the most notable case in 2006. A boy from the State of Washington was near death from a flash-eating bacteria issue—but after his parents prayed to her—he was completely healed without a medical explanation. His doctors had no answer for his recovery other than the fact it seemed like a miracle. In 2011, after another verified miracle, following prayers, the Catholic Church once again began the process to make her a saint. She was canonized in 2012, becoming the first

Native American to be declared a saint by the Catholic Church. In the years since, her final resting place has been visited by people from around the world, seeking answers to their prayers.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln's death in October 1818 left a void in her son's life that never completely healed. Throughout his adult life he remarked how much her influence made an impact in his life. In respect to the legacy of Abraham Lincoln, people regularly visit the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln at the Lincoln Boyhood Memorial in Indiana. During her brief lifetime she may not have imagined that over two centuries after her death people would know her name. Today when people remember the character of President Lincoln—they also remember how much her influence made him who he became. Nevertheless as with many individuals who became famous in history—books have been written about her and her family background—most of which were debunked as historical fiction due to the outlandish lies told by armchair historians masquerading as biographers. In 2014 an online public library, named after Nancy Hanks Lincoln, was dedicated in her honor, featuring public domain books, available worldwide.

Dolly Madison is remembered today for her role as one of the most influential First Ladies in United States history. But her later life was plagued by personal issues worthy of print tabloid. Her only surviving child from her first marriage, Payne Todd, led a life of leisure, never achieving anything significant despite how much promise he seemed to have had. Nevertheless, her legacy endures today through her writings, most notable her letters, of which have been published in various volumes. As with many historic political figures from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—her letters are available online at several government sponsored sites—transcribed from the original manuscripts.

About the Authors

James H. Richey supposedly settled in California after his trip across the Plains in 1854. Not much is known about his life following his adventure. His account was published in 1908.

John Joseph Wynne was an American Jesuit priest and a leader in the Catholic intellectual movement. He died in 1948.

Harold Edward Briggs was chairman of the Department of History at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. He was a well-known scholar and historian in the field of Western America history. His wife, Ernestine Bennett Briggs, was well-versed in frontier studies as well. They frequently traveled throughout the area where Nancy Hanks Lincoln lived and died—drawing upon every available resource for their book. Harold Briggs passed away in April 1970 and his wife followed in November 1982.

Lucia Beverly Cutts edited the letters of Dolly Madison and supplemented many of the biographical inserts within the book from unpublished manuscripts by her aunt Mary Cutts on the former first lady's life and political legacy. She died in 1934.

About the Series Editor

Gary Brin was born in 1965 and has lived in the United States Virgin Islands, Hawaii and California. He has edited numerous original literary works over the years—both new and revised. In 2019 he established Standish Press to bring forth interesting fictional and historical material usually ignored by mainstream publishers because of specific views or content. In addition to publishing books, he also created the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library (named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln) in 2014 to make available hard-to-find books to a worldwide audience.

Production Notes

Travel memoir by James H. Richey, Kateri Tekakwitha biographical sketch written by John J. Wynne, biography of Nancy Hanks Lincoln written by Harold Edward Briggs and Ernestine Bennett Briggs, letters and notes by Dolly Madison and others who knew her edited by Lucia Beverly Cutts.

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Marie Laplace
February 13, 1892
August 16, 1981

Robert J. Questel
June 22, 1911
August 4, 1990

Marie Anicia Berry Questel
January 13, 1912
April 9, 1997

Eugene Albery Brin
March 21, 1932
May 26, 1977

Lucille Questel Brin
February 21, 1940
December 10, 2000

They never got to have the dreams they wanted or expected but their lives were important nevertheless.

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Using digitally restored page images of four books of which were first published in 1908, 1922, 1952 and 1886 based on the memoir by *James Richey* about his adventures on the Plains. A biographical account of *Kateri Tekakwitha* by scholar John J. Wynne. *Nancy Hanks Lincoln* from a biography by noted historians Harold Briggs and Ernestine Bennett Briggs and *Dolly Madison* based on personal letters to and from her, carefully edited by her grandniece Lucia Beverly Cutts are presented complete and uncut from the original versions. Also included in this edition is supplemental background information that has not been published previously in other collections.

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